Liberty

JAN. 18, 1947 10c

THE CLOSED SHOP MUST GO!

By

Senator Joseph Ball

Book: PULL DOWN TO NEW ORLEANS

By

Zachary Ball

KINSEY'S JANUARY CALENDAR

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1 33rd annual Rose Bowl Game, Pasadena, Cal.	 2 Uh-uh . . . watch your New Year resolutions!	3 Edison demonstrates first talkies, 1913.	 4 Time to exchange that Christmas necktie.
 5 Construction starts on Golden Gate Bridge, 1933.	6 Morse demonstrates telegraph, 1838.				10	11 Cold snap today! Try a Kinsey Hot Toddy.
12 How're those New Year resolutions going?	 13 Who said the ski's the limit?				17 Ben F , in 06.	18 It's a fact: Kinsey is a wonderful blend.
19 Robert E. Lee born in Virginia, 1807.	 20 American Revolution ends, 1783.				24 Gold found in Calif. by James Marshall, 1848.	 25 First trans-U. S. 'phone conversation, 1915.
26 U. S. has 485 Sunday papers. Whaddya read?	27 Party memo: Kinsey makes grand drinks!	 28 Gas street-lighting begins in London, 1807.	29 If you're born today, your sign is Aquarius.	30 Franklin D. Roosevelt born, 1882.	 31 Gosh, time flies! January's over!	 Hey, don't go yet.... y'gotta read the commercial!

Let's usher in the bright New Year with Kinsey Toddies and good cheer!

One of January's *nicest* events is the enjoyment of a delightful Hot Toddy made with superbly smooth Kinsey Whiskey. Here's how:

Just put lump of sugar into Toddy mug and fill with two-thirds boiling water. Add 2 oz. of mild and mellow Kinsey Whiskey. Stir and decorate with slice of lemon.

Whatever your favorite drink, make it with Kinsey, the unhurried whiskey for unhurried moments. You've never tasted a finer, more satisfying blend! So try Kinsey . . . tonight!

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KINSEY

BLENDED WHISKEY

the unhurried whiskey for unhurried moments

KINSEY
J. G. Kinsey
KINSEY
Blended Whiskey

Since 1892

86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

FREE: Recipe & Game Book. Write Kinsey, Dept. B-4, 1429 Walnut St., Phila. 2, Pa.

"It's more fun being a Mother than a Model"

But Phoebe Dunn isn't forgetting the dental "beauty secret" that helped make her a "Powers Girl"

THERE'S only one reason why a girl might give up a glamorous modeling career—and lovely Phoebe Dunn has *two* of them. Suzanne and Judy. Age 6 and 4. And take their proud father's word for it—they'll be the Glamour Girls of 1960!

Because blonde, slim (105 pound) Mrs. Dunn has taught them the "open secret" that is practically a model's stock-in-trade—the importance of a radiant smile. At their Darien, Conn. farm this "model" mother sees to it that the Dunns practice the dental routine that she preaches: *Regular brushing with Ipana, then gentle gum massage.*

Phoebe is in good company. Thousands of schools and dentists today teach the same dental truth—that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.

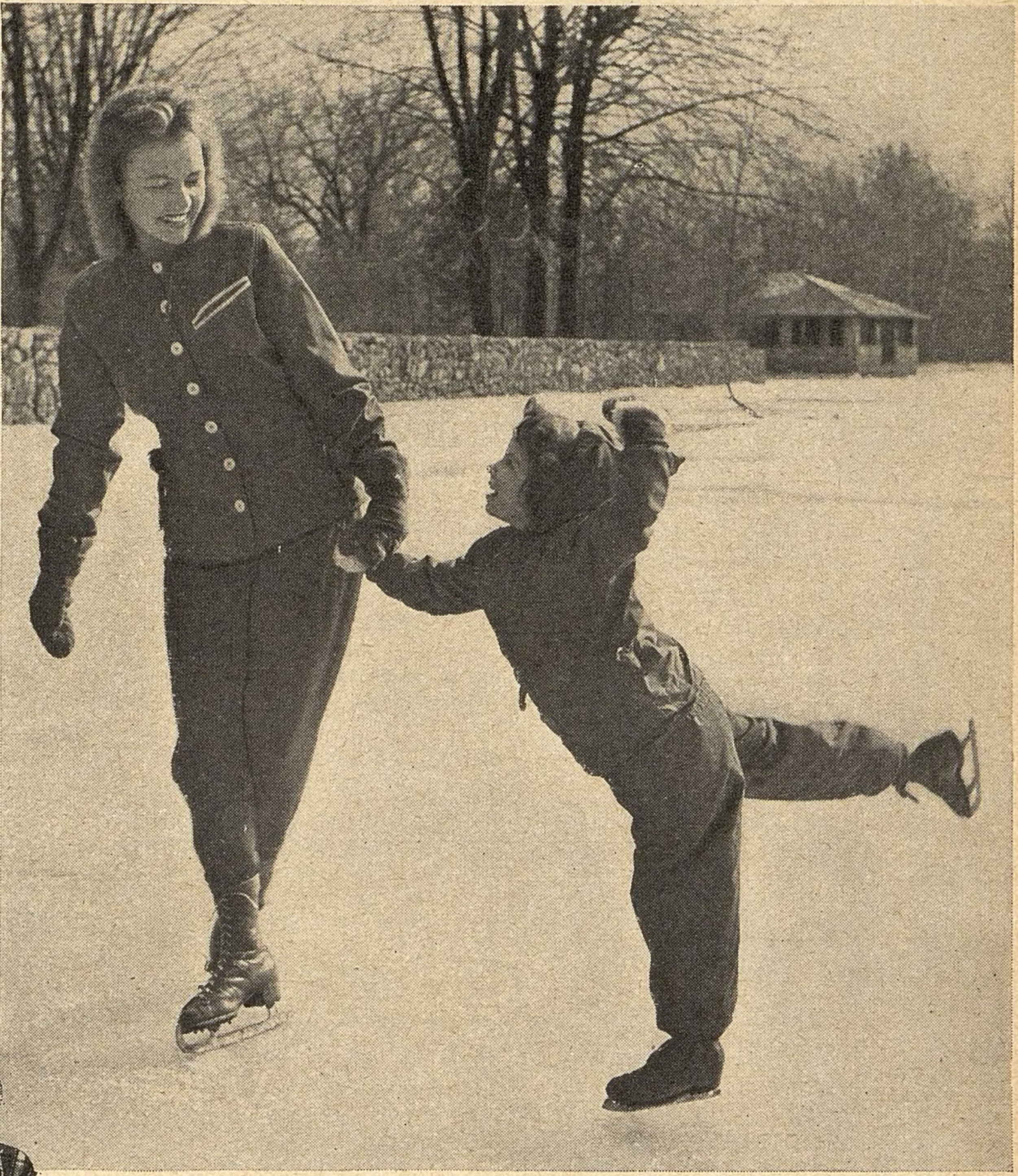

Figure One. Naturally, Suzanne isn't quite ready to do Figure Eights. But it's not too early to train for a sparkling smile. "When you brush your teeth, massage your gums gently," her "model" mother has taught her. This brief workout with Ipana helps speed up circulation within the gums... helped Phoebe get her sound teeth and Powers Girl smile.

"Eat at your own risk" would be a wise footnote to the menu Suzanne and Judy are whipping up. Same note of caution applies to many of today's foods. Soft and creamy, they allow gums to become flabby, tender. Which calls for Ipana Tooth Paste—specially designed, with gentle massage, to help gums become firmer, teeth brighter.

Sister Act, led by Suzanne. After brushing teeth with Ipana, they help guard against tender gums with gentle massage. Sensitive gums, "pink" on your tooth brush, mean *see your dentist.* Let *him* decide whether yours is simply a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Should parents go to school to learn the value of gum massage? Taught in thousands of classrooms, 7 in 10 dentists also recommend gum massage, national survey shows. (And prefer Ipana 2 to 1 *for their own use!*) But let *your* dentist decide whether and how to massage your gums.

Firmer gums, brighter teeth, with Ipana and massage

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

Product of Bristol-Myers

PERMAPOINT
...handsome, smooth-writing

and only $1.50

Now you can enjoy writing with an Eberhard Faber pen—at a price so low you can afford one for each of the family! Every PERMAPOINT is tipped with a satin-smooth alloy ball more precious and durable than gold! Choice of four beautiful colors. Matching mechanical pencil at 75¢; complete set $2.25. Guaranteed by Eberhard Faber.

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for only 35¢ you can renew the entire writing part of your PERMAPOINT should you ever have need. Ask for Renewal Unit at your local store.

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★ ARTICLES

The Closed Shop Must Go! *Senator Joseph H. Ball* 13
The Town Without Shortages, *Stephen Bruce Booke* 18
F. D. R.'s Biggest Fight—Part II, *Alden Hatch* 19
Our Vanishing Shepherds, *Jean Muir* 22
"America, What a Country!" *Eddy Gilmore* 23
Homes for Americans—No. 9, *Darrell Huff* 24
Man of Parts, *Eleanor Harris* 28
Forest Speed-Up, *Beatrice Oppenheim* 29

★ STORIES

Haunted Honeymoon, *Samuel W. Taylor* 14
Sing to Me, Baby, *Donna Geyer* 16
The Sound of Hunger—Short Short, *Alan Nelson* 20
Ticket to Tecate, *Hal G. Evarts* 26

★ PICTURES

The Camera Eye 48

★ BOOK CONDENSATION

Pull Down to New Orleans—*Zachary Ball's unusual and thrilling novel of romance and intrigue on the Mississippi—abridged to a reading time of one evening* 31

★ FEATURES

Vox Pop 6
On the Beam 10
Books in Review 46
Crossword Puzzle 46
Liberty Goes to the Movies 56
The Thropp Family 64
Woman-Talk, *Margaret Fishback* 69

★ EDITORIAL

The Legal Status of Unions, *Paul Hunter* 74

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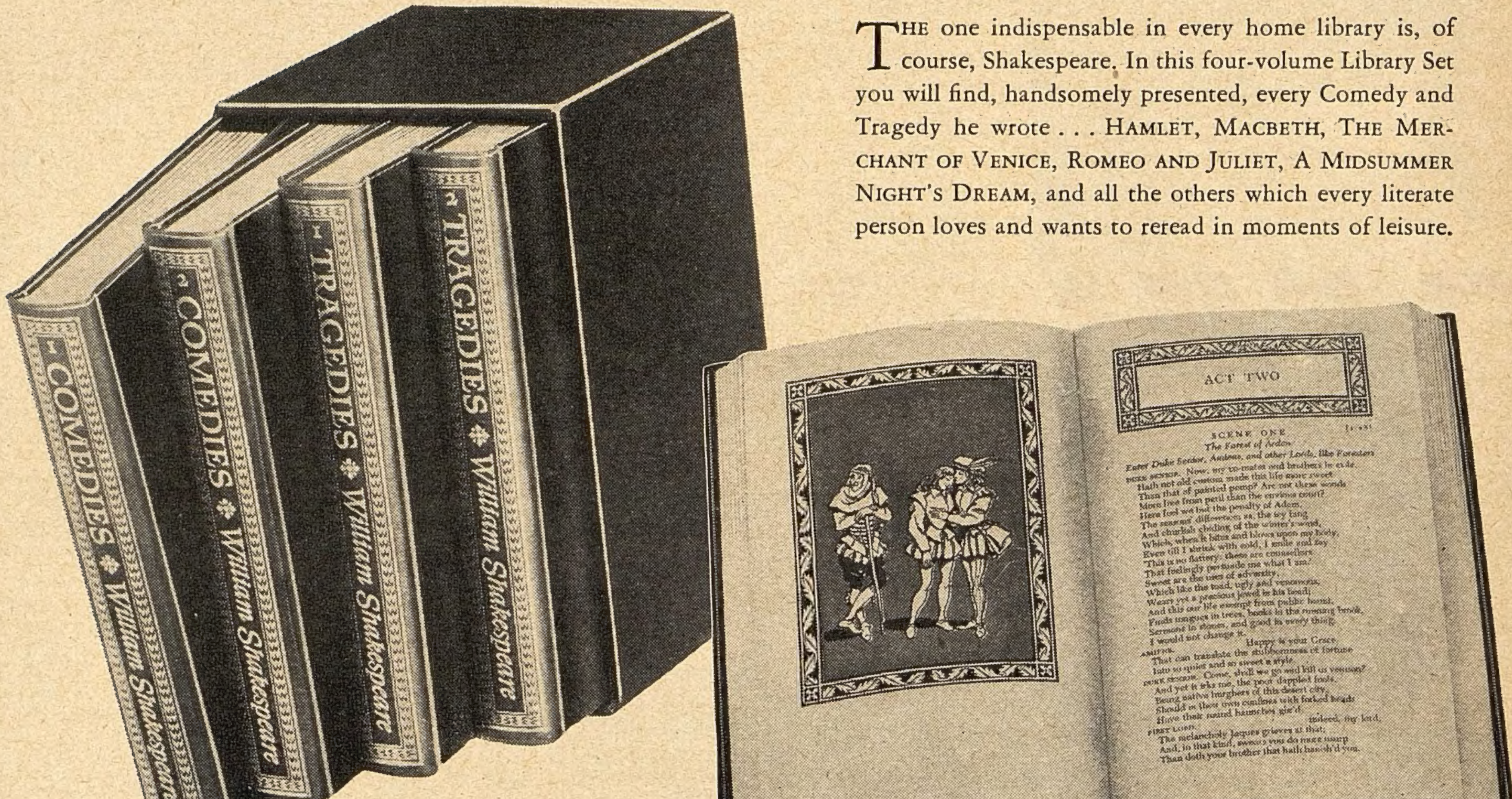
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★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

GRENADA, MISS.—Every time I read one of your editorials, which is frequently, I am reminded of my own weak voice which has been expounding the same type of gospel that I note is being expounded through your infinitely greater voice in Liberty.

It somehow seems that you and I are birds of a feather: you a great big condor, and I a baby wren. We speak the same language and I feel warmed every time I read one of your fulminations against the way the country is going in its hopeless fight against the law of supply and demand, the law of diminishing returns, against all fundamental economic laws.

I believe Mr. Roosevelt will go down in history as the man who wrecked, almost beyond repair, the greatest country in the world.

BOOM!
TWEET!
F.C

When people at home begin to become disquieted, dictators *always* promote a foreign war. This causes the people to forget their domestic troubles and to concentrate their attention on the enemy. It's an old trick of dictators, and it never fails.

I hope that you, with your big bass drum, I, with my tiny flute, and others of like mind will finally awaken the people.—*W. W. Whitaker, Editor, the Grenada County (Mississippi) Weekly.*

CLEAR THINKING

CHICAGO, ILL.—It's too bad that every publication in the United States cannot reproduce your November 23 editorial, It's Not Our Fault Russia Won't Warm Up. Too many long-haired long-winded prophets have tried to say what you have so succinctly expressed. They have only befogged the whole subject.

I hope you continue to publish more plainly worded, clearly thought-out, sound American opinions.—*E. C. Trowbridge.*

SHOCKED

DELRAY BEACH, FLA.—I have never before in my life read a more badly disconnected, meaningless condensation than Aston Kings, by Humphrey Pakington (November 16). Were you and the author intoxicated? Read the first paragraph—and try to find any connection on follow-up. There is no sense to any of it, the conversations are like those of a sleepwalker, and it really hurts to have you call it a "wonderfully funny novel."—*Charles Cromer.*

EDITOR
MS
F.C

TOURIST'S OASIS

BOSTON, MASS.—In the subtitle for Sydney A. Clark's article, Europe Without Tears (December 7), you state that Belgium is once again "a tourist's oasis of beauty and near-normalcy." You might have done well to bring that out in the article, too, instead of stressing the difficulties of travel in Belgium. On the one hand, you make us want to go to Belgium, and on the other, you make us want to stay home. Which is right?—*Terry D.*

Both. Whether you want to travel or not is up to you—and the State Department.—VOX POP EDITOR.

RACIAL EQUALITY

AMERICAN ZONE, GERMANY—I'm German, and till the age of twenty-two, difference in color was none of my problems. Then the Americans came, and first thing they told us about the inferiority of their colored fellow soldiers.

I didn't care, until I came across some colored boys myself and, out of mere curiosity, engaged in a talk with them. Well, I was independent enough to scorn the white soldiers' frantic reactions and learned the startling fact that the Negro is a human being as myself and a fellow creature of mine. I broached the subject to many white soldiers and found out that even those few capable of dealing with that matter level-headed, still maintained the Negro's inferiority. Naturally so, I started hunting for some reason. I simply can't believe that millions of educated, intelligent men should maintain such a silly notion without any considerable cause—but no one can give me any.

As I said before, I am German, and I know Germans better than most Americans do. How do they expect the impression on my people to be when soldiers beat up or even shoot their colored fellow soldiers? How do they expect to talk Germans out of this silly racial-hatred nonsense?—*Sydney Carton.*

GROSS STUPIDITY

CHICAGO, ILL.—An article in the November 30 issue is the most amazing piece of trash I have ever had the misfortune to read. You of course recognize by now that I am referring to the article entitled Ghosts Over America, by Charles Dexter. Why would an editor publish such gross stupidity?—*Adolph Pfeifer.*

FULL-TIME HUSBAND

SALINA, KANS.—About nine years ago you had a question bee in your magazine. One question was, "Where in the Bible is it stated that a man should not work for one year" but stay home and entertain his wife, or words to that effect?

MMMY SWEET WIFE!
THIS YEAR
FC

We have had a good deal of discussion on this matter and hope you can refresh our memories.—*Mrs. Ann Oberg.*

Can some old reader refresh ours?—VOX POP EDITOR.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE

SAN JOSE, CALIF.—My gripe concerns that bit of nonsensical drivel called the Cock-eyed Crossword Puzzle. I have always enjoyed crossword puzzles because they were educational and seldom can you work one without learning the meaning of a new word. That is, until I saw Ted Shane's brain [*sic*] child. Is he the moronic relative of the editor or do you really pay good money for his drivel? Please, if you can, break his arm or something so I can be spared the sight of the darn thing in the next issue.—*Walter M. Setzer.*

TAKOMA PARK, MD.—Your puzzles are the cleverest and most amusing of any I have ever seen.—*M. C. Smith.*

They fall for the man with P.A.*

P.A.* means Pipe Appeal

There's something about the handsome *masculine* look of a pipe that has an irresistible appeal. Women go for it—as men go for the mild, rich taste of Prince Albert Tobacco.

P.A. means Prince Albert

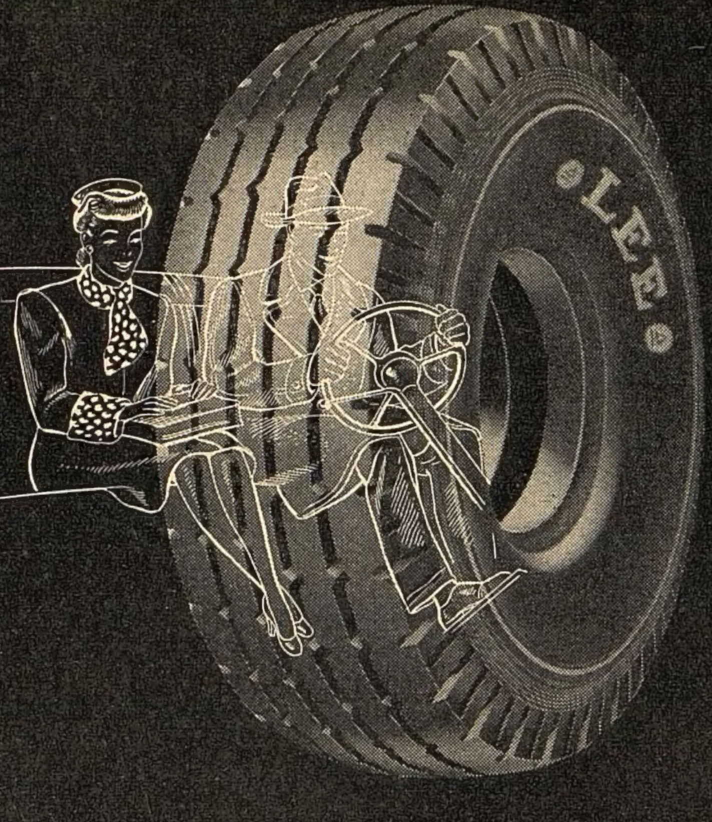
● The initials P. A. stand for America's favorite smoking tobacco—crimp cut Prince Albert. You'll like P. A. for its rich taste . . . its mellow mildness. Prince Albert is specially treated to insure against tongue bite. For real smoking joy and comfort—try P. A. today!

PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

PRINCE ALBERT IS AN EYE-OPENER FOR COMFORT AND JOY IN A PIPE!

The National Joy Smoke

R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



"GOOD" RIDING is more than "good fortune"

A "good" ride carries the assurance of *safety*, peace-of-mind, and economy. It depends on much more than "luck" with the turns of the wheels.

FIRST . . . Choose the "good" riding foundation of *sound tires* . . . tires strongly fortified for all strains on all roads.*

SECOND . . . Make certain your tires are the correct size for your car—and properly mounted. Wheels must be *balanced* . . . avoid "shimmy."

THIRD . . . Keep your tires correctly inflated. "Tire life" is cut short when you ride on too much or too little air.

*With LEE DeLuxe tires on your car you have a "good foundation" . . . safe tires which have proved their hardy roadability for almost 40 years. You'll enjoy peace-of-mind motoring in the safety and economy of LEE DeLuxe tires.

LEE Double-life RAYON Cord

Replace with LEE *of Conshohocken* TIRES

LEE RUBBER & TIRE CORPORATION
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Republic Rubber Division . . . Industrial Rubber Products . . . Youngstown, Ohio

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALL

WHEN Senator Joseph H. Ball's article (The Closed Shop Must Go! page 13) arrived, one of our editors inquired cynically, "It's good! Who 'ghosted' it?" Strange as it may seem, the Republican Senator from Minnesota writes his own stuff. Unlike most of his colleagues, Senator Ball is an old hand at the writing business. Back in 1927, shortly after he left the University of Minnesota, the man who was destined to pen a stern anti-closed-shop resolution in Congress was authoring fanciful fiction and doing bread-and-butter writing as a cub reporter on the Minneapolis Journal. Right up to 1940, when he filled the vacancy left by the late Senator Ernest Lundeen, he was political reporter for the St. Paul Pioneer Press and Dispatch. Our ear-to-the-ground department advises us to keep our eye on The Ball, so to speak. The forty-one-year-old lawmaker, it seems, is well on the way to higher places.

MAN ABOUT TEST CITY

STEPHEN BRUCE BOOKE, who wrote The Town Without Shortages (page 18), tells us, "My wife is a Texan (which is a succinct way of telling you what we talk about nights), although I am a native New Yorker. One day she hopes to pin me down in the Great Southwest, where I shall be forced to convert my typewriter into a press agent for the Lone Star State. Right now we live in an eleventh-floor apartment in the mid-Manhattan prairies with our eleven-month-old son, John Stephen, who already derives a great deal of pleasure out of beating away at the typewriter keys." Booke, by the way, is a well-known writer and editor for the business press and an alumnus of the University of Missouri. Somewhere between his college days and business writings, he has done radio and newspaper reporting—and done them well.

F. D. R. BIOGRAPHY

F. D. R.'S BIGGEST FIGHT, by Alden Hatch, now running in four installments (instead of three, as previously announced) will shortly appear in Mr. Hatch's Franklin D. Roosevelt; an Informal Biography, published by Henry Holt & Co.

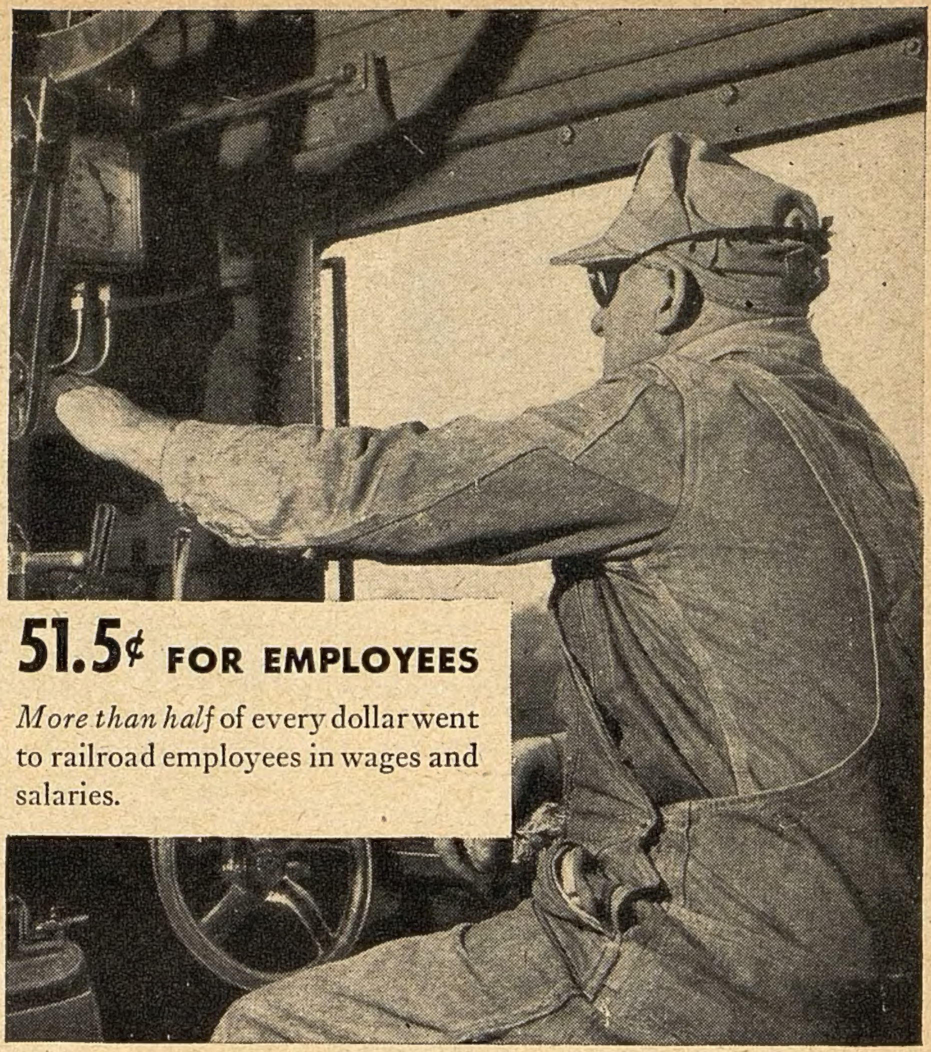
COMING UP! THE BIGGEST ISSUE IN LIBERTY'S HISTORY!!

WATCH for the February 1 Liberty, the first of Liberty's big postwar issues, out January 17. In it you'll find a sixteen-page photo section filled with exciting, entertaining pictures. Serials will be back with a smash story of woman trouble on a postwar South Sea island. There'll be big articles like one telling who and what's behind the N.A.M. And you'll find a condensation of the best seller, The Salem Frigate. Besides this, Bob Allen, famous Capitol correspondent and former co-author of The Washington Merry-Go-Round with Drew Pearson, will give you the Washington lowdown and exclusive predictions in a new Liberty feature, Washington Undercurrents.

WHO gets HOW MUCH of the RAILROAD DOLLAR?

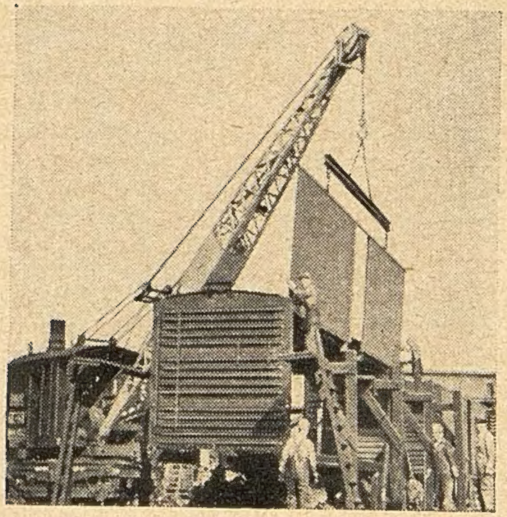
(A REPORT TO THE PEOPLE FOR 1946)

You, and all Americans, look to the railroads not only to take you places, but also to bring you things—food, clothing, fuel, and just about everything else for your home and your business. For this dependable service to 140 million people, and for hauling the heaviest peacetime traffic on record, the railroads received about 8 billion dollars in 1946. Let's see what became of this money.



51.5¢ FOR EMPLOYEES

More than half of every dollar went to railroad employees in wages and salaries.

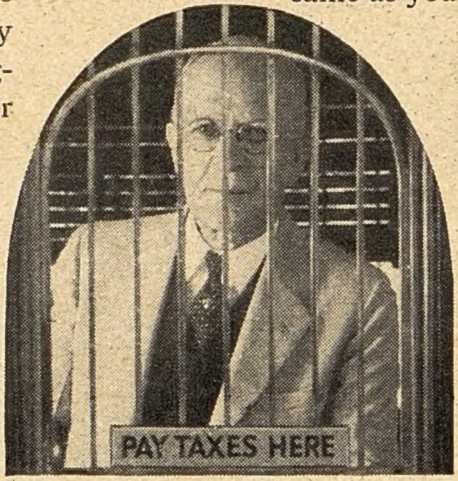


33¢ FOR MATERIALS

Much of this 33¢ spent for materials, fuel, and other supplies was, in turn, paid by the railroad suppliers to *their* employees. So, directly or indirectly, by far the largest part of the railroad dollar goes to pay wages.

6.2¢ FOR TAXES

This part of the railroad dollar went to Federal, state, and local governments to be used—the same as your own taxes—to help maintain schools, courts, roads, police and fire protection, and for various other public services and institutions. None of this tax money is spent on railroad tracks or terminals.



FOR INSURANCE POLICY-HOLDERS, INVESTORS IN BONDS, AND FOR RENTS

6.6¢

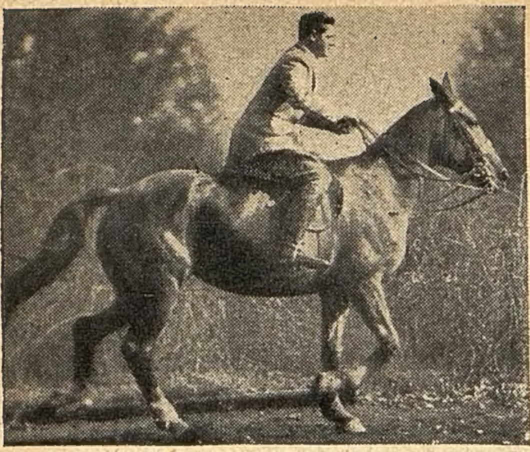
Most of this 6.6¢ was paid out in the form of interest to those people who lend money to the railroads—including those millions of thrifty Americans who invest indirectly in the railroads through their insurance policies and savings accounts. The average rate of interest which railroads pay on their bonds and other obligations is less than 4 per cent.

2.7¢ FOR IMPROVEMENTS AND OWNERS

And so after paying for wages, materials, taxes and necessary charges upon their obligations, railroads in 1946 had only 2.7¢ left out of each dollar they took in. Out of this they must pay for the improvements to keep railroad property abreast of public needs, before anything is available for dividends to their owners.

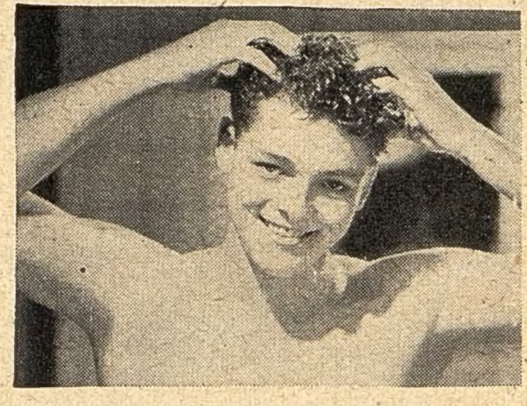
ASSOCIATION OF **AMERICAN RAILROADS** WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

IN PARTNERSHIP WITH ALL AMERICA



Takes exercise to dust the cobwebs off a man...make him look alive, vital. The Vitalis "60-Second Workout" works the same presto-change on dull *hair*. You can *see* its looks come to life ... *feel* your scalp wake up tingling! If your hair has been keeping its best looks from you, take the following action ...

bring the looks of your hair to life



50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your scalp. Vitalis' pure vegetable oils relieve dryness, give your hair fresh lustre. Your scalp feels invigorated as you rout loose dandruff. What's more, you help check excessive falling hair. Now, 10 seconds to comb. Stop looking behind you. That handsome-haired chap in the mirror is *you!*

with the Vitalis "60-Second Workout"

VITALIS
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.

Men with handsome, vital-looking hair are as slated for success as a Horatio Alger hero. Success in any field, that is ... business, girls, politics, girls, engineering, girls. Just starting up the ladder? Skip the first few rungs ... with the Vitalis "60-Second Workout."

Product of Bristol-Myers

ON THE BEAM

Air touring overseas isn't all gravy yet; still has its ups and downs. A report on 30,000 tri-continental miles of experience

BY WAYNE PARRISH

AFTER a 30,000-mile air trip through Europe and Africa, just concluded at this writing, your On the Beam editor has returned to the U. S. A. with mixed feelings about the advantages of traveling long distances through the skies.

One cannot argue about the speed of the airplane. By no other means of transport could one have covered in six weeks the immense continent of Africa and a good share of Europe, and still have had ample time at stops on the way.

Yet there are two drawbacks to long-distance air travel which will require some years to overcome. One is cost. Air fares outside the United States are two to three times as high as in America—and sometimes even higher. The other is the inadequate and sometimes inconvenient ground facilities coupled with delays by weather or for technical reasons.

If you are in a hurry, the airplane is the only solution. If you are thinking of traveling in luxury comparable to that afforded by a first-class steamship, the airplane hasn't reached that stage yet. The airplane is a medium of transportation. The steamship is a floating hotel.

In the United States, one can travel by air to the farthest point in comfort. Traveling between the United States and Europe, when not more than twenty-four hours is required for the journey, is still comfortable, convenient, and not expensive. (My flight on Scandinavian Airline System from New York to Stockholm in exactly twenty-four hours was smooth, comfortable, and with excellent service en route.) But when air trips extend beyond twenty-four hours, one must weigh his desire to reach his destination hurriedly with the prospect of enduring discomforts. Until faster and more comfortable planes are available, a stop-over after twenty-four hours of

(*Continued on page 68*)

Don't MISS these in Feb! LIBERTY!!

Salem Frigate

The sweep and action of great adventure... the passion of a turbulent love tale. A book that's a great "best-seller" condensed to one lively evening's reading.

WILL TRUMAN RUN?

APARTMENT
TO
LET

There's a surprise clue in Liberty's new Washington report by Bob Allen (of the Pearson & Allen team that authored Washington-Merry-Go-Round). His first column is a honey!

GUNS for PERON??

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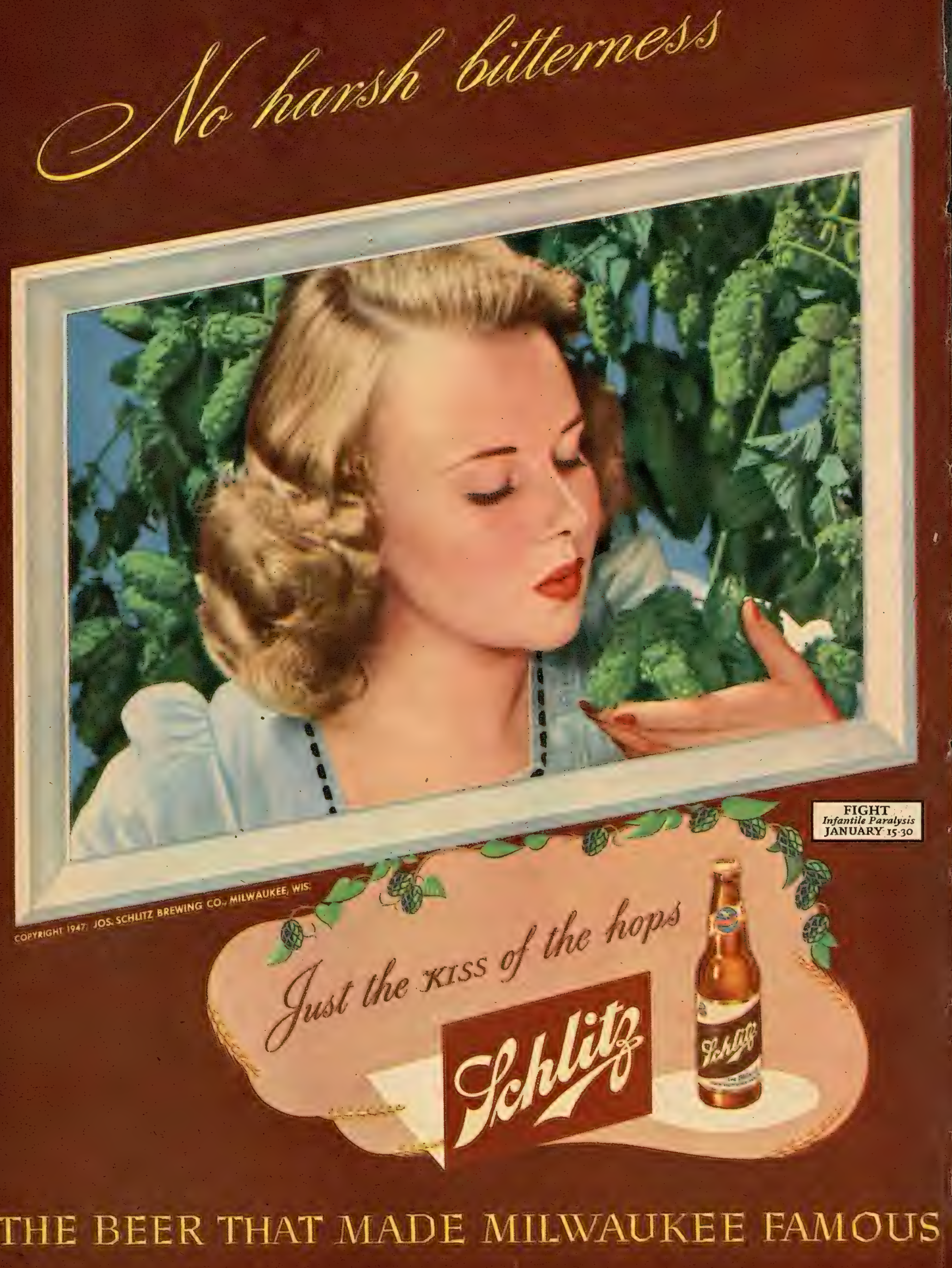
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JANUARY 15-30
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THE MAGAZINE OF
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INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

Millions of Americans find that their opportunity to work is limited by contracts that make union membership a requisite to a job.

The Closed Shop Must Go!

BY SENATOR JOSEPH H. BALL

It gravely menaces our very freedom, writes the author of the bill to outlaw it

BETWEEN 1620, when a little group of English folk landed on Plymouth Rock, and 1946, when a little group of Esthonians arrived at Miami in a forty-foot fishing boat, millions of men and women have chosen to leave familiar surroundings and loved ones behind, to come to America.

Why were they willing to face certain hardships, strange customs and language—even physical danger? The answer, I think, lies in two words: liberty and opportunity.

In America, everyone was free to think, write, speak, worship, and work as he pleased, as long as he didn't interfere with the same freedom for others. They left lands where such freedom, if it existed at all, was largely the prerogative of a few people at the top of society. In America, opportunity to work, to advance oneself, to try new occupations and venture into new enterprises was open to all on reasonably equal terms. They left lands where such opportunities were strictly controlled and rationed, where opportunity rarely was open unless one had the "right connections" or happened to be born into a particular caste.

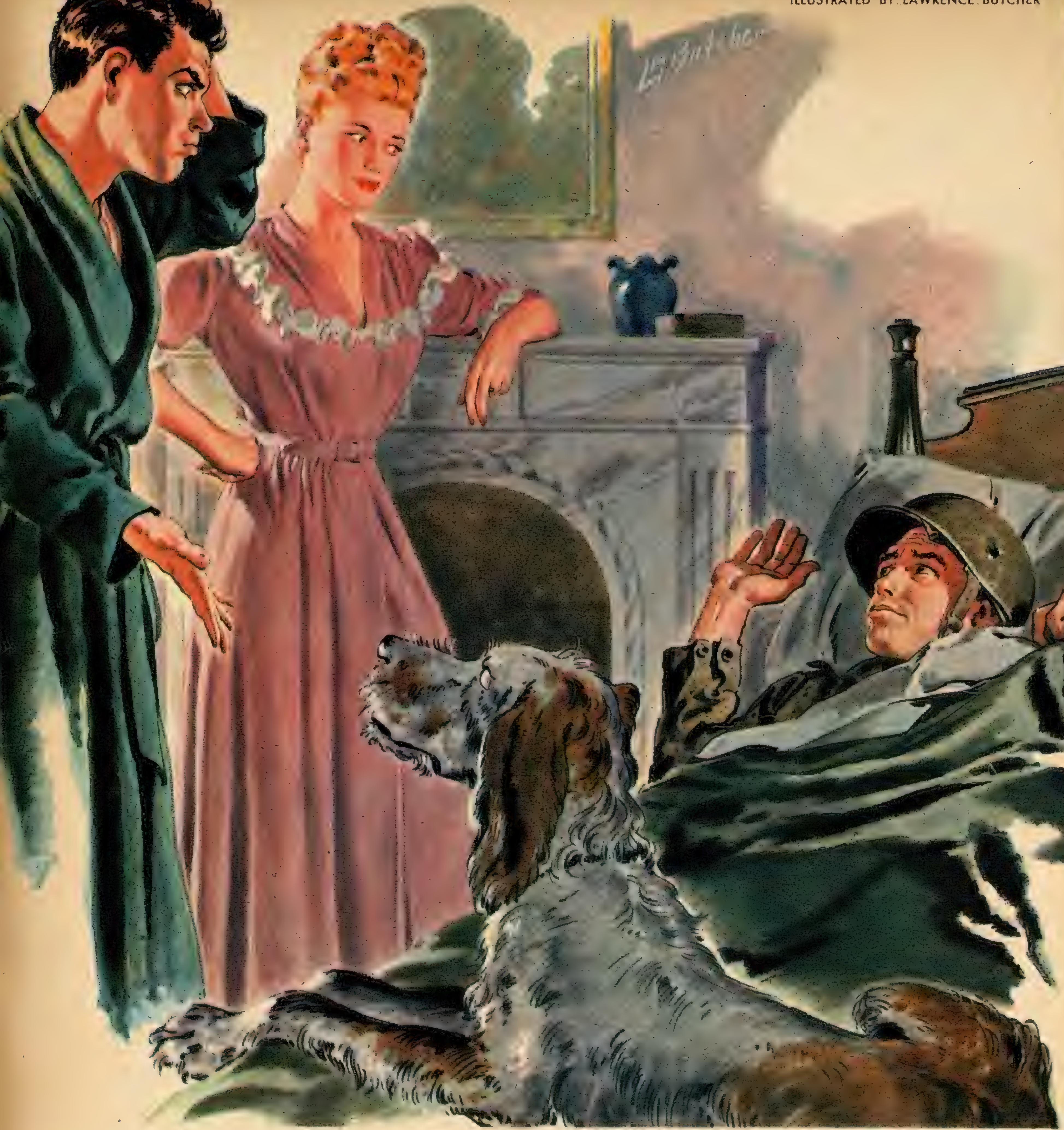
Those two things, individual freedom and equal opportunity, were worth the risks and travail. From the American Revolution to World War II, men fought and died to preserve and expand their liberty.

Yet millions of Americans today are finding that their opportunity to work when and as they please is sharply limited: that the opportunity to enter many occupations is strictly controlled, rationed out to a privileged group. They are finding that if they speak and write what they think on certain subjects, they may lose their jobs.

This curtailment of liberty and opportunity in free America has come about in the past twenty years due to the tremendous growth of closed- or union-shop contracts. All these contracts have one thing in common: the employer agrees with the union to make union membership a condition of employment. In a full closed shop, the employer hires only union members, so that the union has direct control of all job opportunities. In the usual union-shop contract, the employer agrees that he will discharge any employee who does not join the

(*Continued on page 53*)

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER



"I'm just thrilled to pieces," Hedy said. "You're the first real live ghost I ever talked with. Do you mind if I talk a bit?"

EXCEPT that it was haunted, the landlord said, it wasn't a bad apartment. True, the plumbing was tricky, and you couldn't say much for the furniture, and you shouldn't light a fire in the fireplace because it's blocked off. "But I wouldn't have no trouble keeping it full these days," he concluded, "except it's haunted."

His name was Mr. Billings. He was a lumpy man with a grimy undershirt. "Well, friends?" he said.

Dud and Hedy exchanged soulful glances. For three months they'd been looking for an apartment, just any apartment, so they could get married. They were in love and they worked in San Francisco. This apartment wasn't much by ordinary standards; but after three months of searching, their standards were far from ordinary. The entire apartment had been made from what once was the living room of a genteel residence built soon after the 1906 fire. The great marble fireplace was overpowering in the tiny bedroom. The house itself needed paint, replacement of rotten timbers, and, possibly, another fire.

"I think it's marvelous," Hedy breathed.

"We'll take it," Dud said, and squeezed her hand.

"Hundred a month," Mr. Billings said. "In advance." And as Dud got out his billfold, Mr. Billings added, "Now, I told you it's haunted, and

Haunted Honeymoon

Dud and Hedy found Mr. Cooper in their bedroom. Mr. Cooper, the landlord had assured them, was a ghost

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

I don't want no squawks. He'll be here at night."

"Who?" Dud asked.

"Cooper," Mr. Billings said, "him and his dog. No wonder I have a hard time keeping the place filled. And what can I do? You can't call the cops. What can the cops do about a ghost? Cooper's spoiling my business."

Dud eyed the landlord with some distrust, but Hedy was bright as a button. "Did Cooper once live here?" she asked.

"He still lives here, damn it," Mr. Billings snapped. "That's what I'm telling you. Him and his wife had the place before he went to war. Her name was Ethel. So he went to war and she went off with some truck driver, and no forwarding address. So her mail come here, and one day it was a wire from the War Department that he'd got killed in Normandy. And every night since then he's been back here. Him and his dog. Looking for Ethel."

"His dog went to war with him?" Hedy asked. Having been a Wac, she knew this was strictly against army procedure.

"The dog got run over before Ethel run off with the truck driver. I don't know where it was before Cooper got killed. But now they're haunting my place. I told Cooper. I told him Ethel was gone and wouldn't be back. He won't listen to reason."

HEDY'S eyes sparkled. "You really talked with a ghost?"

"Sure I did. He's hurting my business. But you can't talk sense to a ghost. He says Ethel will be back. What can I do? I can't have him evicted. I can't sue him. A man just ain't got no protection. Now, me, it wouldn't bother me none. Maybe you folks won't mind."

"Maybe we'd better look around a bit," Dud said dubiously.

Hedy pressed the hundred dollars quickly on Mr. Billings. "Here. We'll take it."

Outside, Dud said, "The guy's cracked. Ghosts!"

"Of course he's cracked, darling. But it's an apartment."

"Cooper and his dog!"

"But wouldn't it be marvelous," Hedy said, "if Cooper really *did* appear!"

BY midafternoon they were married and moving in. Dud placed no store by the ghost story, but in unpacking he set his Luger on the mantel of the huge fireplace, just in case. Hedy gazed around the tiny bedroom dubiously.

"It won't do," she said. "The bed should be over there, and the table here, and the dresser where that chair is."

"Why?" Dud asked from the ignorance of mere hop, skip, and jump into holy wedlock.

"You take this end of the bed," she ordered.

"Don't move that bed," a voice said.

"But it simply won't fit here," Hedy said. "Dud, anybody can see it has to go over there."

Dud spoke in a small voice: "Hedy, *I* didn't say that."

"You didn't say what?"

"About the bed. It was—well, it wasn't *me*."

"I said it," the voice said. "Don't move that bed. Don't move anything. It's just the way that Ethel likes it."

Dud peered about, afraid to see what he might see. He carefully backed against a wall.

"Hey, who are you?" Hedy asked brightly. "Hey, Cooper!"

There was no answer.

"Well, I'm certainly not going to be told how to arrange my own apartment," Hedy declared. "Dud, the bed goes *there*."

They moved the bed, the table, the dresser, and the big chair. The voice offered no more objections. Dud began rapping on the walls.

"What are you doing, Dud?"

"That voice came from somewhere. These old houses, the way they're remodeled, there could be false walls."

"Don't be silly, Dud. The voice was right here in the room."

"It couldn't have been. There's nobody here but us."

"It's nothing to get excited about, darling. Merely a voice from Beyond. It happens all the time."

"It doesn't happen to me." Then a horrible thought struck him. He'd known Hedy rather casually overseas, and he'd known he loved her when he'd run into her again in San Francisco; but, he wondered, *did* he know her? "Does it to you?" he asked.

"Not personally; but a lot of people hear voices. There was an old lady back home for one, and—well, all kinds of people hear voices. And, darling, *we* heard it. Maybe we'll turn out to be people who get messages and stuff. Maybe this is only the beginning."

"It's O. K. by me," Dud said, "if it's the end."

THEY went out for dinner and dancing, and when they got back that night the bedroom furniture had been moved back exactly as it had been in the first place.

"I'll be damned," Dud said. He was the cautious sort, and he'd shot the bolt of the rear door and inserted a keyhole lock in the front door before leaving.

"That's going too far!" Hedy declared, outraged. "After all!"

Dud took a look at the bolt of the back door. Then he tested the windows. "Nobody could have got in here, except through the walls."

"Darling, I never saw anybody like you. Of course Cooper came through the walls. But he can't arrange my furniture!"

"Let's leave it be for now, and—er—talk to him."

"I'll tell him a thing or two when he comes!"

Hedy took an armload of potions and equipment and went into the bathroom, which was in the short hall between kitchen and bedroom. Dud seized the opportunity of slipping quickly into pajamas and a robe. Then he went into the kitchen and looked in the refrigerator. His own home and a refrigerator to raid at midnight! And married to the sweetest girl in the world! It was wonderful! He got out a bottle of milk and a hunk of liverwurst. He sawed off a slab of liverwurst, put it between bread, and poured a glass of milk. Then munching happily, he

(*Continued on page 60*)

Donna Mayo

BY DONNA GEYER

SING TO ME, BABY

When Miss Goldilocks gave out with that honey-sweet voice, Ebea knew there'd be some changes made

THE boys pushed back their chairs. Breakfast, lunch, and benzedrine was over. Coffee is the only waker-upper Nick's band needs, but we harmlessly amuse ourselves by calling our first meal of the day, long about one, two, or three o'clock in the afternoon, "breakfast, lunch, and benzedrine."

"Rehearsal at five, the pavilion at Lakeside. See you." Nick turned and offered me his arm. "Shall we?"

Al, the band's baritone, saw me take Nick's arm, shrugged, and went on out with the boys.

I felt myself beaming. The way I feel about Nick is as well known in the band world as Tiger Rag. Only the top question on my musical quiz is how does Nick feel about me? Sometimes I hope. Sometimes I know I'm just his lady canary. Oh, I have a good voice, but it doesn't jump. I'd be all right in the average band, but Nick's outfit is big time. If I didn't have a lot of what they called S. A. in mother's day, the goons wouldn't stand around the platform, and I'd be clear out.

Nick took a couple deep breaths when we hit the feeble spring sunshine outside the Brown Palace.

Nick squeezed my arm. "Which way's the main street, bub?"

The newsboy caught the fifty-center with an amazed air. "Straight ahead where you see that white building. For fifty cents I'll take you over personally."

"I think we'll make it." Nick grinned at him. Then he looked at me. "Ebea, what do you suppose normal people would do if they had a couple hours to kill in Denver?"

"Oh, maybe see a show or drum up a hand of bridge or read a book."

"Gee." Nick sighed. "Wouldn't it be awful to have nothing to do?"

I looked at Nick. I manage to take a good look at him once a day. It always surprises me. He's so humble—except about music—you forget he's handsome—dark curly hair, beetling brows and lashes, brilliant gray eyes, and a smile like a kid's.

"Boy, is that luck! There's a record shop across the street."

The two young fellows behind the counter recognized Nick right away, and they about fell across the counter shaking his hand and talking about our latest recordings and our opening the season at Lakeside.

The customers began crowding around with their pencils and backs of envelopes and such ready. Nick grinned, signed them, and passed them on to me to sign, all the while retreating to a booth. Once inside, he shut the door and wrote down a list of the stuff he wanted to hear. "See if they've got this new Woody Herman and that one of Jack Teagarden's. And this one—Sid Catlett does a solo on the drums in it."

The Commodore Music Shop in New York always sends us on the new recordings, but always we spend our spare time listening anyway. It was a wonderful afternoon. I kept going back for more records. I was completely happy, and Nick really relaxed and enjoyed himself.

ALL too soon it was rehearsal time, and we were in the big pavilion, bundled up to our ears but getting the feel of the hall and the sound apparatus, and I was again just the gal with the so-so voice that made a nice clean front for all the dirty work Nick wanted to pull with the rhythm and melody behind me. Nick looked at me like I was suddenly part of the mike. That gets awfully wearing.

When Al and I got up to do our Spanish medley duet, he squeezed my arm. "Did you and the boy friend have fun, or why do I torture myself when I know the answer?"

I patted his fingers. Al's an awfully nice guy. Why he goes on proposing to me, I can't see.

We didn't really mind the weather until we opened that night. We're used to rehearsing in the vast unheated. But that night the pavilion was open to the breeze from the lake, and spring had begun dripping down all over. Joie borrowed an electric heater to set on the end of his keyboard, the bass said a couple nights of that and he'd be in a hospital, and he was—with laryngitis; and the boys kept their overcoats on. That suited Nick. He considered dance uniforms badges of shame, like gigolos or something, and his agents, M.C.A., and I had to do some fine finagling to get the tailor to turn out the boys' clothes enough alike to please the eye and enough different to please Nick.

Me, the Glamour Section of Nick Weber and his Music Makers, I wore a red wool suit with a sequin scarf tied well up under my chin, my fur jacket between numbers, and felt conscious of my red nose at all times.

Ah, that breeze from the mountains!

Ted, the bass and our official jester, looked grandly out over the floor and its few hardy bobby-soxers and pseudo zoot-suiters, and brought out his old chestnut: "We can do what we like tonight, boys. We've got 'em outnumbered." It's a tribute to Nick that the floor was packed by ten o'clock.

Nick didn't notice. One of his fingers would have to freeze and get knocked off before he'd notice anything else when he had a chance to make music. Nick and his horn can sit in anywhere any time on a session. He can take the melody for a ride that carries the band, and he can bring it back and hand it on to the next soloist all pulsating.

THE dope doesn't even know he's handsome. Now and then he wines and dines me a few times, but when he hits a town where there's a good bunch, and they find a good place for a jam session after the night's playing, why—"Women? How do you spell it?" All the while I go right on spelling men N-i-c-k.

During my solo parody of June Is Busting Out All Over, where Al stands around saying, "I see what you mean," I noticed Haven. I didn't know her, of course, but if good-looking girls were a dime a dozen on our circuit, which they are, this one was worth a good twenty cents alone: lots of naturally golden hair fluffed around her shoulders, her

(*Continued on page 70*)

Her voice was as smooth and honey-sweet as Johnny Hodges' alto sax. When she finished that number, I knew she was an artist.

ILLUSTRATED BY DONNA MAYO

The Town Without Shortages

In Test City, business men are finding out how much they can sell. The answers will determine their future—and yours

BY STEPHEN BRUCE BOOKE

FOR the past seven months Test City, U. S. A.—a real place, though you won't spot it on any map—has been the proving ground for one of the most unusual crystal-ball experiments ever undertaken. It's a deep-down probe to find and chart your buying habits, preferences and prejudices. Armed with such tested knowledge, our business men can plan for the future with confidence. Whether we are to embark on a program of full production, with jobs for everyone, is on trial today in Test City.

In this community (its identity is a closely guarded secret) a handful of manufacturers have, in the depths of shortages, flooded store shelves with top-brand electric coffee makers, irons, radios, and mixers. They want to know if you—and millions of other consumers—will actually buy the products you've been clamoring for. They want to know how many. Which ones. They want to *know*—not "guestimate."

Wild guesses about your reactions in the face of unlimited supplies have been tossed off ever since the end of the war, mainly by the army of sales and advertising men who stay up nights dreaming of new ways to whet your buying appetite. Among those who sought hard facts was dapper, forty-three-year-old J. M. (Jack) Moore, blunt-featured general manager of the Silex Company in Hartford, Connecticut. Hardened in the rough mold of house-to-house selling, Moore is the kind of salesman who likes to know something of the ball park in which he has to pitch. When it began to look as if the Japs were licked, his office took on the Green Sheet intensity of a race-track dopester. His desk groaned under exhaustive market reports and weighty economic studies—all "guaranteed" to call delicate turns on the business barometer.

Moore came up dripping from this sea of speculative statistics, but with an idea. His company had sold the public the vacuum principle of brewing coffee. How about brewing statistics by packing a tiny sample of America in a vacuum—an airtight pocket that could be controlled as closely as a plane in a wind tunnel?

He walked into the office of Frank E. Wolcott, president of the Silex Company, one morning and asked casually, "How would you like to know what's going to happen to our sales after the public has had a chance to buy all the Silex coffee makers it wants?"

There was a loud silence. "There are a lot of questions we'd like answered," Moore continued. "Probably the biggest is how many of the people who now say they want one of our products will actually plank down the cash when they can buy one. And, too, just how much has the war knocked consumer buying habits out of kilter?

"With the answers to those puzzles, we could plan our future production—figure how many men we'll need, what materials."

The top executive reflected thoughtfully. "That's a little like the fellow who read today's winners in last night's paper."

Moore whipped out a pencil and went to work on a scratch-pad. "I'm not kidding," he said. "I think it can be done."

The idea took shape: Create normal conditions in abnormal times. Pick a representative American city and swamp it with merchandise until supplies catch up with demand. Then watch what happens *after* consumers have had a chance to buy all they want. For obvious reasons the area would have to be one around which an iron ring could be clamped—so that goods flowing into it would

(*Continued on page 50*)

O. KURTH
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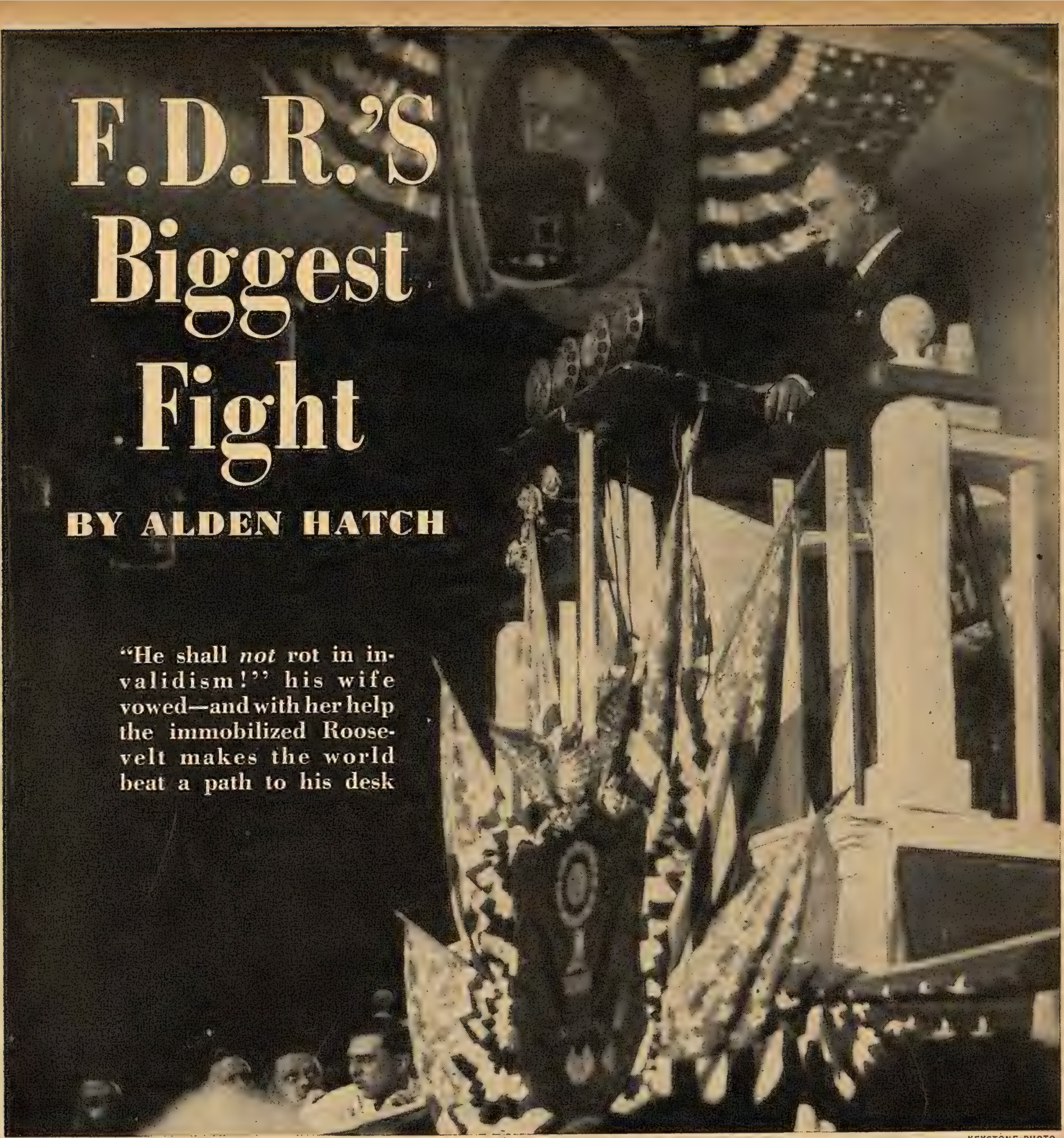
SALE

F.D.R.'S Biggest Fight

BY ALDEN HATCH

"He shall *not* rot in invalidism!" his wife vowed—and with her help the immobilized Roosevelt makes the world beat a path to his desk



KEYSTONE-PHOTO

Legs numb in their braces and his arms aching, F.D.R. made his first great comeback speech in 1924 when he nominated Al Smith.

PART TWO

THE road back from the room in the Presbyterian Hospital was longer and more arduous than Roosevelt expected; but at least Dr. Draper's worst fears were not realized; his back muscles came through all right. Franklin stayed in the hospital for six weeks, and then, with Louis Howe still directing public relations, he was wheeled by night the few short blocks to his New York house. This was not the way his mother wanted it.

"Come to Hyde Park," she said. "In the big library there you can write books and we'll take care of you."

"No," said Franklin. "I'd be out of touch with things. Eleanor thinks so, too."

"Eleanor is crazy," Mrs. Roosevelt said. "You should take it easy." The struggle did not end there. With strong determination Sallie fought to protect her child. Dan Draper, Louis, and Eleanor ganged up to oppose her, and there were many recriminations.

"You'll kill him," Mrs. Roosevelt said. "Franklin must have care and quiet."

"We'll give him the chance to live," Eleanor rejoined hotly. "He shan't rot in invalidism. Aren't I right, Dan?"

"Yes, Eleanor," said Dr. Draper. "The best thing is to treat him as normally as possible."

"Mr. Howe," said Mrs. Roosevelt. "You've got some sense. Don't you see that a political career is now impossible for him?"

"I expect him to be President," said Louis Howe. "Anyhow, he's going to have the chance."

So Franklin was installed in the great carved double bed in the back bedroom in Sixty-fifth Street. It couldn't have been more inconvenient from a nursing point of view, but Franklin didn't want a hospital bed: "I don't like sickrooms."

However, he was concerned about the trouble his nurses had shifting

(*Continued on page 58*)

The Sound of Hunger

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

The strange tale of an enormous man whose massive hands ached to repair delicate watches

BY ALAN NELSON

I HEARD him click the latch, step heavily across the floor. Now I could feel his presence across the counter, silently waiting for me to finish peering into the mechanism of the wrist watch and look up.

Then, still hunched over the bench as I attempted to set the tiny screw, I suddenly heard the ticking of the watches and clocks. The sound used to break upon my consciousness at intervals, like a recurring memory. For hours the shop would seem as silent as a closet, then all at once, as though it had started to rain, the ticking of two hundred watches and clocks would become a downpour of insistent sound, gurgling and pattering like a spring shower.

I removed the loupe, squinted the focus back into my eyes, and looked up at the customer.

The man was a giant. Merely by entering my shop he had transformed it into a cage. He was big. He was fat. Bloated flesh circled his sad eyes, flowed to the bulbous chin, and dripped pinkly over his wilted shirt collar. His torso was a tremendous fleshy sphere.

Yet, strangely, when I had looked at him a moment, it was not his size which most impressed me. It was the gaunt hunger in his eyes—a famished look, as though he were tormented with some voracious appetite which mere food could never satisfy.

"MR. PRESCOTT?" he asked in a thin voice. "My name is Simmons. I was referred to you. They said you might be willing to help me."

"I'll be glad if I can," I said, rising. "You have a watch to be fixed?"

The man closed his eyes. For a moment they disappeared completely, hidden within the folds of his face.

"No. I'd like to learn to become a watch repairman."

I surveyed his vast body—tried to visualize it hunched over a jeweler's bench. I tried to imagine his pouchy eyes peering into the works of a lady's wrist watch no larger than a dime. I pictured his sausage fingers trying to manipulate a pair of fine hairspring tweezers on tiny metal filaments delicate as cobweb, elusive as light.

"I'm afraid it's impossible," I said finally. "Frankly, I can earn more money repairing watches than you could possibly afford to pay me to teach you."

"I can pay whatever you ask, Mr. Prescott. It's not a question of money." Simmons blotted his face with a handkerchief.

"Any experience working with tools?" I asked.

"I suppose you could say it was a tool," Simmons said. He was embarrassed. His hands gestured awkwardly. "But it made me sick inside whenever I used it. It was kind of like dying, every time. It was a tool, I guess—but not a small one." There was bitterness in his voice.

He leaned forward a bit. The shop's center of gravity seemed to shift.

"I *must* learn," he said. "It's very important to me." It was as though he were begging for a crust of bread.

"Had you ever thought of something—well, a little less confining? Watch repairing is very delicate work," I replied.

Simmons just stood there, his massive forehead glistening.

"Look," I said, trying to keep impatience out of my voice. I turned to the bench, picked up the lady's wrist watch on which I had been working—tiny, delicate, graceful. The lacy wheels and cogs were exposed.

I placed the watch on his palm. The tiny pulsing mechanism lay there like a small gay heart, lost in the puffy flesh. Slowly he lifted his hand until it was almost under his nose. A tender look came into his eyes as he stared at the fragile thing before him.

"You can see how small they often are," I said, watching his eyes grow bright.

"Yes, I can see," he murmured.

"It's very precise work. They're so tiny and sensitive. You can see for yourself."

"Yes, aren't they?" He did not remove his eyes from the watch.

"When they go dead, sometimes I have to spend half a day or more to get them to run again."

"That's what I want—to bring them back to life again," he said.

"There are other things. Does it have to be watch repairing?"

I looked at him again; at his hugeness, at his clothes which billowed like rumpled sails. He saw me appraising him, and gazed with embarrassment at his pudgy hands.

"I don't know how to tell you," he said. "I don't even know how to explain it to myself."

We stood there opposite each other, trapped in the silence. I wished he would leave. Suddenly he asked:

"Have you ever been hungry, Mr. Prescott?"

I smiled. But in a moment it didn't seem funny, because once again I sensed the ravenous hunger in him. Not for food.

"Have you ever been hungry?" he repeated.

The tension broke. I heard the watches again. The whole room seemed to ring with the sound.

HAD I ever been hungry? I thought back. I remembered the hospital—the doctor, the expression on his face when he removed his stethoscope from over my heart. I recalled his baffled look when I asked about it. "You'll have to take it easy," he said.

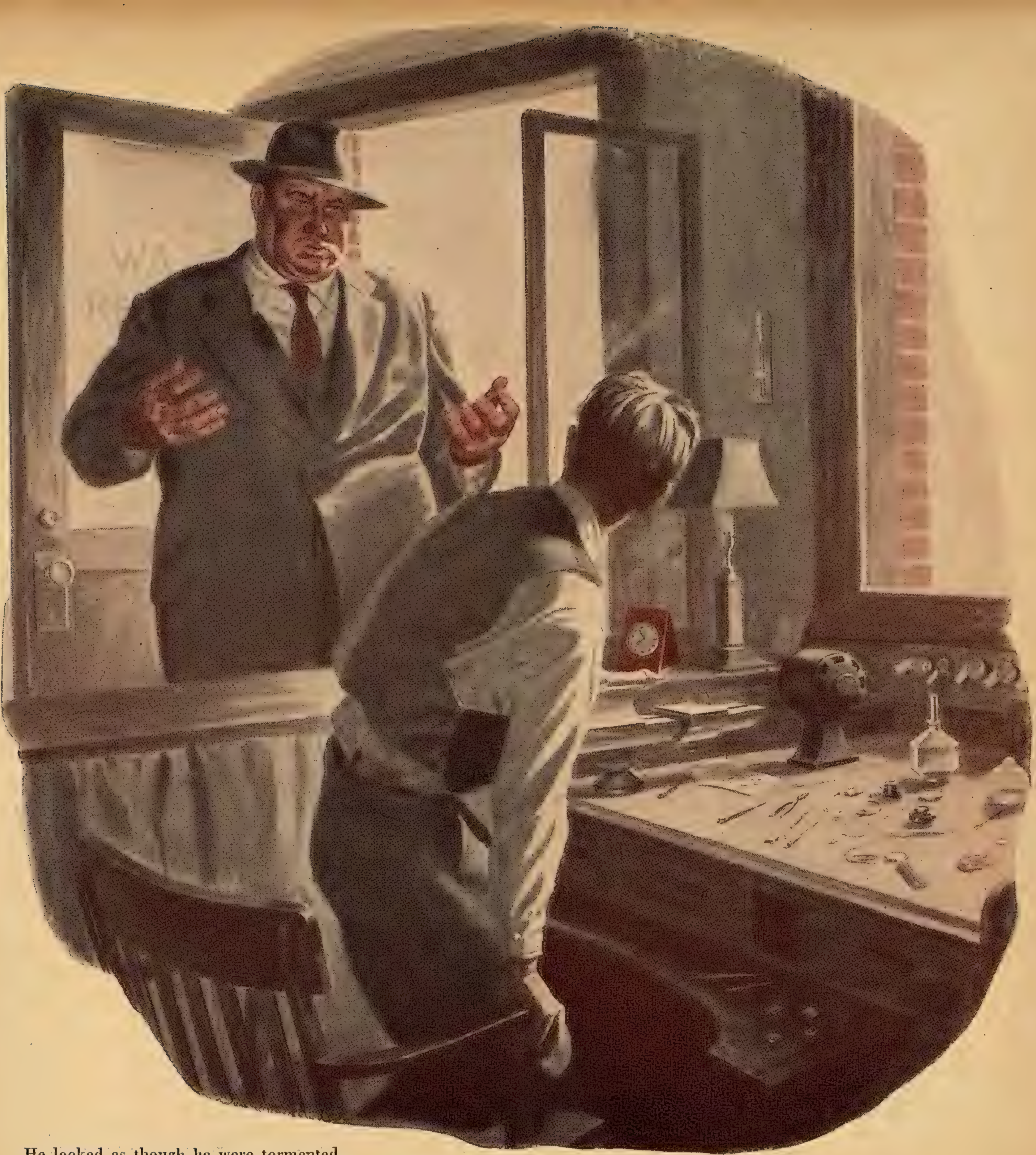
I remembered his words to my wife when they both thought I was asleep: "Maybe tomorrow, maybe next week—anyway, not longer than six months."

I remembered getting the job in the jewelry store, learning to repair watches. I remembered the desperate longing I suddenly had just to live.

A week? A month? Not over six months? Yes, I was hungry. Hungry for time. Hungry for time to live. Every second became another instant of life to be savored and felt and heard. The ticking of watches was like music to me. I basked in that sound. I surrounded myself with them—the symbols of living time. Every dead watch I could coax into ticking again was a renewed triumph. It was as though I had added more ticking seconds—more hours, more days to my passing life.

"I've been hungry," I said to Simmons.

"I don't know exactly how to explain it, Mr. Prescott," he said, writhing with unease. He looked at the tiny beating watch in his hand.



He looked as though he were tormented with some strange voracious appetite which mere food could never satisfy.

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN GULSER

"They're kind of like little hearts, aren't they? And I want—"

He paused, baffled.

"I want to make them live once more. Don't you understand?"

I nodded. Why wouldn't I understand? It was the sound that had kept me clinging to life for twenty years after I should have been dead.

I understood the force of my own hunger, all right, and I recognized in Simmons the same deep urge. But hunger for what? What compelling need had driven him into my shop? What did he expect to find here to quell the pangs that seemed to gnaw him?

"By the way," I asked, "what kind of work *have* you done?"

The tortured look returned to his face. He seemed not to breathe for a moment.

"I might as well tell you," he finally blurted. "Maybe after you know, you won't want to teach me. But, on the other hand, maybe you'll understand. Maybe you'll see why I've *got* to—cancel it all out." He gestured with his hands toward the watches. Then he paused and closed his eyes an instant.

"I've been the state executioner," he said. "Yes, I've been—that—for twenty years."

A moment passed.

"You can come in tomorrow morning," I said, trying to sound casual.

The sound of watches ticking flooded the shop again. The sound of hunger—hunger for life.

THE END

Our Vanishing Shepherds

We may lose our sheep industry with the last of the Basques who know the ancient art of sheepherding

BY JEAN MUIR

A STAMPEDE is going on among Western sheepmen impatient to get themselves out of the sheep industry.

In the last four years the population of sheep and lambs in the United States has dropped by 12,500,000. There are now fewer sheep in the country than there were in 1920. In the eleven western states, herds have been cut by 40 per cent. Idaho in 1919 had 2,500,000 breeding ewes; now there are just over a million—and this in the very heart of the country where, in spring, sheep drifted like an endless cloud across the mountain pastures.

One element in the industry's state of nerves is the world's four-billion-pound stock pile of raw wool. Another is fear that lamb prices will follow the roller-coaster pattern set after the last war. From a high in 1919 of $16.60 a hundred pounds in Chicago, lambs pulled up short in 1921 at $9.75. It takes a shrewd operator to survive a year at those prices, particularly in western Idaho, northern Nevada, and southeastern Oregon.

There, lambing starts in January. This means lambing sheds, canvas covered, electrically lighted, and hygienic. Where spring grass is good but water scarce, trucks must haul water to the herds. At present prices, sheepmen estimate it costs about $17 to support one ewe for a year.

At that rate their entire wool and lamb crop goes to cover expenses. Profit comes from the sheepman's bonus, the twin lamb. An extra ten pounds on the lambs can mean the difference between a loss and a profit. Those extra pounds are put on chiefly by the skill of the herder.

And that's where the real pinch comes. For the gifted old herders are growing scarcer every year. The great majority are Basques from the Pyrenees. For over fifty years, both as herders and as big operators, the Basques have been vital to the Northwest sheep industry. And as they die or retire, there is no one to replace them.

The Basques first came to Nevada in the early '70s, and moved northward along the Oregon-Idaho border. Before long, sheepmen discovered that a Basque could set out into the huge nowhere with a dog and $25,000 worth of someone else's property, and be relied on to bring them home, safe and fat, when winter set in.

As the pioneer Basques became established, they sent for their families. Entire communities grew up, predominantly Basque. There was McDermitt, Nevada, for one, and Jordan Valley, Oregon, where seven out of every ten families are of Basque descent. In some settlements, cut off from the outside world by canyons and mountains, the language and Old World customs remained unchanged for nearly fifty years.

Those were the days when the country was wide open. Idaho, Montana, Oregon, Nevada—all a man needed to be a sheep operator was a band of sheep, a dog, and a frying pan. Even as late as 1934, when the grazing districts were formed, there were wandering sheep bands and herders without land.

MOST of the Basques worked as herders until they were able to retire—some to return to their native Pyrenees. It isn't unusual for a herder to draw out $25 a year for tobacco and let the rest of his wages pile up in the banks of Boise and Winnemucca. Some bought into the outfits they worked for. A few became operators themselves.

Wherever you hear of big sheep operators, you'll hear Basque names among them—José Bengoechea, Anton Uranga, Justo Echevarria, Anton Ascuenaga, and, inevitably, John Archabal, unofficial leader of the 6,000 Basques who make their headquarters at Boise. A year after his death, John Archabal has grown into an almost legendary figure. Starting out at seventeen with no knowledge of English, herding sheep first for his keep and later for forty dollars a month, before his death he was the biggest sheep owner in the West. At one time he controlled 1,500,000 acres of leased and deeded land and owned 60,000 sheep, grazing in three states. In the West he was known as "king of the Basques."

One of the few outfits in Idaho running contrary to the general liquidation trend belongs to two of his sons, John Archabal, Jr., and Dan Archabal, and a friend, John Mendiola. Last September they doubled their herds to bring them up to 15,000 ewes—as large as any holding in Idaho today.

No matter how elaborate an operation may be, it is still broken down into units made up of a band of sheep, a dog, and a herder. Sheep and herders follow the grass, up in the summer to the high ranges where there is always shade and clear, cold water; back ahead of the blizzards to the winter range. Bands of some 1,500 ewes are made up in the spring at the home ranch—ewes with single lambs in one band, those with twins in another. Each band is usually accompanied by two dogs and a pup learning the tricks of the trade.

Since it costs approximately $150 to feed 1,000 ewes for a day, the bands start trailing from the lambing grounds in March so as to be ready to move into the mountains the moment the public range is declared open. From that time on, it's up to the herder. He can come out of the hills in the autumn with fat lambs, or he can lose a lot to cougar and coyote and come out with a skinny herd that has to be fattened on high-priced grain.

Herders' wages have risen to $160 a month. But young Basques are no more interested in the lonely life of a sheepherder than any other American boys would be. They're scattered into every profession from farming to politics and law. It's the old men who are the backbone of the industry. You see them at the Sheepherders' Ball, Boise's annual celebration, when the herders are welcomed back to the valley.

Recently 800 Basque herders passed the word around that they were ready to retire—knotty old bachelors, for the most part. Their wages, piled up through the years, are enough to keep them in ease for the rest of their days.

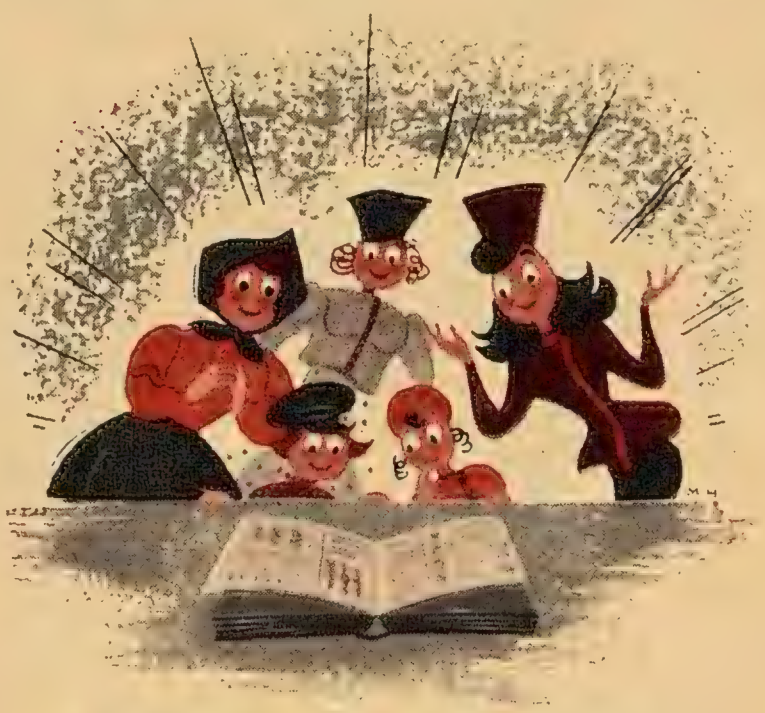
To sheepmen, it looks like the end of an era.

THE END

"America, What a Country!"

BY EDDY GILMORE

Chief, Moscow Bureau of the Associated Press



What happened when a single Sears Roebuck catalogue reached Russia, and why, as a propaganda agent, nothing can beat it

TWO innocent enough articles of American life—the Sears Roebuck catalogue and the phonograph record—are the most powerful pieces of foreign propaganda in Russia. The catalogue comes first. I returned to the United States last summer after almost five years in the Soviet Union, so I believe I've had a good chance to judge.

About two years ago a friend sent me the latest volume of the Messrs. Sears, etc. I showed it to my Russian wife, who canceled all engagements for the evening and bedded down with the book. Late that night, she passed it on to Nura, our usually skeptical-of-anything-foreign cook. By teatime next day Nura had passed the word to the neighborhood that another American phenomenon had hit Moscow.

Forgetting all about the catalogue, I went downtown to work. When I returned for lunch, the volume also had been working—on the wife of a Red Army general.

"Do you mean to tell me," she said, "that whoever wrote this wonderful book is asking people to buy all these things?"

"I do," I answered.

"And that he has all these things I see photographs of?"

"All but a few," I explained, "and you'll see that he's announced the items that he doesn't have."

"These things," she continued, "are selling in dollars and cents. What do they mean in rubles?"

I referred her to the international exchange rate—5.2 rubles to the dollar. After a moment's pause she gasped, "A new dress for eighty rubles!"

The Russians were then carrying out Stalin's orders—"Everything for the front"—and there were no new dresses. Secondhand dresses were bringing about 2,000 to 3,000 rubles, or $400 to $600 each.

I told a couple of Russian friends about the catalogue. They came home with me the next day to see it.

"Where is it?" I asked my wife.

"The general's wife borrowed it from Nura while I was out," she said. "She's going to show it to some more generals' wives."

I apologized to my friends. They said they'd come back. And they did. The book was getting pretty dog-eared by the time Mrs. General returned it, but they didn't seem to mind. It was still a golden thing.

Next it got into the hands of a dressmaker through a one-time schoolmate of my wife. This friend came in shortly to tell us:

"The dressmaker says if she can keep the book for a week she'll make me a dress for nothing!"

"What does she want it for?" I asked. "She can't buy anything out of it. None of you Russians can."

"Oh, we know that, but she copies these latest American styles."

And peddled them at high premiums to customers, I later discovered.

"I can't let her have it for a week," I bargained, for the line of people who wanted to see it was forming on the left. "Five days is all I can spare."

The dressmaker agreed to five days, and our friend got her free frock. Since then I've never had to "sell" America. The catalogue does that for me.

The phonograph records are played almost daily over the Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, Odessa, and Kharkov radios. They are also given, or lent, to Soviet agencies that get them to Russian musicians, singers, producers, composers, and actors. One result has been a mighty admiration for such persons as Jerome Kern, George Gershwin, Stephen Foster, Richard Rodgers, and Victor Herbert, to mention a few. There's also growing praise for Benny Goodman, Teddy Wilson, Harry James, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Duke Ellington, Lionel Hampton, Pee Wee Russell, Gene Krupa, etc., etc.

Recorded music from the first group is convincing more and more Russians that America has and has had sane, gifted composers. The second group has made an overpowering impression on the music played by dance and concert orchestras. "Amerikanskie Djhaz" is now regarded as the only jazz. Jitterbug, pronounced "jeetaboug," has kicked itself into the Russian language.

For the records, thank the one-time Office of War Information and its astute director in Moscow, Joseph Phillips, now of Newsweek, and Elizabeth Eagan, his successor in handing out recorded Americana. Miss Eagan holds regular jam sessions. I've attended two or three, and each time, when the party broke up, the pronouncements from the Russians followed the same pattern: "America, what a country!"

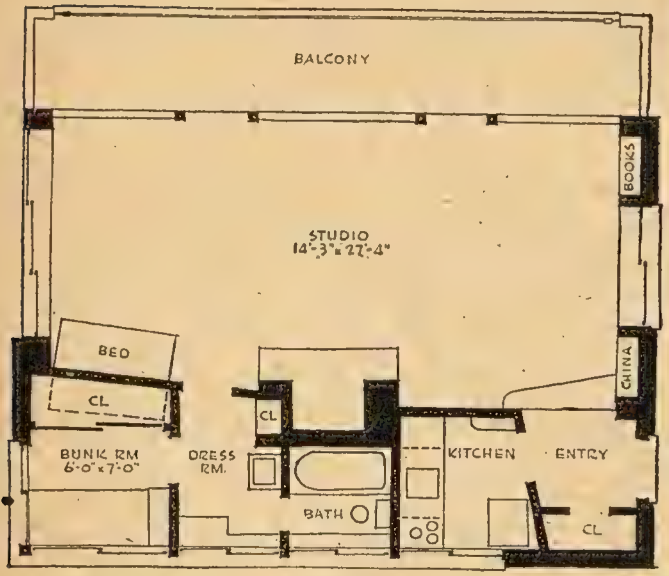
Movies have their say, but the Russians regard even a perfectly normal American street scene as "costumed" and hence as propaganda. Furthermore, only a few American movies ever get shown in Russia.

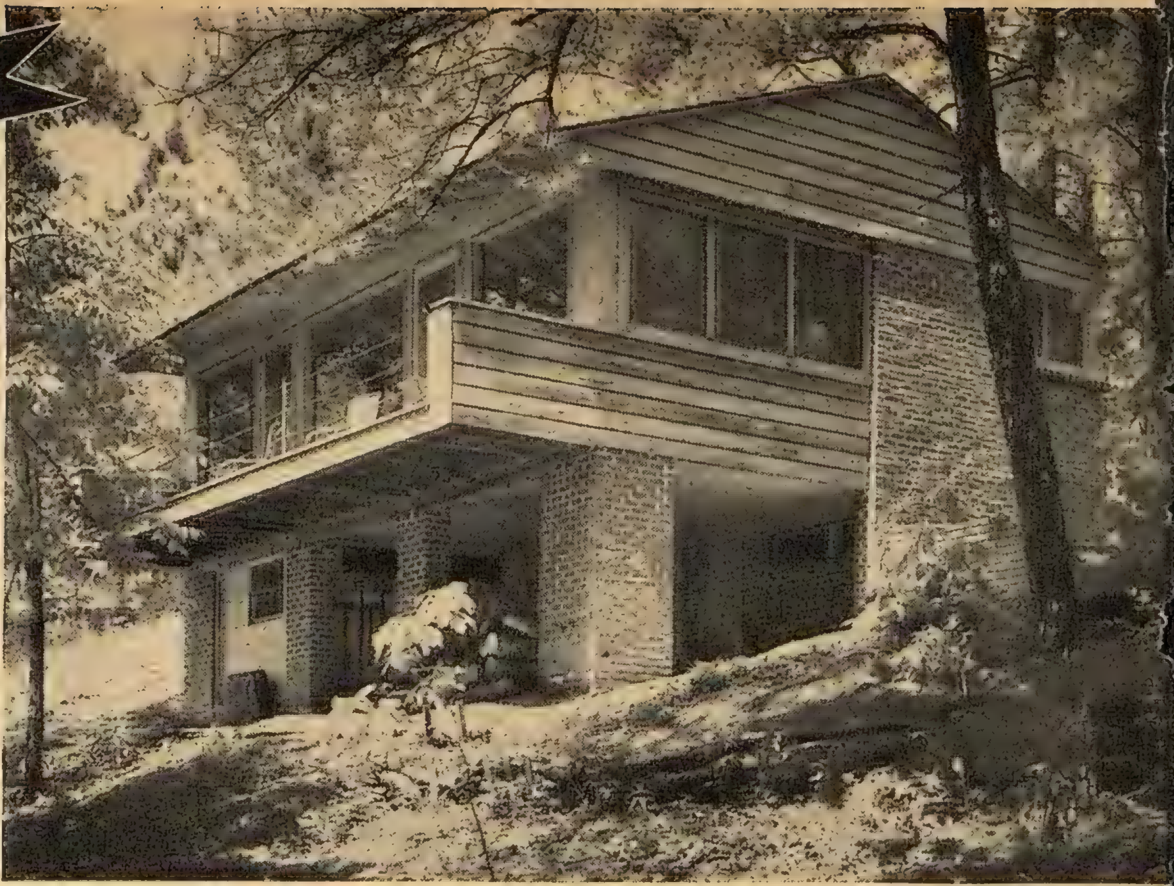
The United States has in the U.S.S.R. two magazines in Russian. The last I knew, the circulation of each was limited to 10,000 copies. Ten thousand among 193,000,000 Russians isn't much. The British do better with their Russian Ally—a weekly Russian-language newspaper. Its circulation is about 40,000.

The British Broadcasting Corporation's three daily half-hour shortwave broadcasts in Russian are reaching a growing group of people. If we're going to have American broadcasts in Russian beamed to the Soviet Union, as some have proposed, the stations should be in central Europe or the BBC will simply drown them out. The American station in Frankfurt, Germany, can be heard clearly in Moscow.

The Sears Roebuck catalogue is still my choice, however. If there were some way to get a couple of million copies to the Russian people, I believe they'd have a better impression of the United States than that created by all the other high-priced pieces of propaganda.

THE END





This small house is built of local materials. Hillside site helps gain lower-level space.

"ONE ROOM PLUS"

Two houses with unusual modern planning squeeze more out of each square foot and each dollar

BY DARRELL HUFF

THESE are "one room plus" houses. Their basic idea is a comparatively new one that is taking hold fast. It may upset all your building plans.

At least, that is what it has done for the owners of these two homes. Both were planned as minimum temporary houses, to serve until costs and restrictions eased. Then they were to become guest houses when the owners moved into new, larger homes.

The house on this page belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Richard L. Aeck. The one on the opposite page is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Athos Menaboni. Both were designed by Mr. Aeck, and are in Atlanta, Georgia.

The Aecks have found that a minimum house of this kind also means a minimum of housekeeping. Their eventual plan is to build a larger house a few feet farther up the hill, attaching it to this one by a covered passageway. The little house will then be a guest house on what could pretty nearly be called an estate. But Mr. and Mrs. Aeck like the little house so much that they are in no hurry to build a bigger one. And as for the Menabonis, they have scrapped their plans (already drawn) for a bigger house.

For all their traditional appearance, both of these are truly modern houses. They use materials in a direct and untraditional way. Their liberal expanses of glass bring the outdoors inside in a way almost unknown until recent years.

Because they are small and economical in construction, they are ideal houses for small families under today's restrictions and in the face of today's high costs. They should have special appeal for recently married veterans who plan to build soon.

The Aeck house is the larger and more expensive. In amazingly little space are a studio-living room, a bunk room, and dressing room, bath, kitchen, and entryway on the main floor. On a lower-level floor, made possible by using the slope of the hillside, are garage, large storage space, maid's room and bath. The maid's room, now used as a guest room, could be considered a second bedroom. It makes the house adequate for a family of three or four.

Although the Aecks have been living in their house for many months, they do not consider it completed. For one thing, it lacks a finished floor—hardwood flooring being one of the major material shortages just now. But when it is done, they figure it will have cost them $6,500.

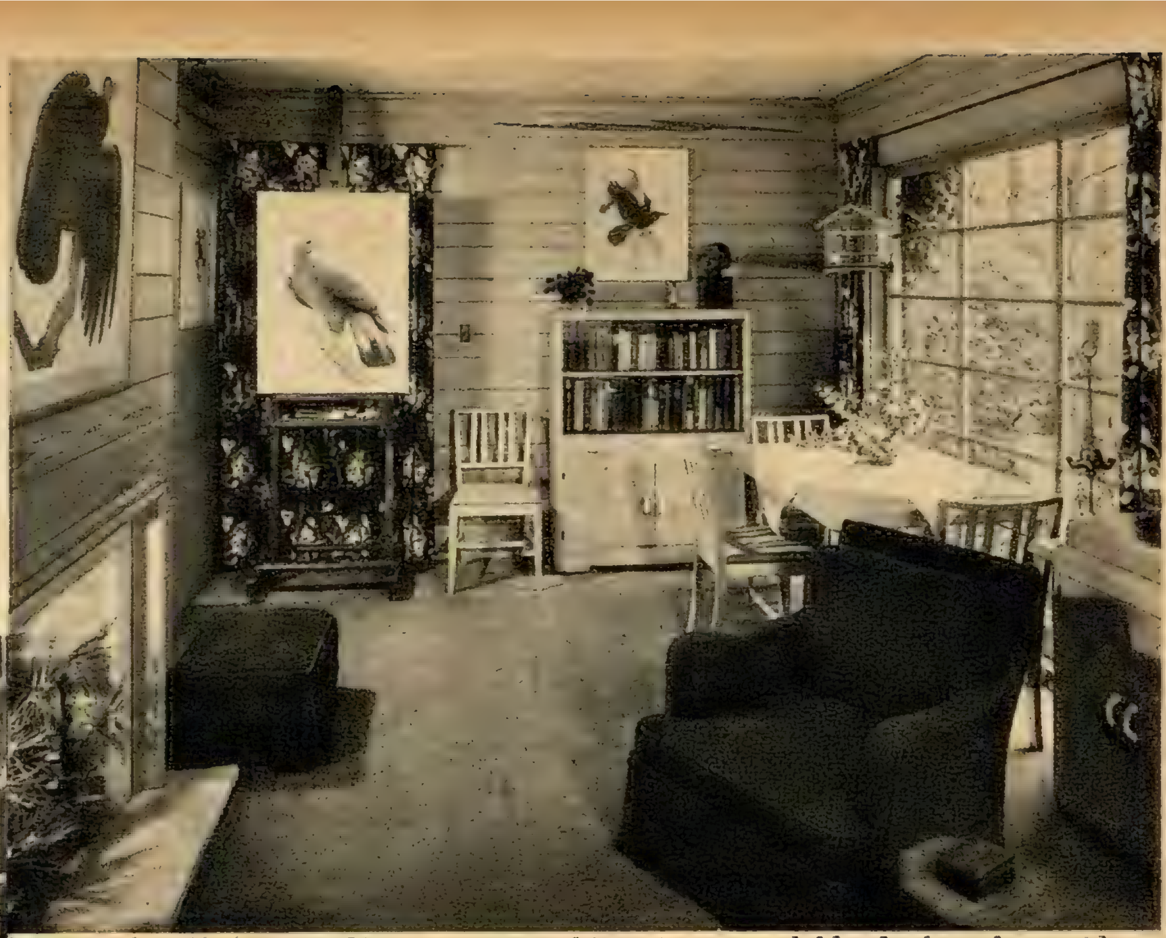
To see why this is a house for today, compare it with the typical $6,500 house. The Aeck house is not much bigger than other houses in its price class; it, too, was built under restrictions and in face of high costs. But it seems much larger because of the way it is arranged and because of the walls that are almost wholly window.

Favored sitting spot is the long porch.

Key to the plan's success is the huge living room.

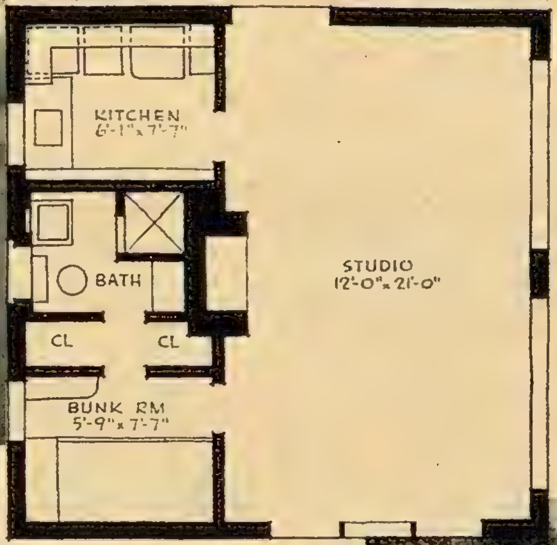
The usual low-cost house contains four or five rooms of approximately equal size, none big enough to permit any feeling of freedom or luxury. The Aeck house has a very small bunk room and a dressing room in the place of the usual medium-sized bedroom. It has a small kitchen and no dining room. A major part of its space is thrown into one room, a studio-living room bigger and handsomer than you might expect in a house costing two or three times as much.

This one big room and the glass that makes it seem even bigger really constitute the secret of this house's success. They are the reasons that both the Aecks and the Menabonis have found minimum houses thoroughly livable.



This home's long studio-living room combines an unusual blend of modern and traditional. The bird paintings, which are the owner's work, make it even more distinctive.

The kitchen is tiny but well arranged.



The studio-living room serves as dining room too and provides plenty of room for Mr. Aeck's drafting table. Built-in features that make it more efficient are china cabinet and bookshelves beside the brick fireplace, and a half-disappearing bed in one corner.

Her house, Mrs. Aeck finds, has reduced the mechanics of living and the responsibilities of housekeeping to a minimum. But building it was not so simple, what with restrictions and priorities. "We had to use some ingenuity to get it at all," she says. "The bricks were hand made in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. The cypress lumber was in the rough, and we bought it when no mill in Atlanta would accept it for working into usable material. In another town we finally found a little mill that would handle it."

To a large extent the house was designed to fit the lumber. One of the carpenters on the job told Mrs. Aeck, "We didn't even have sawdust left."

While waiting for flooring to complete the house, Mr. and Mrs. Aeck have been working on the surroundings. "We try not to disturb the natural aspect," they say. "Our aim is to keep the house a part of the setting and to bring the outdoors in."

They seem to have succeeded. At least they find that no one ever enters the house for the first time without stopping and gasping at the view of forest and river through the long window wall.

The Menaboni house is somewhat smaller, but the idea is the same: a very small, inexpensive house permitting varied activities. Little though it is, it houses Mr. Menaboni's work as a bird painter. And although the Menabonis entertain a great deal, it never seems crowded.

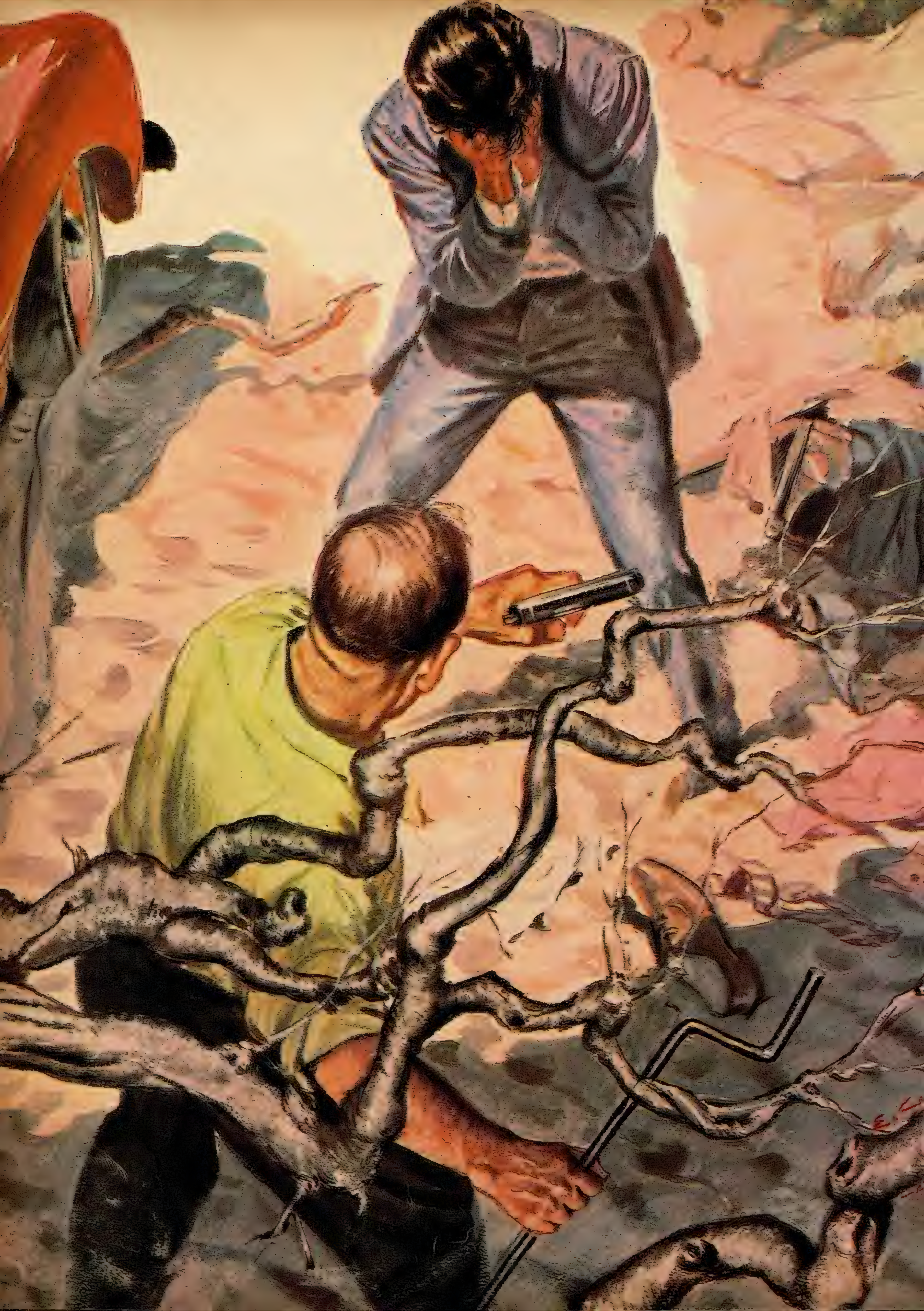
All this becomes the more remarkable with realization that the house, terrace walls and all, cost only $3,500. Instead of spending more on the house, the Menabonis have put their money into pools, a small lake, bird cages, and fencing on their ten wooded acres, developed as a bird sanctuary.

All the old ideas about the need of a large house for easy entertaining seem mistaken, in their experience. The very simplicity of their housekeeping makes party-giving easier. And small though their house is, the living room is large. As with the Aecks, it is a studio too, and so generously windowed that it always seems spacious.

The solidly traditional exterior of the Menaboni home is new evidence that modern design need not be bizarre or shocking.

Large families still need big houses. But for the small family, the "one big room plus" house seems here to stay. As Mrs. Aeck puts it: "Our own experiences and the interest shown by so many others tell us that we 'have something.' It seems to be so nearly universal in its appeal that it might be called 'tomorrow's house.'"

THE END



ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIACKA

TICKET TO TECATE

"Money talks," the policeman
was saying to Monk, "and your money is screaming out loud"

BY HAL G. EVARTS

THE long scorched-smelling bus marked "San Diego" was crowded. Pale listless faces stared from every window out into the yellowish noonday glare of Desert Center, and standing passengers blocked the center aisle from the rear to the door. But from where he waited in front of the ticket office, Diaz could see a space behind the driver's seat that was not yet occupied.

The sun glinted brightly from the flanks of the bus, and the idling motor coughed out fumes into the still, dead air. Anxiously Diaz edged across the sidewalk to where the ticket agent was chatting with the driver. "Señor," he said, "I wish to go to Tecate."

The agent, a harassed balding mechanic in greasy overalls, who also owned the town's one garage, looked up. "Oh," he said. "You again."

Diaz forced his lips into an apologetic smile. "I regret to trouble you, but it is of an urgency. I am to be married—"

"Full up," the agent told him irritably. "No more passengers." He turned back into the building.

Diaz hesitated for a moment, blinking solemnly at the bus, and then he peered into the shadowed recess of the garage. The agent, wrench in hand, already was bent over a motorcycle. *"Perdón,"* Diaz said, removing his hat, "but is it not possible to include another?"

"Listen, you! I told you before: the next Dago bus comes through at midnight. There's just two a day on this schedule."

Outside, the engine exhaust rose to a loud imperative blast. Diaz had learned the wisdom of silence in dealing with *norteamericanos,* but this was in the nature of an emergency. Aside from the bus, there was no other transportation. "But that is another twelve hours."

The agent shrugged.

"There will be room for me then, señor?"

"How should I know?" The agent clutched the wrench in his fist and scowled. "Now beat it! I got a rush job to get out."

Monk pulled the jack handle from the floor of the car and shambled toward him, dragging his feet and panting.

Unobserved by either of them, a stocky sun-beaten man in cap and dark goggles, wearing the khaki uniform of the state highway patrol, had sauntered through the doorway. "You finished the adjustment on my carburetor, Ed?" he said quietly.

Ed's expression relaxed into defensive petulance. "Not yet, Charlie," he said. "Too many interruptions this morning." He jerked his head toward Diaz. "Like this one here. He's in a helluva hurry to get across the line."

The patrolman, the one called Charlie, swung his gaze to Diaz. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"Nothing, señor." Diaz lowered his eyes. "No trouble."

Charlie studied him with deliberate gravity, cataloguing the dark young face, the patched dusty blue work clothes, the weather-cracked shoes, and the cheap imitation-leather suitcase between his feet. "You've been hopping the crops?"

"Sí. I have picked celery and squash, also *variedad de melón* near El Centro. Now I go home."

"Mexican citizen, huh? Let's see your work permit."

Diaz fumbled in his shirt and produced a tattered grimy piece of paper. Charlie read it at arm's length: "'Salvador Vincente Diaz, age twenty-one, agricultural worker.' You have any money, Diaz?"

"A little," Diaz lied.

"All right," Charlie told him. "Better keep moving. And stay out of trouble in this town."

DIAZ pocketed his permit and retreated into the dazzling noon outside. His relief at not being jailed, or even threatened, was so intense that he did not realize immediately that the bus had gone without him. Wearily he moved along the single block of shabby gaunt buildings of the business district toward the edge of town. A couple of ranchers' cars were parked at the curb, but otherwise the street was deserted, and through traffic, he knew, was rare at this time of day.

He stopped at the junction of the highway and a secondary road across from a bleached frame structure advertised as Nat's Tavern. At long intervals two cars bearing out-of-state license plates streaked past without slowing, their tires sucking angrily on the pavement, and dwindled rapidly into the tawny haze to the west. The sun throbbed down on the shadeless strip of highway shoulder. Diaz sighed and sat on his bag.

Presently, at an approaching drone, he lifted his eyes. A battered faded coupé cruised down the street and nosed to a stop before the tavern. The driver climbed from behind the wheel and began to fill his radiator from a water can. As Diaz watched, idly at first, and then with some interest, an idea occurred to him.

Slightly breathless at his own temerity, he trudged across the sticky macadam of the road. The driver, a fat middle-aged man with bloodshot eyes, a three-day beard and a cigarette drooping between his lips, glanced over his shoulder lethargically. His eyelids flickered once, and he sniped away his butt.

DIAZ cleared his throat. "Perhaps you proceed in the direction of Tecate?"

The man regarded him for a second, his set gray face bored, phlegmatic. Then he grinned faintly and called, "Hey, Nat!"

A man in an undershirt and dirty apron shuffled to the door. "What you want now?" he said. "Curb service?"

"Get a load of this, Nat," the fat man said. "This *cholo* asked me for a lift to Tecate."

The man in the apron said, "What's he wanna go there for? Don't he like it here?"

"Maybe the beer's colder in Tecate." The fat man yawned. "Or maybe the señoritas are hotter."

Diaz flushed. "I can pay," he said with dignity. "I have money."

"He's got money, Nat. You hear that?" His jaded eyes shifted over Diaz' work-stained dusty clothes and he winked. "I'll have to talk it over with my banker." He followed Nat inside, letting the screen door slam.

Diaz suspected that the fat man had been ridiculing him in some obscure way, but because he had no alternative he continued to wait. No car had passed in either direction for nearly an hour, and the only sound was the thrumming of the telephone wires overhead. Through the door he could see the figures of the two men perched on stools before the bar in the path of an electric fan. A spiral of dingy flypaper danced from a light fixture in the ceiling and there drift-

(Continued on page 65)

KEYSTONE PHOTO

The hard-working Oliviers and their Siamese cat, New.

Man of Parts

The sun never sets on Laurence Olivier's day

BY ELEANOR HARRIS

LAURENCE OLIVIER comes close to demonstrating perpetual motion. Once, while acting in a play in London, he broke an ankle jumping over a banister on stage. Everyone thought that at last Olivier would have to take a rest. For a few days he fumed in bed. Then he climbed into a wheel chair and began another play—one written around a man in a wheel chair!

Every day has forty-eight hours in it for him. An average day of his recent trip to New York with England's famed Old Vic troupe:

Morning: Rehearse three hours for a Shakespearean radio show.

Lunchtime: Snatch a sandwich, see two Hollywood producers, shop for three presents for friends.

Afternoon: Play the matinee of Chekhov's Uncle Vanya.

Dinner: Snatch another sandwich, write part of a magazine article on the Old Vic, arrange for last-minute changes for that night's performance.

Evening: Play the lead in the Greek tragedy Oedipus—followed twenty-four minutes later by the lead in the puff-light Sheridan comedy The Critic.

Midnight to dawn: Linger over a six-course meal at a famous restaurant—with wife Vivien Leigh and platoons of intimate friends.

During the war Olivier was a lieutenant in the Fleet Air Arm of the British Navy, stationed at a remote British air station. Vivien moved as close as possible, sharing a cottage with other war wives. One midnight Olivier heard great news: the mammoth German warship Bismarck had been sunk. He had only one idea—to tell Vivien. She had no phone, and he was due back on duty in two hours.

He drove over the twelve miles of black country roads, rushed in, shook Vivien awake.

"What's happened?" she demanded, frightened.

"Everything happened! It's marvelous! We sank the Bismarck!" he shouted.

She put a proud hand on his shoulder. "Well done, darling," she said.

Present-giving is a marked Olivier characteristic. After four years in the navy, he was released to head the Old Vic company in London. There he ran into American playwright-director Garson Kanin, then a captain in the U. S. Army. Kanin showed Olivier three small prints he had just bought for his collection of theatrical paintings.

"I scoured every London gallery, found these by an obscure artist named Edmund Kapp," crowed Kanin.

"Umph," was the reply. Kanin thought the prints had barely flicked Olivier's crowded mind. But four months later, on his birthday, Kanin entered his hotel room, saw a painting leaning against the dresser. Scrawled on its back was: "Happy birthday from Larry."

It was a superb painting of Olivier as Richard III—painted by Edmund Kapp. Olivier had located the artist, posed for the portrait, timed it for Kanin's birthday.

Offstage, Olivier always wears spectacles, looks like a chemistry professor. He was born thirty-nine years ago in Dorking, Surrey, England. He has an older brother, Gerard Olivier, a London insurance agent. And a sister, a former actress, now Mrs. Gerald Day.

He attended All Saints School, a High Anglican Church school, singing in the choir. Then he went to St. Edward's School at Oxford, planning on a religious career. But at seventeen he changed his mind in favor of the Central School of Dramatic Art.

His first professional job was ringing a bell offstage. In the twenty-two years since then, he's acted in seventy-odd plays, twenty movies. He's directed and produced many plays in which he didn't act, and one magnificent $2,000,000 movie, Shakespeare's Henry V, in which he plays the lead. He has married twice—first British actress Jill Esmond, then British actress Vivien Leigh. By marriage number one he had a son, now 15.

His love of acting spills over into everything he does. Often the natural ham in him saves a delicate situation.

One wartime evening his London house was full of theatrical friends. Outside, bombs were smashing the city. He saw that his guests were close to panic. He leaped to the front door, yelled at the searchlights fingering the sky: "Hey, old boy, you can catch me here!" He turned back into the room, shrugging. "These ghastly electricians—always missing you."

Everyone knew he was pretending he was onstage with an uncertain man running the spotlight. They burst out laughing, settled down and relaxed.

He swims, plays golf and tennis, sails a boat, pilots a plane expertly, collects old watches—and invents things. For one friend, a play prompter, he invented the ideal prompting table—so intricately studded with buttons, bells, and lights that it demanded a blueprint to build.

For Henry V he needed more than 900 actors—in wartime England, when every British man and woman was conscripted for duty. Also he needed miles of countryside without telephone wires or the roar of wartime planes. The answer was neutral Ireland—and Irish men and women. But this was only one part of the problem.

He needed 700 warriors, 200 horses and riders. He got the warriors from the Irish Home Guard, the horses and horsemen from near-by farms. He needed 1,000 suits of fourteenth-century chain mail. He talked Irish nuns into knitting them out of string, then sprayed them with silver paint. He needed to show the English fleet crossing the Channel. He had dozens of men lie on their backs, under a "sea" made of shimmering paper, moving the tiny model boats on long sticks. He shot the entire $2,000,000 epic with one old camera—and a stop watch because of a shortage of film.

THE END

Forest Speed-Up

The wizards of science now crawl out on limbs to make trees grow twice as fast as nature intended

BY BEATRICE OPPENHEIM

WHILE house-hungry war veterans wave priorities at stockless lumber dealers, the U. S. Forest Service's top geneticist, Dr. Ernst J. Schreiner, is busy preventing future, more serious wood shortages. He creates forest trees that grow twice as fast as nature ever planned.

"Men used to plant trees for their grandchildren, but in our generation tree planters will enjoy the shade themselves," he says.

A lean, fair-haired, forty-four-year-old scientist with a springy step and buoyant optimism, Dr. Schreiner doesn't mind risking his neck to breed a better tree. He and his staff scramble up tall trunks and wriggle out on branches to reach blossoms.

These scientific acrobatics have produced poplars that shoot up twenty feet in four years. In eight to ten years they are forty to fifty feet high and ripe for wood-pulp manufacture. In five years more they are seventy-foot specimens, ready to be cut into boards. Moreover, they have straighter trunks, denser wood, and longer wood fibers than most of their wild cousins, are more resistant to disease, and can take sharper extremes of climate.

In the government forest areas Dr. Schreiner is applying the same speed-up and improvement to maples, birch, ash, and other hardwood trees. Soon he hopes to be breeding, too, for handsomer grain, and chemical qualities especially suited for plastics and paper making. He has his sights on birches developed for smoother wood turning, oaks yielding more acorns for hog feed, and sugar maples with sweeter sap.

"Eventually," he predicts with the certainty of a man who is bringing it to pass, "farmers will plant improved oaks, maples, and poplars just as they now plant corn, tomatoes, and parsnips."

He achieves most of his remarkable results by "controlled cross-pollenization." His special headaches are the great size and slow development of trees, and the fact that the specimens best for crossing may not even grow in adjoining woodlands. "Sometimes," he says cheerfully, "they are located hundreds of miles apart. At best, they are seldom within walking distance."

He begins by ranging thousands of miles through forest lands, picking out specimens which show natural tendencies toward the qualities he wants. He becomes frantically busy about two weeks before their female flowers open. He and his assistants first cover each of these with a small bag to protect it from chance grains of pollen. Later, pollen from other chosen trees is shot onto these flowers with a medicine dropper. The tree breeder must keep his precarious balance high above the ground until he has closely covered his blooms again and labeled each one.

He clambers skyward at least four more times during the season—to remove the pollen bags, to check the fruit, to tie on seed-catching bags, and finally to collect the seed—if any. "Twenty thousand blossoms," Dr. Schreiner says, "may not yield a single seed. On the other hand, we are sometimes one hundred per cent successful."

A LONG series of patient crossings is necessary to evolve his supertrees. To develop the fast-growing poplars, he made ninety-nine different combinations of thirty-four different types—including white poplars, aspens, black poplars, cottonwoods, and balsam poplars. He produced 13,000 seedlings in the process.

All this would have taken several human generations if he had had to wait to "fix" his hybrids to come true to seed. Fortunately the forest scientist can streamline his work by planting cuttings. The number of such offspring from a single tree can be enormous. After three years, a poplar seedling cut to the ground in winter provides 100 to 200 new trees annually; and three years later, each of these is producing cuttings at the same rate. A single young tree may be the ancestor of 100,000 hearty saplings in a few years.

If all had gone according to Dr. Schreiner's prewar plans, there would now be a million cuttings of superior poplar hybrids ready for distribution. Wartime curtailment of the Forest Service's manpower, however, meant he could maintain only enough select stock to carry on his experimental work. Of 100,000 young maples and birches ready for outplanting four years ago, he could save only 20,000.

As a result, Dr. Schreiner for the time being must keep warning the nation's farmers: "Please don't write for hybrid trees. I have no surpluses yet!" But in five years, he figures, he will have more than overcome the setback, and in ten to fifteen years he hopes to be ready for many great reforestation projects.

He expected to become a minister until his sophomore year at Newtown High in Queens, New York. "A government forester appeared at school one day," he recalls. "The pictures he showed of the West fired me with the ambition to follow his footsteps." Accordingly, the young Schreiner worked his way through the New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse University. Then he went with the Oxford Paper Company in New York, where he worked under Dr. A. B. Stout of the New York Botanical Garden. Their assignment was the world's first large-scale tree-breeding venture. He joined the U. S. Forest Service ten years ago.

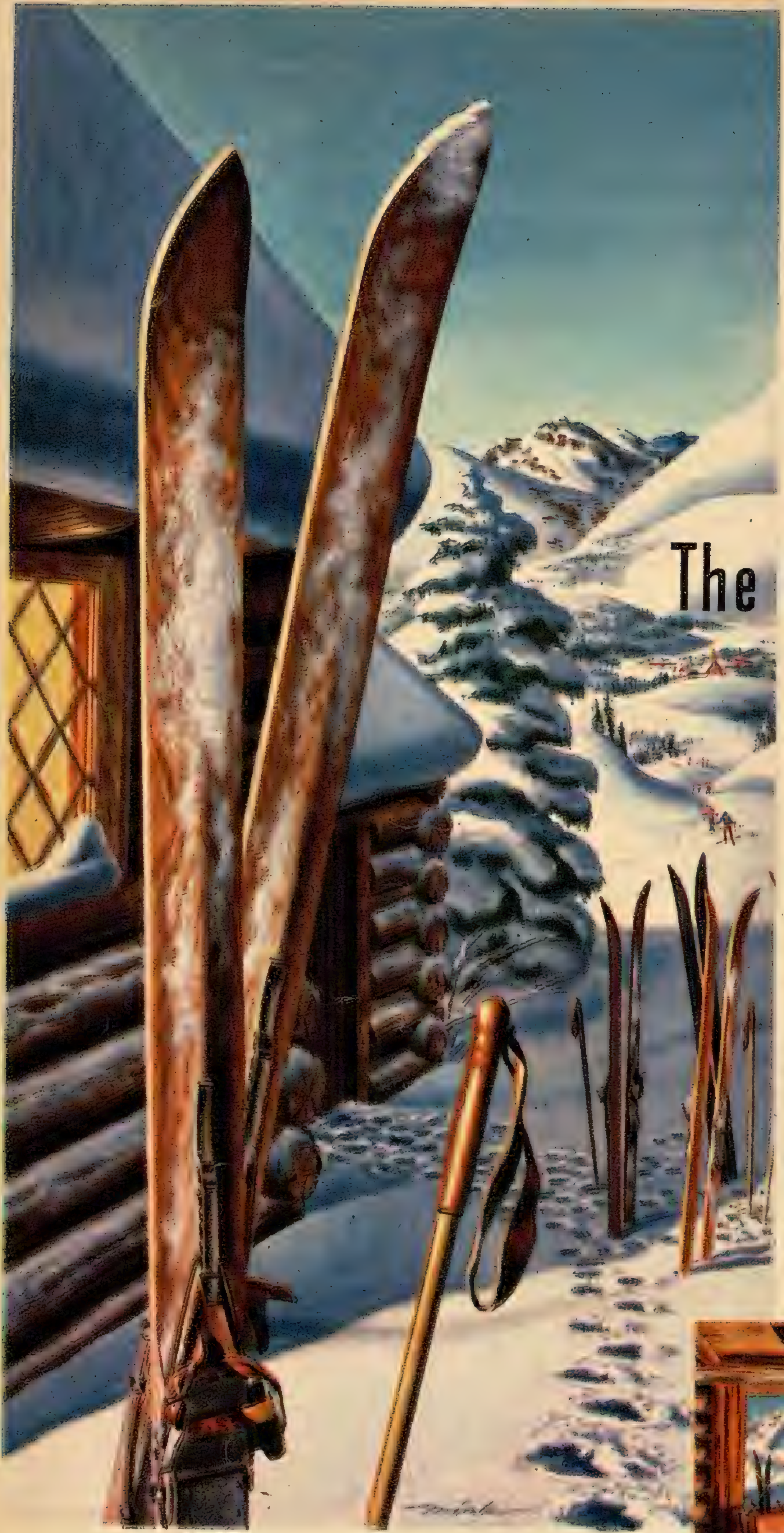
Guatemala borrowed him for a couple of months in 1945 so he could figure out ways of improving quinine crops. His suggestions for breeding and culture of the "fever-bark tree" may put Central America on the road to producing the precious drug more cheaply than Java.

So far, his only accident has been a twenty-foot slide down a long slim trunk. "Then my jacket caught," he explains, "and I hung from a branch with nothing hurt but my dignity." He says climbing irons would injure his specimens and safety ropes slow him down too much.

Recently chemists have perfected methods of impregnating soft woods of fast-growing trees with resins. The process gives them the beauty and durability demanded by master cabinetmakers. Only yesterday it took sixty to eighty years of slow forest growth to mature a hardwood tree for fine furniture. Tomorrow the same effect may be achieved in twenty years.

"Think what that time-saving means to the wood-lot owner in terms of compound interest!" says Dr. Schreiner.

THE END



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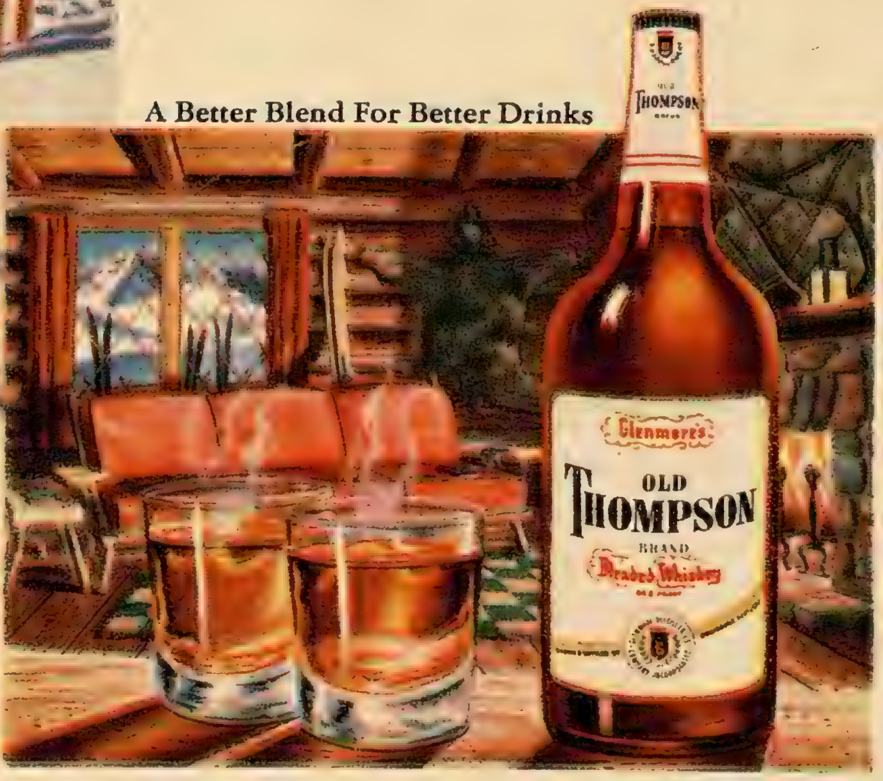

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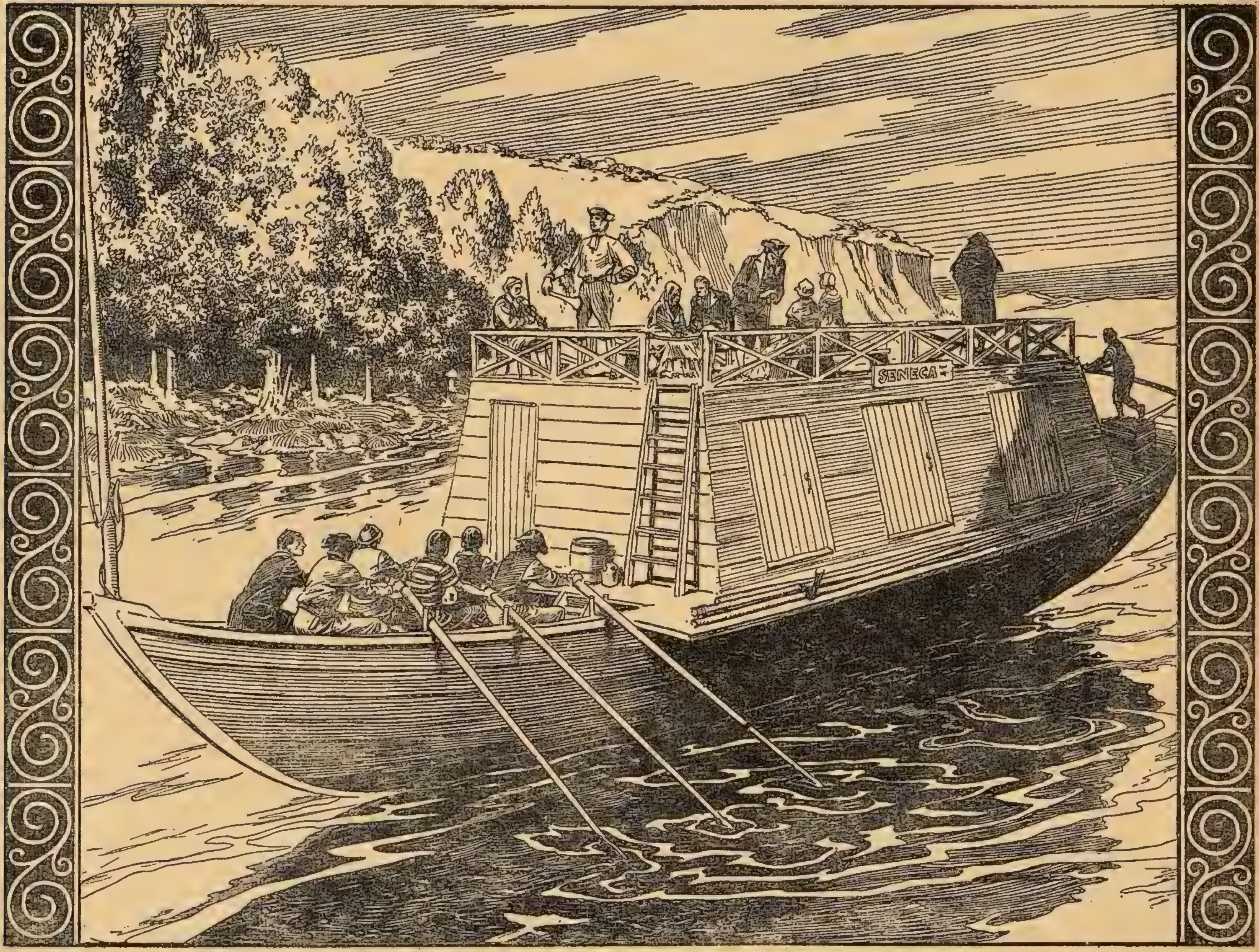
PULL DOWN TO New Orleans



BY ZACHARY BALL

Riverboat Captain Grainger was responsible for getting his six passengers safely to New Orleans while the Mississippi was blockaded by the Spanish. This unusual novel tells a thrilling tale of the romance and intrigue on the perilous journey.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

A LIBERTY BOOK CONDENSATION · *READING TIME: ONE EVENING*

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THE bad news came up the river faster than the brown water went down. Man and horse carried it over wilderness trails. Sweating men at the long oars of river craft shouted it at all the landings: The Spanish have closed the river again! We can't float our truck down to port! They've done it again! . . .

Zadok Grainger wasn't right certain whether he was glad this day was here or not. Oh, it wasn't that he didn't want to do his part. All the rivermen would fight for the frontier. Hell, they'd walk clean to New Orleans and blast lead at the damned Spanish and their renegade Injuns every foot of the way. But there was them as said, "No, America can't afford another war."

Zadok would a heap sooner trade musket talk with the Spanish and have it over. But this other was his job. Harve Durton had argued him into it. Harve was one of the Pittsburgh men who were heading up the settlers, trying to get the river reopened, trying to avoid war.

So Zadok had taken the job. But he was plain afraid of it.

"We're ready to pole off, patroon," a big voice said.

Zadok glanced at short, wide Ged Plunkett there on the sweep block and said, "I didn't ask for the job of floatin' this pea-pod down, so s'posen you leave off that 'patroon' talk."

Ged said, "This'll be a likely trip for a couple riffle jumpers like us. No cargo to bait the Spanish thieves, no whiskey-wild Injuns, no—"

Zadok said, "Yeah."

Ged had no notion that this trip could turn out to be far riskier than trying to run a contraband keel down. They had something here that the Spanish would be after, knife and gun, if they knew about it.

Zadok looked up along the roof deck where his six passengers were. Durton had told him that one of them was mighty important to the frontier. And getting that one to New Orleans was the purpose of the trip.

Zadok had no idea which one of the six was the important one. It wasn't his business to know. But Harve Durton and the others knew. They were putting all the pieces together.

That was why Zadok was so scared. Because so much depended on him.

The Seneca was a slim, fast galley with a passenger box of six bunkrooms. The passenger box ran almost the length of the boat, and the roof of it was nailed in, with benches for the passengers. The patroon rode the roof, from where he directed his crew and steersman. Besides the boatmen, there was a cook and a fiddler.

Zadok went up to his stool, picked up his boathorn, and sent a long blast bumping over town and across the river. He sang out, "Stand to poles!"

Bowlines were thrown off.

"Set poles . . . down on her . . . ha-aup!"

The oarsmen rammed their poles to the bottom and started walking the running boards. In another moment the landing, the doorstep of Pittsburgh, was growing steadily smaller.

BY the time the Seneca had hit the lazy current, the men had racked poles and were ready at the oars. They rowed six at a time, alternating every hour. From the roof deck, Zadok gave them the paddle rhythm.

"Set oars . . . pull . . . pull . . . pull . . ."

Old Nate was fitting his fiddle to the monotone.

"Set sweep . . . ha-a-up, mannees . . . pull . . . pull . . . pull . . ."

The passengers were listening to the rhythm between patroon, crew and fiddler.

Sitting on a bench near Zadok, the veiled woman and the old man were talking. They were a queer pair, all right. Her so little and dressed all in fog gray, and that heavy veil she wore. On the list her name was Mrs. Agatha Kramer.

The old man was Philip Beauford, and he didn't look like he'd ought to be making the trip. He was spry enough; it was just that he didn't look very strong.

Zadok could hear their talk. Agatha was looking over toward Smoky Island, and suddenly she quit talking and put her hand on Beauford's arm.

Zadok looked over toward the island. A canoe was shoving away from the bar, with three Injuns in it.

Beauford was saying, "Pshaw, Mrs. Kramer, you've no call to be nervous. Those Indians are friendly Chickasaws. No Indians would attempt to harm a body this close to Pittsburgh, anyway. Of course, in the back country, Indians do still scalp a settler occasionally."

In another moment Agatha Kramer said in a shaken voice, "They're coming toward us."

The canoe was coming fast, the Indians in bow and stern both paddling hard. The one in the middle was draped in a blanket.

Zadok called, "Up oars!"

The canoe bumped the Seneca.

Zadok called down to the Indian in the bow of the canoe, "What, man?" There was a tightness in his voice.

The Indian in the blanket was climbing aboard the Seneca, and in a moment was coming up on the roof deck. Two crewmen on the running board had their guns up, waiting for the word from Zadok.

The Indian was on the roof deck then, facing him, throwing back the blanket. It was a Chickasaw girl.

Zadok frowned. "What you want, girl?"

She was right pretty. Her braids hung to her hips. She was smiling, and her dark eyes were ashine. "Me White Sky," she said. "White Sky go on big canoe."

"You can't go on this boat."

"White Sky on boat now." She looked down at Ged, resting the big sweep paddle, and said, "You tell he push big tail so White Sky ride."

The passengers laughed, and Zadok saw that she had already made friends among them. Two of the men had moved closer. Reul MacTavish said to Zadok, "Looks like we have another passenger."

The other man was Calvin Swann, Philadelphia merchant, owner of a string of mercantile establishments on the seaboard, and of the principal one in Pittsburgh. You would ask who Calvin Swann was, but you would never ask if he was a man of means. He wore an air of importance in the same assured manner in which he wore his tan tailored coat, stiff white cravat, and the light colored pantaloons down in Hessian boots. He was making this trip to buy his lovely wife a winter home in New Orleans, and to have her presented to New Orleans society.

White Sky was smiling up at him.

Zadok said to the girl, "I'll put about and land you. There hasn't been any arrangement for you to ride. And you got to have money for fare."

"Here's her fare, patroon."

Swann had stopped swinging his walking cane and was holding out a handful of Virginia currency.

Zadok started to say no, then didn't. Durton had told him if anybody came aboard wanting to go to Chickasaw Bluffs, Natchez or New Orleans, he was to give them passage.

"Where do you want to go?" he queried White Sky.

"Chickasaw Bluffs."

Zadok took the money and set the Seneca under way. Swann had his hand under White Sky's arm, and was squiring her about deck, making introductions.

Virginia Swann sat alone, watching her husband with the Indian girl. Swann was very proud of his wife's beauty. With fastidious care he consulted her dressmakers and selected her jewels. At social functions he wore her on his arm as he would wear an expensive ring on his finger. Through their courtship, this attitude amused her, in their early married life it frightened her, but now, after two years, she accepted it.

She had adjusted herself to it so thoroughly that even when he met a new woman and threw his head back and roared his big laugh the way he was doing now, Virginia could smile. And she was smiling. She was smiling when she happened to glance astern and straight into Zadok's slow, rugged grin. He was big and brown and friendly, with acorn-colored eyes. She listened to the warm depth of his voice saying, "Pull . . . pull . . . pull . . ."

Before either of them knew it, they had got their glances caught like that, then they traded smiles and untangled them quickly.

Reul MacTavish was a clean, fashionable, smiling man with a somber kind of voice. Now he was giving his full attention to Letti Dysart.

Zadok reckoned there wasn't a man aboard as had failed to rightly glimpse Letti when she first came aboard. She was one to take a man's eye, at that, pink, kind of, and sparkling. She had what he'd call new-moon-colored hair, and she had on a long thin white dress and a fancy shawl. She was a lively one, with her excited lips and eyes. She was mighty young-seeming, this daughter of an important Philadelphia physician, to be going all the way to New Orleans alone to visit an aunt.

THE high bank of forest bent the river, and the town was out of sight. The passengers were getting acquainted. Beauford had known Virginia Swann as a child on her father's Virginia plantation. He took Agatha Kramer forward and introduced her. MacTavish introduced Letti, then left her with them and went astern with Swann for a chat. MacTavish owned a mercantile business in Pittsburgh himself.

"Yes," Beauford was saying to the ladies. "Virginia's father and I rafted down to New Orleans together. We were young then."

As he talked, he did a very strange thing. He put his hand under his coat and brought out a slender little silver blade and sat moving it thoughtfully in his fingers. It was not a knife, but just a slim, razor-edged blade, eight inches long. One end was blunt, and the other was thorn sharp. He handled it almost carelessly. Once he gestured with it, and Agatha shrank back. It was then that he was aware that all three of the women were watching the blade.

He apologized, saying, "I'd best put the thing away." When he pulled back his coat, the blunt ends of four more blades could be seen sticking out of his breast pocket.

At noon the cook put a board on stanchions on the roof deck. As the passengers took their places around it, there was a kind of waiting silence. Everybody was watching to see what Agatha Kramer was going to do about that veil that she had not yet once lifted.

As soon as she sat down, she raised the veil and folded it back over her bonnet. Her eyes were large and black, her features small and regular, and her skin very white. Agatha Kramer was a beautiful woman.

"How many stops do we make, patroon?" MacTavish wanted to know.

"Depends on the runnin' condition of the water, and howsomever many stops you folks want to make."

"This trip is the most exciting and wonderful thing I've ever done," Virginia Swann said.

You could tell that by looking into her eyes, even if she hadn't said it. Zadok saw right from the time they poled off that she was going to take to the river. That was why he dug up the copy of *The Ohio and Mississippi Navigator,* a river guidebook, for her to read.

Watching her across the table, it suddenly struck Zadok that she was different from any woman he had ever seen afore. Oh, it wasn't her fine clothes or her manners. He didn't know just what it was. Not knowing set him to studying how her black hair swept up from the sides of her face. He glanced up at the sky, then back to her eyes, and sure enough they were a sight bluer than the sky, and they were speckled with cloud flakes and sun just like it. And you'd never see woman lips as could make more out of a quick smile.

Looking at her thataway he got to thinking about his valley. He'd found it and saved the money for it, then came the trouble on the river. So his valley was still just a dream.

It was a little valley, but the whole thing would be theirs, and it was a fine place. There was black, good smelling dirt in the bottom of it, and the sides were set off in haw and wild cherry of a spring. There was a spout of cold water that came jumping down the slope over round rocks. They'd build the peeled-pole house right up on the lap of the hill. He'd always thought of everything about this valley as how *they* would do it. He didn't know who she'd be, but he reckoned it was natural for a man to kind of think double about a place like that valley.

All hands took a breather midforenoon and midafternoon, and the patroon always took the sweep then. Ged was grinning, and he winked at Zadok as he came astern, then sighted a glance along the roof deck and said in a low voice full of fun, "Ain't she a little hummin' bird? The one with the yeller hair?"

Letti's laugh came to them, bright and young like herself. Ged said, "Cain't she warble sweet? Hy gonies, she can keep *my* younguns' noses clean and paddle their bottoms ary time she takes her a notion."

"It'll take more'n you'll make at that boatyard job you're afigurin' on to keep her in curlin' irons," Zadok said, grinning.

"I'd work myself into a boatyard of my own for thatun," Ged said.

THE passengers decided ahead that they would spend a day in the village of Marietta. But that was two days off, and this first night they brought to at a logging landing.

The passengers strolled up and down a path along the river bank while supper was being cooked.

Agatha was walking with Beauford, and he was telling her about the sights of New Orleans when suddenly he jerked half around, caught her arm and said, "Help me!"

He spoke again, and the words came out like dry hiccoughs. "Heart—pocket—with blades—hurry—"

Agatha had been lowering him to the ground, and now, under his coat, she felt the wide pocket. Behind the case of blades was a packet of folded little papers. Calling for water, she opened one of these and shook the powder onto his tongue. Virginia came with water, and the others were there almost as soon.

They took him to his bunkroom, and in a few minutes, except for feeling weak, he was all right again.

When they arrived at Marietta, Swann invited them all to supper ashore.

At the proper time, Zadok and Ged showed up at the Masthead Inn in new calico shirts and butternut britches. The women looked mighty pretty, Zadok thought, Virginia and Letti in white, Letti's dress cut so low it was an embarrassment to look at her. White Sky was there, her eyes shiny, beads in her hair.

Swann brought a dark complexioned man and woman. He introduced them as the Mereaux, but Zadok thought they looked more Spanish than French.

Zadok got to plaguing Agatha about leaving the best part of America to go back to Boston. She said, "I know what I'm leaving. I love the hills and the woods and the earth's feel under my feet but—well, I just have to go. And I didn't want to take the overland trip." There was a quiver in her voice.

Up the table, MacTavish was trying to get Beauford to explain why he always carried those little silver blades. Beauford took out one of them.

MacTavish was saying, "A pistol, or even a sword cane—there you have some protection. But that—"

"This is protection," Beauford said.

MacTavish said to the others, "Mr. Beauford has been a silversmith in Pittsburgh for some years." He looked back at Beauford. "I've seen your work before, but this is the first time I've known about these—er—trifles."

The old man got to his feet. His eyes were bright.

"It is all from a little thing I used to do in my youth with my hunting knife. My son and I made a little game of it during idle moments in our shop. I'll show you, but—first—about my son. He was killed in New Orleans a few months ago. That is why I am going there now. I have learned that the other man was an expert swordsman. My son was just a lad. He didn't have a chance—so, in New Orleans—I shall meet this man."

He looked from one to another of them around the table. "You have asked. I shall show you. Perhaps to you it will not be a pretty sight, but to me it is beautiful because . . . I loved my son. And it is for him . . ."

He had fastened his eyes on a wall bracket across the room in which were five candles. His right hand, holding the blade, came up.

The hand moved. It moved in a way that is to motion what a whisper is to sound. The center candle snuffed out. The blade was in the wall, pinning the candle there.

There was the small sound of the people at the table letting go of their astonishment. Beauford looked around at them, embarrassed. "Forgive me . . ." He sat down.

Agatha was staring at Beauford, her hands holding to the edge of the table. Conversation was starting up again, and Zadok said to her lightly, "I've never seen an Injun as could deal a blade any better'n that."

Agatha turned her fierce dark eyes on him, and he knew that was the wrong thing to say.

MacTAVISH's voice climbed up over the other conversation: "It's the attitude the settlers take. It's no wonder the Spanish closed the port."

Mereaux said, "What the American forgets is that Spain sent powder and lead to the colonies when they were fighting the British. And in '79 Spain herself took up the fight against the British. Then what happened? Did not the Americans and the British draw the treaty and agree to free navigation of the Mississippi, and without consulting Spain, whose port lies at the river's end? No, I shouldn't say that the western settlers themselves are much given to fairness."

Swann said, "I wonder how many Americans have been granted land by the Spanish. The settlers rather forget Spain's generosity in their grievances, don't they?"

Zadok said, lazily, "Warn't the idee behind all them grants purposeful o' makin' Spanish subjects out of the Americans?"

Mereaux said the rivermen and the settlers were behaving in criminal fashion, trying to run their truck downriver without paying duty. Ged wanted to know what was fair about twenty-five per cent duty, anyhow.

"Likely," he said, loud, "there ain't nothin' criminal about them fillin' throat-slittin' Injuns full o' whiskey, and sendin' 'em out to burn folks' cabins and to open people's heads with hatchets, and—"

Zadok was on his feet, but Agatha was out of her chair too, and she was saying, "Stop it!" in a low and bitter voice. Her eyes lashed black flame at Ged. She took a long breath. Then her face calmed, and she looked very carefully into the faces around the table.

"I'm from Boston, as you know. I came west because the man I married wanted to, because he believed in the frontier. I believed in it, too."

She sat down, and went on, "When John and I came out here, we didn't know the Spanish were building up hatred between some of the Indians and the settlers. We didn't know that we'd live for just a double fortnight in our new little cabin. But that is how it was.

"The Indians came in the early morning. John was at the washbench outside the door. I had just gone to the door. John was bent over the basin. The Indian was behind him. His knife was coming down, fast and hard. John just—sat down. The Indian pulled his knife out of John's back, and kept him sitting up. He pulled up on John's hair, and—and then he had John's hair in one hand, and the knife in the other. It seemed like I just looked at John's head for a long time, and then our cabin was on fire.

"My head was hurting. I put my hands up, and my head was—like John's. But it wasn't cut all the way around. My hair was still there."

A soft whimper came from one of the women.

Agatha lifted off her bonnet. It was the first time any of them had seen her hair. She lifted the soft, pale tan hair and showed them the jagged scar along the hairline, reaching from ear to ear.

"I got out of the cabin. I pulled John's body away as far as I could. The blood from my head kept running down and blinding me. I tore a sleeve out of my dress, pulled my scalp in place, and tied the sleeve over my head and under my chin. I started for our neighbors' cabin on the other side of the timber. It was burning when I got there. The Indians had been there, too."

Agatha put her arms down on the table and rested her face on them. After a little, she lifted her head. "Spain is across the ocean," she said. "Let America be for those who are here now, and for those who are to come, given to them by those who are gone. Like my father, who fought in the Revolution. Like my John."

Zadok put his hand over Agatha's. She looked deep into his eyes and smiled, a restful kind of smile.

Then White Sky got up soundlessly and came around beside Agatha's chair. Agatha shrank back toward Zadok. White Sky held her dark little hands out to Agatha, palms up. In her eyes was all the gentleness of a young doe.

She said, "All in White Sky sad. White Sky stay with you. Always."

Agatha was trembling. "No," she whispered. "No."

The Indian girl went out of the room.

ZADOK told his passengers they would go ashore at Big Bend for some entertainment. "Folks there are always ready to roust out a fiddle and a jug," he said.

His valley was at Big Bend. Virginia taking to the country here the way she'd been doing, she'd likely find it enjoyable looking at a place as fine as that valley. So he was right pleased that night as he set out with his party for the dance.

White Sky had dropped her shyness, but she was always a little ill at ease; and tonight she was alone on the roof deck, watching the others go up through the clearing toward the settlement.

Zadok pointed out the supply store, and said the dancing would be in one end of it. From a firepit out to one side came the good smells of hickory smoke and roasting fowl.

In the store the caller set up his nasal singsong. A big, red-whiskered logger took the people from the Seneca inside, and got them acquainted around.

There was set after set, with the ladies of the settlement serving tea and custards to the ladies between sets. The men went outside for their refreshment, which was in six big jugs on a table at the corner of the building. Later on, the roasted fowl was served, along with fresh thick slices of flour bread.

It was then that Virginia got to talking to Zadok. They were away from the others, and she was looking down across the slanted clearing to where night mist had gathered at the toe of the slope. There was a thin stand of young timber there, and the mist had moved up out of the valley below and seeped in among the small growth.

Virginia said, "It looks like a cloud that is lost and has got tangled in the trees."

Zadok smiled, then he said, "Listen!"

"What? the fiddles?"

"No—the hound dogs. Yonder. Down in the valley."

She said, "Come on," and started downslope. He followed a little behind her.

They went through the stump-marked clearing, through the cut-over, and right through her cloud. Suddenly the slope ended, and there was his valley under them, and they were looking at it together.

"You've always had this, haven't you?" Virginia said.

"Hunting sounds in a valley, night in the woods, the river, trees, lost clouds. The feel of wind coming over a hill, and rain falling through a sunset."

"Well," he said. "I never had ary person as could rightly tell me what it was afore. But I reckon them are the things I set a right smart store by."

She said, "You're all of those things yourself, Zadok Grainger, and they are you."

He cleared his throat and fumbled for something to say, and then he pointed down the near slant of the valley. "See—Injun fires. We'd best be gettin' back."

They were almost to the river path when they saw three figures just inside the edge of the timber. Virginia's hand slid up onto Zadok's arm. He said, low, "Stay close to me."

The three figures came out into the open. Beauford's voice came to them. Zadok could see now that the men with Beauford were Chickasaw Indians.

Virginia said, "That's strange. Mr. Beauford away from the frolic, talking to Indians."

"Beatenest thing I ever saw," Zadok said.

AGATHA had noticed that neither Zadok nor Virginia was inside the store. Swann wasn't there either at first, but he soon came in with some other men. Agatha wanted no more of the frolic, so she slipped away to walk down to the boat.

She walked downpath between shoulder-high ricks of logs, and she was thinking that it was like walking between two walls.

She was halfway to the landing when the Indian plunged suddenly out from between two of the ricks. It was just like that other time. An Indian was coming at her; Indian hands were reaching out for her.

It was a very long time that the Indian was coming at her, then the blanket fell away, and it was White Sky. It was only the buckskin dress she recognized, for the girl had been scalped, and her face was a mass of blood. Agatha caught her in her arms and let her down to the ground. She knelt and wiped the blood off the girl's face with her shawl.

White Sky opened her eyes and said in a gurgle, "Mo—ro—keel—Natchez—" The gurgle stopped. The eyes that had once sparkled so brightly now just stayed open.

The others were coming now, and Agatha heard a voice calling to them, and after a long, tiresome effort at trying to understand whose voice it was, decided it was her own.

SOMEHOW, through endless excitement, hurrying of feet, whimpering women voices, low men voices, and an eternity of night, another day was here. Agatha was in her bunkroom on the Seneca, and she felt like she had been lying here for years, seeing White Sky's dead eyes and her slick, bloody head, and trying to make sense out of those last words.

"Mo—ro—keel—Natchez." Maybe it meant nothing. Maybe the words were not what they sounded like. How could she, as frightened as she had been at that moment, know what White Sky said? . . .

Zadok kept waiting for his passengers to talk off last night's tragedy, but they sat on the roof deck watching the water or the timbered banks. Ged had the boat riding high on the current now, so Zadok went forward and deliberately started a conversation about White Sky.

They all seemed to agree that she'd been killed by Indians. They all said so, except Beauford and he expressed no opinion.

"I can't understand it," Virginia said. "It must have been someone of another tribe who did it."

"But why?" Letti asked MacTavish.

"You folks from civilization are too much taken with the episode," he said. "We're used to their killings out here. Some squaw is always getting hold of the wrong buck, and vice versa."

"Indians are cruel beings," Swann said. "One can understand tribal or individual friction—but the way they did it. Why couldn't they have just killed her?"

Beauford glanced at him, then hunched deeper into his coat. Finally he said, "A waste of the young is a very bad thing. No matter what the race, youth should not have to die. Youth is for tomorrow, and there has to be youth or there is no tomorrow."

WHEN Zadok came out onto the deck several mornings later, early sunlight was spread out warm over the river. He reached both arms high and pulled his big body into a long stretch.

"Good morning."

Zadok looked over and saw Virginia. Now she stood in the bow of the boat, looking downstream. She was straight and slim, her shawl tight around her shoulders, and her skirts rounding out in graceful fullness.

Zadok studied her there. He'd never given much thought to women. A man just didn't give much thought to them as he found around the river landings. Now he wondered what this one was thinking about, standing there the way he once saw a carved figurehead on an ocean ship at New Orleans. He'd thought at the time that the figurehead looked like she was searching for something, way and beyond the horizon—some fine land she would maybe some day see.

By ten o'clock the passengers were all on deck in the sun and Nate had his fiddle going.

The current was riding the left bank. Swann was the first to see the man running alongshore. He shouted, "Yonder's an Indian!"

The others stood up, and the fiddle stopped. They could all see him now. He was running in long leaps and shouting over and over, "Hullo . . . the boat!"

"Up oars!" Zadok ordered.

The Seneca drifted.

"He ain't no Injun," Ged said, from the block.

MacTavish came back to Zadok. "You're not going to pick that man up are you, patroon?"

"Mought."

MacTavish went angry-white. "My God, any man who has ever been on the river knows the trick!"

"Help—I need help—help!"

Swann said, "What do you think it means, Mr. MacTavish?"

Letti was standing between Swann and MacTavish. MacTavish smiled protectively down at her, and his sombre voice came out big and knowing.

"Why, that's an old trick, along the river. A man pretends to be in distress, hails a passing boat, and if the patroon is fool enough to stop, a band of renegades or hostile Indians pours out of the brush, makes away with the cargo and kills those aboard."

Nate said, "We ain't got no cargo."

"Help—help—help—" The man was yelling louder now.

"Drift her in closer," Zadok told Ged.

"You're a damned fool," MacTavish said.

Virginia said, "I hope you will take him aboard, patroon, if you think he is really in distress."

Swann said gravely down to her, "My dear!" Then, to Zadok, "I demand that you put this boat under oar. I will not see the lives of these ladies jeopardized."

Zadok only half-heard Swann. He stepped to the rail and said to the oarsmen standing on the board, "Ready with them firin' pieces."

Ged swung his paddle; the Seneca came around.

"Any minute now," MacTavish was saying, "from the forest—any minute they'll be down on us."

"You'll answer for this, Grainger," Swann said.

Zadok called to the man on the bank. "Where you want to go?"

"Natchez!"

"This here's a moughty common river trick you're tryin' on us."

"I ain't tryin' ary a trick! I'm in trouble! Effen you don't help me, the Injuns'll be a'ter me!"

Zadok glanced down at the oarsmen with their rifles ready. "Pull her in closer, Ged," he ordered.

The Seneca drifted in.

Zadok called ashore, "Come ahead . . . keep your muzzles on the brush back of him, mannees."

The man slid down the bank, waded into the water to his waist, and began swimming. Nobody aboard spoke. Then two of the crewmen were helping the swimmer up onto the running board.

"Put to midstream," Zadok called.

THE stranger came atop, looked around at the passengers and sat down on a bench.

"What's your name?" Zadok asked.

"Maukey. Sarn Maukey."

He was a big, rangy horse of a man, with a long, sun-darkened face, and eyes the color of storm clouds. He told them he had walked out from North Carolina and started flatboating downriver to settle.

"Last night," he said, "the hull sky commenced to dump itself onto the river, and I put ashore. A covey o' varmints set onto me, took my boat, and I jedge they'd o' skunt me alive effen I hadn't of give 'em the slip. I hid until mornin' and sence then I been awatchin' of the river fer help."

There were two things that made Zadok think Maukey was lying. One was his manner of talk. That was something that marked a woodsman who lived alone for long months at a stretch. Sarn Maukey talked slow and quiet, like he was saying everything to himself. That and his eyes made Zadok know that this man was a frontiersman, and not a North Carolina farmer. He had gunsight eyes, or Zadok had never seen them.

"This here's a charter trip," Zadok said. "Ever' one of these folks has paid a pretty sum to get to New Orleens, and they paid to get there safe. My passengers mostly didn't favor me takin' you aboard. So I reckon I'll put you ashore at the first log landin'."

The gunsight eyes looked into Zadok's. "You're patroon o' this here boat. Effen you took me all the way to Natchez, these uns what paid their fare, they couldn't do ary a smidge 'bout it, could they?"

"I don't figger they'd toss me overboard."

The rangy man's eyes never left Zadok's. "I want to go to Natchez."

A long moment later Zadok spoke. "You'll have to sleep atop craft with the men. I'll tell Nate to roust you out a blanket."

Zadok straddled his stool thoughtfuly. Maukey had lied. And he had come aboard for one of two things. Either he was here to serve the same cause Zadok was, or he was a frontiersman turned traitor. In that case he'd be working for the Spanish and his reason for wanting to board the craft would be to keep Zadok's important passenger from ever reaching New Orleans.

Still, Durton had said to take aboard anybody who wanted to go to Natchez. Of course Durton hadn't said to pick people up along the bank; that was something Zadok had to decide for himself.

He scowled thoughtfully at the river.

WHEN the Seneca came in sight of Natchez, a cheer went up from both passengers and crew. Here was the beginning of the south country. At first there were just glimpses of roofs through oaks and magnolias up on the bluff, but as they came closer they could see the clutter of buildings that was Natchez-under-the-Hill. This was built on a mud shelf right on the river, an unsavory collection of unkempt buildings that were mostly brothels and gambling dens, low class inns and taverns.

"Suppose we go on up into town to an inn," Swann said to the others. "We all agree on two days here, isn't that right?"

They all agreed.

"I'll send some men up along with your plunder after you make arrangements at an inn," Zadok told Swann.

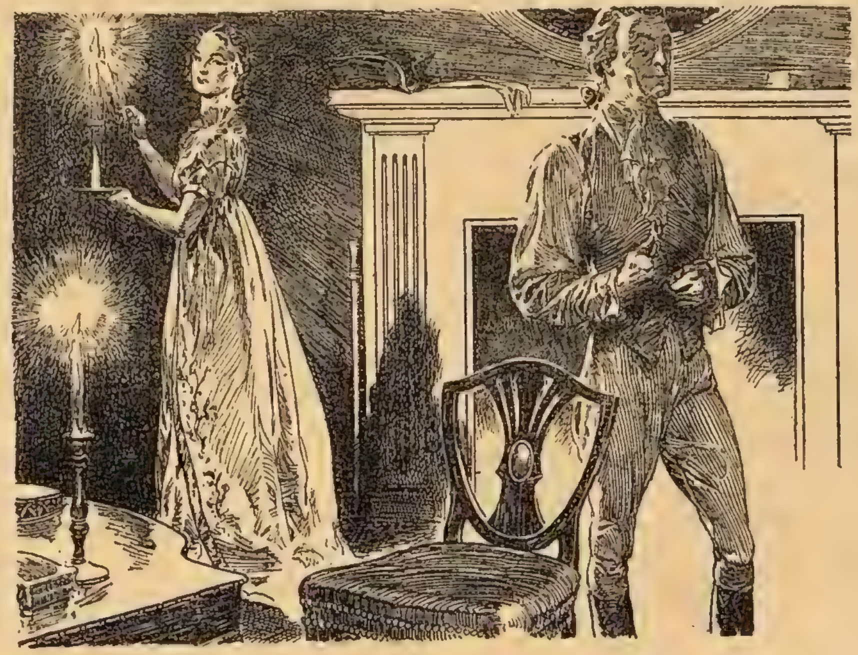
Swann and MacTavish stepped ashore. Beauford told the men not to have a room reserved for him, as he preferred to stay aboard the Seneca.

When Swann and MacTavish returned, Zadok saw to it that all the luggage was loaded into the rigs for them. The rigs went up Silver Street, and then began to take the steep part of the slope going up onto the bluff that was Natchez-on-the-Hill.

UNTIL this day in Natchez, Swann had not asked Virginia to meet any of the people he called on when he went ashore. But this evening he had wanted her to wear the white gown he liked, and her rubies.

"They are very important, the Barreras," he had told her. "They are of the proper New Orleans strain."

So Virginia had put on the white gown, fastened the ruby spray in her hair and the earrings in her ears. The Barrera carriage called for them, and now here she sat in the high-ceilinged, crystal-chandeliered dining room of the right strain. And it was not right.



It was very much wrong.

She could feel the wrongness in the cultured ingratiation of the hook-nosed Señora Barrera, in the quick eyes of white-haired Señor Barrera, and in the shadow of movement of their soft-footed servants.

When the meal was over, the men went into the library for segars, and Virginia followed her hostess into another great room. Here in this lavish salon, with the purr of this woman's bad English voicing her cultured disapproval of what she called the "encroaching settler element," Virginia began to truly understand the unrest that ran the length of the frontier.

Barrera and Swann came into the room and got to talking about the river blockade. Swann mentioned the circumstances under which Maukey had come aboard. "I've watched the fellow all the way down," he said.

Virginia said, "Why?" Then, to Señora Barrera, "He is a pleasant man, and he was truly in distress."

Swann said, "My dear, we do not know that he did not just appear to be in distress."

There was in his voice a thing Virginia had learned early in her marriage to recognize. When a matter was vital to Swann and he was crossed in it by the slightest word, such anger came into him that he froze into a deadly calm pleasantness that was not a nice thing to hear.

The way he spoke now, she knew Maukey's coming aboard had been something more than a settler begging help after his boat had been taken from him.

"This fellow, this—er—settler," Barrera said, "he is still aboard your boat?"

"Yes. I heard him say only yesterday that he was 'notioned' as he put it, to go on to New Orleans."

SWANN was displeased with Virginia's speaking into his conversation with Barrera, and in their rooms at the inn he let his displeasure creep icily around her. He stood his walking cane carefully at the side of the fireplace and said, "You were delightfully uncharming to my friends, my dear."

"I don't like them," Virginia said.

"What has that to do with it? You know how to conduct yourself in the presence of those I cultivate."

"But why cultivate them, Calvin? Always, back in Philadelphia, our social life was a pose. We never attended an affair that wasn't for the purpose of showing off your wealth and of attracting more wealth."

He smiled with a hard thinness. "What is wrong with that? You've enjoyed that wealth, haven't you?"

He took off hs coat and went over to a long, gilt-framed wall mirror and stood looking at his reflection.

"We have enjoyed my wealth together, my dear," he said. "And there will be a great deal more of it for us to enjoy shortly. You have a husband who adores you, who lays at your feet the best the country has to offer." He turned away from the mirror, smiling. "Oh, you've helped me, Virginia. You're adorable. So be charming. Don't behave with indifference again. You're my stock in trade at these social affairs."

Virginia lay back on the bed. "Today I've realized, for the first time I think, how much of a hireling I am. I am a convenience to make money for you."

He studied her. "What would be more agreeable? We make money for each other. Some day," he went on, "we merchants from the coast to the Mississippi will have an organization to facilitate transportation of goods and to regulate prices. There is a great future to the mercantile business, my darling. We are but at the beginning. Wait—you are going to see wonderful things."

He stood beside the bed and looked down at her for a long time. She saw the down-deep hotness come into his eyes, and she went cold inside.

When he finally spoke, his voice was low and rough sounding. "Come, Virginia."

She was afraid of him when he was like this, when he was filled with that held-in anger and wanted to make love to her. Her fear slid tingling down into her fingertips as she reached for her copy of *The Ohio and Mississippi Navigator* that she had left on the table beside the bed. She said, "Calvin, I'm tired," and opened the book and pretended to be reading.

"I don't like this, Virginia."

The hall boy went down the hall saying in his soft drone. "De houah am nine—de houah am nine—"

When Calvin Swann spoke next, there was anger stiff in his throat. "I never asked you what you talked about —or what you did."

"What do you mean?"

"When you walked away from the frolic with him."

She sat up. "I didn't even know what you were talking about. When I walked down the clearing that night with Zadok. Why—we only talked about dogs, and—"

"Shut your damned mouth!"

He snatched the book from her hands, broke its back and tore the pages. He threw the pieces on the floor and went quickly out of the room.

MAUKEY had bought new clothes, and had been shaved, and to Agatha, sitting across the table from him, it seemed impossible that he could be the same man she had first seen running along the river bank.

When they had finished supper, they left the inn for fresh air. They walked down the street and turned off where the esplanade went along the bluff.

Maukey was saying, "A body cain't rightly blame ary youngun fer wantin' to go off an' scratch out his grub from his own land. Look at me, at my age. That's what I'm sot on."

"Yes."

"Betcha. Many 'nother like me, an' none of us aimin' to let the Spanish whip-saw us 'round any longer. I was talkin' to a feller name of Monroe at The Keel here in Natchez, and he says . . ."

"Oh! . . . Who?"

"This feller Monroe, at the tavern. The Keel."

His voice went on, but Agatha wasn't hearing the words it said. All in a whirl, there was coming back to her the smell of night forest, the cool dampness of the path, and the soft gurgle of words: "Mo-ro—keel—Natchez."

Suddenly she put her hand on Maukey's arm. "Please . . . I'd like to go back to the inn. Right now."

"Why . . . acourse, ma'am . . . acourse."

ZADOK went into the public room of the Clinton Inn. There was a high-backed chair against the wall, and he sat down in it.

Suddenly Agatha was standing in front of him. "I must talk to you."

She sat down and told him what Maukey had said about a man named Monroe. Then she went back to the night of White Sky's death.

"I wish you'd a told me this right after White Sky was killed," Zadok said. "I could of talked to some of the folks there about it."

"I didn't suppose it had real importance."

"Well, likely it don't. But it won't hurt for me to go talk to this feller Monroe."

"When will you go?"

"No hurry."

"Why don't you go now?"

"Well," he said thoughtfully, "mought as well."

He got up and she walked with him, right to the door. "Let me go with you, Zadok. Please."

"Great goodness, ma'am, The Keel ain't no place for a lady."

"I wish you'd take me."

"But why, ma'am?"

"I'd rather you'd call me Agatha."

"Yes, ma'am."

"I suppose the way I feel about going with you is foolish. White Sky wanted to be my friend. And when I refused, I hurt her. Then, the night she was killed . . . she came to me when she was dying. And then there was nothing I could do for her. I want to go with you now. This much I can do."

Zadok cleared his throat. "Why acourse, Agatha."

IN The Keel there were tables crowded all over the place with men sitting around them drinking. At some of the tables, painted women sat with the men.

The ceiling supports of the room were hewn beams from old keelboats. Leaning against one of these was a short man who had a long apron tied around him. Zadok addressed him. "Tell Monroe I want to see him."

"Why?"

"Because I told you to."

The short one studied Zadok's face, then went off to the corner of the room at the end of the bar. He parted two long blanket curtains and went through.

Zadok waited. Soon the aproned man came back and jerked his head. When Zadok and Agatha were almost to the draped entrance, a huge man stepped out. He had a long, hickory-block kind of a face and wild black eyes. Zadok thought this was Monroe and started to speak, but the short man motioned them on through the hangings.

This was a small room furnished with a rough table and some chairs. There was a man sitting at the far side of the table, and as soon as Agatha stepped into the room, he got up. He was shiny bald, and he had a clean, shiny face with a smile that radiated friendliness.

"Sit down," he said. "I am Monroe."

Zadok introduced Agatha but didn't tell his own name.

"What is it you want to see me about?" Monroe asked pleasantly.

Agatha said, "About a Chickasaw girl. White Sky."

All the pleasantness went out of his eyes. "What about her? Where is she?"

Zadok said, "Dead. It was decided it was persons unknown that killed her."

Agatha said, unsteadily, "And scalped her."

Monroe looked at Agatha. "You tell me. All of it."

When she had finished the telling he turned to Zadok. "Who you patrooning for?"

"This here's a charter trip," Zadok said. "And with things like they are, up and down the river—well, I reckon we've told you what we came to tell."

Monroe pushed his chair back from the table and said, "If you happen past again, we'll have a beaker, patroon. And I'll tell you about the time I sailed on a whaler when I was a lad." His eyes were light and shining again now.

Zadok took Agatha's arm, and they went out. The huge, wild-eyed man was standing close, staring at them. Then he turned and walked away.

Zadok and Agatha went back toward the Clinton Inn. There was light in only an occasional building, and Zadok set a fast pace toward the corner where they would turn back down to the inn.

They crossed the street and started toward the corner where there was a big blossom of light coming out of the building there. The building was an inn and right at the corner of it was a hewn pole and on top of the pole a board sign with the name of the inn on it. The sign hung only a little above Zadok's head.

Zadok saw the big hunk of raw wood fly off the post at the same time he heard the explosion of the rifle. He gave Agatha a shove, and they were around the corner, running.

Agatha was breathing hard when they reached the Clinton. Zadok held the outside door open for her and said, "Go straight up to your bedchamber and bolt the door," and before she could answer, he was gone.

MONROE was still behind his table in The Keel. He motioned to a chair, and Zadok took it.

"Mr. Monroe," began Zadok, "that Chickasaw girl was a passenger on my boat. She got killed. I'll have to report that killin' to the man as hired me, and if there's anything you can tell me as to why she mought have got it like she did, I'd need to report that, too. That's why I'm here."

"Do you think that Indians killed her—because she was scalped?"

"No, I don't think Injuns scalped her."

"I think you're all right for this job, Grainger."

Zadok looked at him sharply.

"It doesn't matter how I found out your name," Monroe said, smiling. "It's all right. Your name is Zadok Grainger, and you're working for Harve Durton. I can even name your passengers."

Zadok ran his tongue over his lips. "Well," he said, "you're more fun than a foreknower."

"Where's the Kramer woman?" Monroe asked.

"At the Clinton Inn."

"Then she's all right. How far did he miss you?"

Zadok was watching Monroe closely. "If you're talkin' about the varmint as done the shootin', not far enough. And if you know who he is, I'd be obleeged if you'd introduce me to the gent."

"He's locked up now," Monroe said. "They took him off just before you came back. He was working for me. I suspected him of being a Spanish thug when he came here ten days ago looking for work. I hired him so I could watch him. He was a spy, all right, though clumsy."

"What did he have against me?"

"He must have heard us talking about White Sky. I suppose he figured that through you or Mrs. Kramer we'd find out somehow that the Spanish had killed her."

Zadok leaned forward. "Did they?"

"Somebody directly connected with the Spanish did. She was one of the best spies the settlers had.

"Well," Monroe went on, "after you and Mrs. Kramer left, my boys say the big Spaniard fairly went crazy, grabbed a rifle and ran out and shot at you. Hurricane Eyes, the boys called him. He's out of our way now. I'm glad you're here, Grainger. We have a great deal to talk over tonight, the three of us."

Zadok said, "Who besides us?"

Monroe went to a door on the other side of the room. To all appearances Monroe was a right one, but when he did that, Zadok tightened his hands on the table edge, ready to push back and kick his chair away.

Monroe held the door open. Into the room came Philip Beauford. Zadok relaxed.

Beauford said, "I suppose you are surprised to see me walk in here."

Zadok grinned. "I ain't surprised as I mought be. This bein' my second trip here, the new is sort of wearin' off."

Monroe laughed as he and Beauford sat down at the table. Beauford took a packet of papers out of his coat and put it on the table. He addressed Zadok.

"It is time you should be told the whole plan of this trip, for it may be that I will never reach New Orleans. I am the passenger Durton told you it is so important to get to New Orleans alive.

"I am an emissary for the frontiersmen. White Sky came aboard to serve as a spy for me. Some representative of the Spanish found out. That is why she is dead. Then, when I reported her death to certain parties in Big Bend, Maukey was assigned to take her place."

Beauford drew a deep breath, then went on. "There is a faction in America, men of considerable wealth, plotting to collaborate with the Spanish in keeping the river closed. Their aim is to set themselves up as a middle market and make great profits at the expense of the settlers. The settlers will never tolerate this. It will mean war. What I, representing the leaders of the frontiersmen, am trying to do, is to get the river open and to keep it open without resorting to war.

"There is a network of spies up and down the rivers all the way to New Orleans. There are spies for both the Spanish and the settlers. The Spanish would like to get their hands on these documents. They are a warning to the Spanish governor from the settlers that they will accept no arrangement but an open port and fair tariff. The alternative will be war. These papers will let them know we mean what we say. If anything should happen to me, your job is to see that they are delivered to Ernest Milton. You'll find him in the gray corner house on St. Peters, seven squares from the river. In New Orleans. If anything should prevent my leaving Natchez, you are to take orders from Mr. Monroe."

ZADOK felt mighty relieved when the next day ended and Beauford was still safe. This morning, he was feeling good. In a little while his passengers would be coming aboard, and the Seneca would be under oar with her prow pointed toward New Orleans.

Men were at work up along the landing. Breakfast smoke was coming from some of the flats and keels. Natchez-under-the-Hill was waking.

Upslope the sun was awake. Two rigs came down into the shadows of the bluff. Virginia and Swann were in the first one, and Letti and MacTavish and Agatha were in the second. They all came aboard.

Ged said, "Well, why don't we pole off?"

"Maukey ain't here yet," Zadok said.

MacTavish looked displeased. "I should think he would at least have the courtesy not to delay our trip."

Swann wasn't disturbed. He was saying, to Virginia, "You'll like Baton Rouge. There are some very fine plantations around there."

Then Ged said, "Here comes Maukey."

Zadok watched him coming down the street from the bluff. He made his way past a group of men in front of a tavern, and came hurrying on down Silver Street.

Now Maukey had reached the landing.

Even from as far back up Silver Street as it was, the shot cracked the morning stillness wide open. The whole picture froze in Zadok's mind so rigidly that he knew he'd remember it all his life.

He knew right where the bullet entered, low in the back of Maukey's neck, for he literally saw it come out through the big artery, saw the blood spurt out. Then Maukey was going down. Letti screamed.

Virginia was the first down off the roof deck. Zadok got there right behind her, but already she had Maukey's head in her lap.

The next events were like a single long, smooth motion. Swann grabbed Virginia under her arms and yanked her to her feet. "You fool—you damned little fool," he said in a low, vicious voice. As he straightened with her, Ged caught him by the arm, wheeled him, smashed a fist into his face. He went down.

It was then that something else caught Zadok's eye, something startling. Letti, the frivolous little rose petal charmer, was standing in front of Virginia, who was blood soaked, and she was wiping Virginia's hands and arms on her own shawl. Agatha looked stunned.

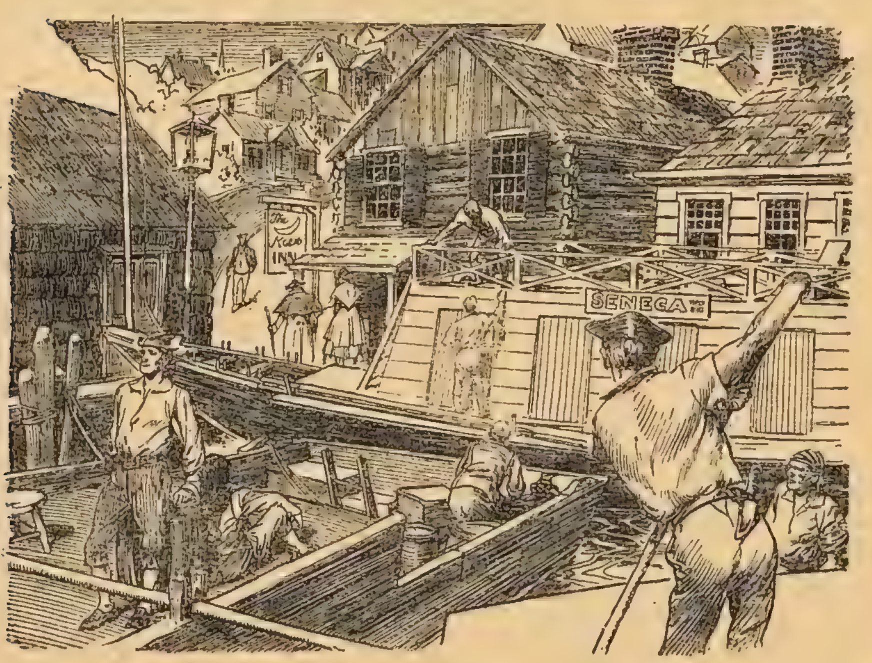
"MacTavish," Zadok said. "Take the ladies below." MacTavish did.

Zadok looked at Swann, expecting him to be very angry, but instead he was smiling. Zadok grinned and said, "'Pears like Ged jumped off the limb too soon."

Swann, dabbing at his mouth with his handkerchief, said, "Anybody gets excited at a time like this."

Zadok had Maukey's body taken to the town jail. He knew the officials wouldn't be very concerned about a flat boater being killed in a landing fracas, but he intended to see what could be done anyhow. Then he went to The Keel and reported to Monroe.

"Have the questioning if you can get it," Monroe said. "But I don't think it will do any good. It looks like they haven't found out yet that Beauford is our man. The Spanish may think Maukey was the one, and after the questioning you will be able to shove off. Send your passengers back to the inn."



Zadok went back to the Seneca and told them all to go back to the inn. He insisted that Beauford go too. If the old man stayed aboard the Spanish might single him out because he was the only one of the passengers to stay where the boatmen could guard him.

THE room where they waited for the questioning was a square, bare room.

Ged grumbled, "Don't see why we got to bother with a questionin'. Ary a fool'd know them Spanish done it."

MacTavish said, "Maukey should have been smart enough to stay off the river in the first place, when it's been closed to everything except passenger craft."

"Only it ain't closed to all of 'em," Ged said. "Ain't you seen ary a load of flour shove off?"

"I presume the men shipping that flour have the good sense to deal with the Spanish," MacTavish answered. "They treat them civilly. They don't sneak through the woods with a musket, trying to start a war on them. Indians—settlers—they all think in terms of gunpowder. I live on the frontier. When the river was closed, that affected my mercantile business. It practically closed it. But what would a war do to it? No—I am one to deal with a neighbor—to get along with him."

Ged said, "I ain't one to deal in the manner you're speakin' of, not with a fancy neighbor as goes around shootin' all the rest of my kind."

MacTavish said curtly, "We don't think the same."

"Which pleases me moughtily." Ged was grinning. "As I understand it, that's what this country was intended fer in the first place—a patch of ground where's a feller could think his own way."

They were all listening closely to the argument now. MacTavish said, "I think the Spanish should kill off every settler who comes out here for the sole purpose of taking something from the Spanish. Because that's all they want to do—take free land, free navigation of the river—everything free."

"Now it's my turn."

Letti's voice came into the discussion so suddenly and quietly it was startling. She was standing before MacTavish with her hands on her hips.

This wasn't the dainty, fluttering Letti of the Seneca. This was a woman. A woman of strength.

"I HAVE things stored up inside me I've been wanting to say to you for a long time, Mr. Reul MacTavish. You've lived on the frontier. But I wonder how much you know or care about what is in the hearts of the settlers. You stand behind your counter and figure how little you can allow them for their truck and how much you can charge them for your goods. Yes—you know what a settler takes out of the ground but you'll never be able to understand what he puts into it.

"Do you know how tired an old man can be when he has worked in his field all day? Have you any notion of the hurt that comes into his eyes when a dressed-up man comes and tells him he has to get off the land—the land he has cleared himself—the land where he's buried three of his children?

"No, I don't think you'd ever understand about that old man—or about his old woman. You wouldn't be able to imagine what she'd look like, standing in her doorway, a little behind her old man, listening to what the stranger had come to say. And all he had to say was, 'Gather up your plunder and clear off the land.'

"No, you couldn't imagine that, Reul MacTavish. You'll forget this about the old man and the old woman before tomorrow. I'll never forget it. They were my father and my mother. I was the child of their middle years, the only one of the four they had that lived. Year after year, until I was sixteen, I watched them putting their poor old bodies that came from the dirt right back into it.

"No—my father wasn't a doctor, like I've told all of you." She said that to everybody in the room. "I'm not from a wealthy Philadelphia family. When the land was taken, we went farther west, but Pa and Ma were too old to start over again. They tried, and I watched them crumble away and die. When they were gone, I hated the land. I swore I'd never do hard work again.

"I went to Harrisburg and did sewing for a fine lady. She taught me all the fancy things I know, and she was like an older sister to me. When she died, I found she'd loved me enough to leave me a little of her money. I spent it for clothes and for my passage west.

"Yes, I knew exactly what I wanted. I wanted to be a fine lady, to live in ease and luxury, and I knew just how to do it. I was going to New Orleans, and marry me a fine, rich husband. One like you, Mr. Reul MacTavish.

"Mr. Maukey was a good man. He's done some good, even in death. For when I saw him killed, it somehow set me to thinking of all these things I've been saying.

"I've had enough of what I set out after. I was so sure I knew exactly what I wanted. I didn't. But I do now. I want just what I've always known—a cabin and a piece of ground like my Pa and my Ma had. I want children, and I want my man—a good man! I don't care what my man is—a farmer or a timberman or—or—I don't care! I want him to hold me in his arms, not wear me on them like he would a fancy coat."

She began to cry.

She had only to turn away from MacTavish, and Ged's arms were there.

They all sat stunned. Sweat glistened on MacTavish's face. Ged held Letti against his chest. Silence hung thick, hot and sticky.

Then Virginia began to laugh. It was good wholesome woman laughter, not refined, not muffled discreetly in a handkerchief. She laughed until Swann began to tap his toe with his cane.

MacTavish's face grew red and wild. He crossed the room, banged the door wide open, and was gone.

ZADOK hadn't hoped for much from the questioning, and he was relieved when it was over. Beauford was looking ill, and he hustled him into a rig. At the inn he took the old man to his bedchamber.

Agatha stepped out into the hallway with Zadok. "I'll take the best care of him I know how."

"I shouldn't have been so set on a questionin'," Zadok said. "I've got to get Mr. Beauford to New Orleans, Agatha. He has to get there—don't let him die."

She was looking up into his face. "I don't know what it is that is troubling you so much, Zadok, but—I'll take part of it for you—if you will let me."

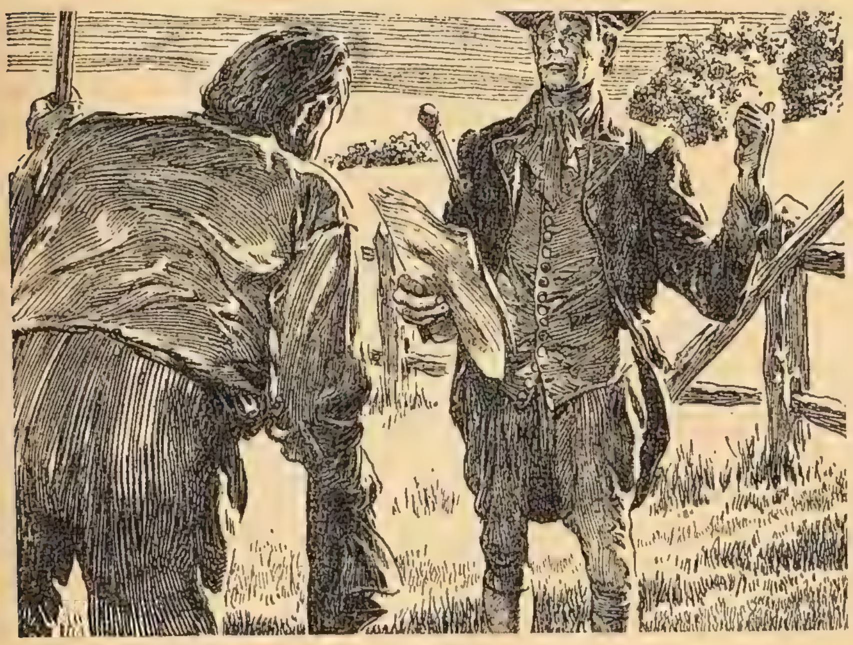
He looked deep down into the black warmness of her eyes. "Do you think he could go tonight if I packed him down to the carriage and onto the boat?"

"Suppose we wait and see how he feels later on in the day. Right now, I'd be afraid," Agatha said.

"It's powerful important. Maybe in the mornin'—?"

"I'll do my best with him."

SWANN was seated at a small table by the sitting room window. He was polishing his sword cane. On the table before him were the two parts of the cane, which was made of a yellow tan wood, the three-cornered fine blade catching the light, a tightly rolled sheaf of thin papers, his handkerchief, and some little shavings of paper where he'd been testing the blade's sharpness.



Virginia lay back in her chair and closed her eyes. She remembered how debonair and romantic Calvin had once seemed to her at this sword cane business, and with all his other fine trappings.

Now he seemed like a spoiled child playing with his expensive toys.

During these past weeks she had come to realize that she herself was just another expensive trifle to him. She was something he kept to show off to his acquaintances.

She opened her eyes and said, "Calvin, what did your talking to Señor Barrera the other night have to do with Mr. Maukey being murdered today?"

She expected an angry explosion, but it didn't come. "One of the most charming highlights of your personality, my dear, is the unexpectedness of your little questions. They never cease to intrigue me."

"Calvin," she said earnestly, "do you know what has been wrong with our marriage these two years?"

"Perhaps you could tell me."

"You haven't taken me into your confidence."

He laughed. "Mrs. Swann, the only thing that has been wrong with our marriage was my bringing you on this trip. I'm far from being a dullard, you know. I saw the primitive in you spark to life the first time you looked at that big clod of a boatman. Of course you know I could have slid this blade into his heart numberless times on the trip, and no one would have known who did it."

"Like you did White Sky?"

"U'm-h'm'm. With even less difficulty, perhaps."

Out of that cold deadness within her, Virginia heard herself say, "Oh, my God."

"When you finish your supplications," he said, "I'll explain something to you. Now this boatman. This Zadok Grainger. This patroon. I've held no particular animosity toward the fellow, nor toward you. You are a delightfully normal woman. So—it would be gross stupidity to believe that a normal woman would feel nothing at the sight of a big, handsome animal of a man who comes roaring out of the woods bellowing his mating call. It is always so with the female of the species.

"What I'm getting around to is this. I have definite plans for you. You are to be a charming and dutiful wife to me. You are to let your handsome male animal run along back to his forest trails and find another she. If you do not, there is still ample time for me to take care of him properly."

Virginia sat silent, her eyes closed.

"Now, to take you into my confidence. A group of highly important men planned the closing of the river and a close collaboration with the Spanish. We intend to keep control of the river. I am making this trip to tighten our deal with the Spanish. My colleagues elected me for this mission partly because of the fame of your beauty and your charm—this delightful ability of yours to win people over to you.

"We are very determined about our objective, darling. That Indian girl—she was in our way. This fellow Maukey—he was in our way. And Grainger has come very, very close to standing in our way. So you will much prefer to see the big boatman gallop off back up the river. There he will drag some muscular hill girl out of a corn shock, hurry off to get the 'marryin' words' said over them, and then pile himself up a heap of logs for his woman to have her next generation of wild men in. Yes—you will much prefer to think of his happiness with his little family—you will prefer that infinitely to seeing him stretched out on the river landing some morning with a slit in his throat."

Calvin Swann put his cane back together, put it into a chest and came and stood before his wife.

"I shall be gone for some hours. Señor Barrera and I have things to discuss. But I have a pleasant thought to leave with you. Day after tomorrow morning you and I are to go on to New Orleans on the galley Carita. I have chartered it for just the two of us. Think how delightful that will be."

ZADOK had just turned into Silver Street on his way to the inn to find out how Beauford was feeling when a woman, coming on the run, bumped right into him.

She wore a veil, and he didn't know it was Virginia until she said, breathlessly, "Zadok!"

"What's wrong—Beauford—?"

"No—it's something else." She was clutching her reticule up to her with both hands.

He took her arm and hurried her down toward the boat. At the landing he asked, "Now—what is it?"

"Something I have to show you, Zadok. We'll have to go where we can have a light."

"This down here ain't no place for you. I'm goin' to take you back up on the hill."

"No!" She jerked away from him. "This is beyond thinking about whether I am in the proper part of town or not! Right here in my reticule I have the whole future of the river—maybe of the frontier! Maybe the future of America is in our hands tonight, Zadok!"

She put out one hand to him, and the iciness of it when it came into his was a shock.

"All right," he said. "But your husband—what if he finds out you're down here?"

"That's why we must go to a safe place. He'd kill you. He's gone from our rooms, and I don't know when he'll be back. He may be there now. He'll start searching for me because he'll see that the cane—"

"Cane?"

"Take me where I can show you."

"We can go down to the boat."

"No. He'll look there first. He's already suspicious of us because of that night of the frolic."

Zadok stood silent. Finally he said, "There ain't but one place I know to take you where we'd be safe."

"Where?"

He hesitated. He nodded toward the bawdy, boisterous Natchez-under-the-Hill. "Over there."

He felt her stiffen. "Take me," she said.

A big, loosely dressed woman opened the door of the building, set her hands on her hips, made a painted smile and said, "Well—it's the big patroon!"

Zadok said, "I want a crib."

The big woman shot Virginia a scowl. "What's wrong with my girls?"

Zadok said, "Shut up, you—I want some candles."

He took some currency out of his pocket and handed it to her. She quit scowling.

The crib was a very small, bare room with just a narrow bed and one chair in it, nothing more.

Zadok looked at Virginia. "I didn't know ary better place," he said simply.

She had put her veil back, and now she was arranging the candles on the edge of the board chair. "The place doesn't matter," she said. "I'm not going to swoon at sight of a few thinly dressed women."

She sat down on the bed, opened her reticule and brought out a long, tightly rolled piece of paper and began to smooth it. "Read it, Zadok."

He glanced over it quickly. It was a list of names. Madden, Hunter, Jackman.

There were others. There was a long line of names, and opposite each name was the name of a town. Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Marietta, Natchez. Also opposite each name was a sum of money. A thousand dollars, four thousand, ten thousand.

"Where did you get this list?"

"Out of my husband's cane. He has other papers in it—one from each man whose name is on this list, written and signed by the man himself. In these papers each man pledges himself to the Spanish and a monopolistic control of the river."

"So Calvin Swann's the one that's headin' up the men that want to keep the river closed."

"He's not going on to New Orleans on the Seneca. He's chartered the Carita, for just himself and me. It leaves day after tomorrow. Only you won't let him go—You'll stop him—won't you, Zadok?"

"He'll be stopped, all right. For now, you take this and put it back into that cane. We'll get all the papers away from him when the time comes."

"Calvin killed White Sky himself," Virginia said. "And Mr. Maukey. Calvin told Señor Barrera about Mr. Maukey. It was after that he was killed."

SHE put the paper into her reticule and brought out a handkerchief wrapped around something knobby. This she put into Zadok's hand.

"Will you take these and get me as much money for them as you can, Zadok?"

He lay back the folds of the handkerchief. Inside were pieces of jewelry set with rubies.

"What for?" he asked, startled.

"I'm going home. I thought you would arrange for me to continue to New Orleans secretly, and then take a coasting vessel."

He said, "The Seneca ain't shovin' off in the mornin'. There was a small fire on board, and she has to be patched a mite."

"Oh. Then I'd need to go on some boat that leaves tomorrow. So I can reach New Orleans before Calvin does. So I can—get away from him."

Zadok looked down at the jewels again. "You want to do this?" he asked. "Pack off and go home?"

"Oh, yes." She looked down at her hands. "I suppose you wonder why I married Calvin. You see, I lived a sheltered life, and he was quite romantic. But now I have learned that my husband is a very wicked man, that he has killed, and that he is set on doing a terrible thing to a great many people. I will not remain with a murderer just because the law says I am his wife."

Zadok knew how hard it would hit her, this that he had to say to her. But there was a thing about this woman that made him know she would stand up to it, as she would always stand up to any danger.

"So—you will take the rubies?" she was asking.

"No."

He saw the hurt way down in her eyes, as she took the jewels he was holding out to her.

"Virginia," he said, "you've done a proud job. But do you know it ain't no-ways near over? And I sort of calculate you'll want to finish it."

"How?"

"The men as heads the cause of the settlers . . . they'd be moughty pleased to have them a trusted spy workin' right in close to the man as is head of the outfit that's tryin' to take over the river."

For a long moment she studied the candle flames. At last she said, "I understand."

"You'd need to go right along with him on the Carita. You'd need to make like nothin' was wrong between the two of you."

Her eyes were wet when she looked up at him. She said, "I won't disappoint you, Zadok. It isn't easy to go back and be his wife, because it's wrong. It's—like—" She glanced around the poor room.

He took her by the shoulders and turned her to him. The blue of her eyes shone, looking bluer than he had ever seen them.

He drew her to him and held her tight against him while he kissed her. He could feel her tears creeping down between their cheeks.

ZADOK went into Beauford's room in the inn. Agatha looked up from the book she was reading, then came across the room to him.

"How is he?" Zadok whispered.

"Resting. He won't be strong enough to be moved very soon, Zadok. Not tomorrow, anyway."

He told her about the fire on the Seneca.

"Let me know if there is anything I can do, Zadok."

"The old mannee," he said gently. "Keep him alive."

Ged was waiting outside the inn. "See anything of Letti?" he asked when Zadok appeared.

"She's sound asleep."

"How do you know?"

"Ary girl in love goes to bed early."

"Why?" Ged asked.

"Maybe she figures after she's married she'll lose a lot of sleep walkin' the floor with her younguns."

"Not that un," Ged protested. "I'm goin' to do fer her. I ain't agoin' to let her walk the floor ary a night. I got notions about marriage."

Now they turned down the dark street to The Keel.

There was the usual crowd at the tables in the tavern. Zadok looked around for the aproned man, but didn't see him. "Stay here," he told Ged.

He hurried to Monroe's back room. There were candles burning on the table, and Monroe was slumped across the table, the aproned man bending over him.

"They got him. Just now," the aproned man said.

"Who?"

Zadok went closer. Monroe was dead, all right. The knife was sticking in his back.

"It was Hurricane Eyes. He was goin' out the back as I came in. He got out of jail. He'll get you, too; he's set on gettin' you."

Zadok went back through the tavern and Ged followed him out. Zadok said, "We'll go to the inn same way we came. Walk fast and keep out of the light."

Zadok went upstairs at the inn and told Agatha to keep Beauford's door bolted all the time. Whispering fast, he told her what had just happened.

Back at the Seneca, he told Ged he would stand lookout the fore part of the night. Then he took a big noggin of hot coffee up onto the roof with him.

He had plenty to think about. With Monroe dead, he knew no one else here to go to with his tremendously important information. And if Beauford was still too ill to give advice tomorrow—

He lifted his noggin and drank deep of the hot coffee.

VIRGINIA was ready for bed, and was standing before the mirror, combing her hair. The knock on the sitting room door stopped her, and her fingers tightened on the comb.

"Yes?"

Swann's voice said, "Come in here before you retire."

Now it had come. His voice was pleasant enough for him to be very angry.

She walked into the sitting room.

He had put the small table before the fire, and was standing beside it, smiling at her. "Baker's chocolate," he said. He indicated the steaming pitcher on the table. "It has been quite some time since we've had any. I thought you would be pleased."

He was too pleasant, much too pleasant.

Virginia sat down. When he brought her cup and stood by the lounge looking down at her in her thin robe and nightdress, she felt a sickening urge to jump up and run out of the room.

He moved a chair close to the lounge and sat for a long time, talking easily of his day's activities. "So now," he said at last, "I must make up to you for having left you alone for so many hours." He let his eyes and his smile run over her.

"Oh, I got along beautifully."

"Yes. You got along beautifully."

The stiff anger in him had pulled his tone down to almost a whisper. The storm was about to break.

She handed him her cup. He came to his feet and threw it with all his strength into the fire. It crashed on the brick, and a burst of sparks blew up the chimney. Now he was standing over her in frozen silence.

SHE lay calmly watching his face, and suddenly the calmness wasn't pretense at all. The high excitement was gone, and steadiness to meet whatever was to come was in her, warm and quiet.

"I sat here alone most of the time," she said.

He wheeled. He got his cane from the chest and came back and sat down. Then he opened the cane, laid the blade delicately across his knees, and shook the rolled-up paper out of the other half.

He said, "It was rolled from the top. I have never failed to roll it from the bottom."

He stood over her. The anger in his handsome face was a weight that sagged mouth and eyes until he looked like a caricature of himself. He took the slim, three-cornered blade and with one quick motion slid it through her robe and nightdress and lightly up her chest until the needle sharp point of it was just touching her chin.

He gave it an upward flip and she felt it slit her garments. With the point of the sword, he flipped back both halves of the silk then touched the cold metal again to her chest, with the point now gently against her throat.

"Now," he said in that almost-whisper, "I am ready to hear."

She said, very evenly, feeling the movement her talking made against the point of the sword, "You haven't taken me completely into your confidence, Calvin. If I am to do my part in your business, I am definitely going to know all about it. I knew you hadn't told me everything, so I decided to try to find out for myself."

He was silent for a moment. "Very well, I shall take you completely into my confidence. I was expecting an aide to come aboard the Seneca. I thought the Indian girl was the one, so I paid her fare. I learned she was a spy, that she was spying on me. Naturally I put her to the blade. When Maukey came aboard to take White Sky's place, I didn't have to handle that matter myself. I had only to let the right parties know of my suspicions." He glanced over at the papers on the table. "I was afraid you had shown them to someone."

"My goodness—to whom?"

"It would scarcely matter. Any person would be the wrong one to see this list of the men who are going to take over all river trade with the Spanish. It would be very detrimental to me should it fall into the hands of—well, a riverman, say, who has the provincial notion that a dollar is not honest unless it is molded in sweat."

He took the sword away and rolled up the papers.

"Now that this incident has brought our two years of marriage to a kind of crux, suppose we have a mutual understanding about this matter of your physical attraction for the fellow. Now that I know your true preference is for your husband and the life that you were born to, there is no reason why you should not know my deepest sentiments regarding the matter. They are, simply, that we are leaving day after tomorrow morning on another boat. You will never see Zadok Grainger again. If he should persist, and locate you in New Orleans—oh, even the stupid can be persistent—then I shall put him to the blade. If you should, by the remotest chance, show any willingness to keep up your acquaintance with him, it would be my sad duty to mete out the same to you."

He put the cane into the chest and came and stood looking down at her again. He chuckled.

"You wear clothes exquisitely," he said.

He laid hold of the sheer nightdress and robe where his blade had slit them. He shook his head, and made a sad, clicking sound with his tongue.

"You require something better than these. Much better. And you shall have them, and by the dozen. So—this being now useless—" He gave the silk a fierce jerk, and it ripped open down to her waist.

Virginia smiled up at him. Not a muscle of her face or body moved in protest.

There was a tremor of eagerness in his voice. "The best that this life can give to a man is a beautiful woman." He pulled her up and held her fiercely, not against him, but with both hands gripping her at the waist.

NEXT morning Zodak and Ged walked down-landing, climbed up onto a bank path, and followed it downstream. They sat down together on a fallen tree.

"Ged, here's somethin' I want you to store in your skull to stay: A man named Ernest Milton. He lives in the gray corner house on St. Peters, seven squares back from the river, in New Orleens."

Ged repeated it. "What else?" he asked.

"Three nights ago a big Spaniard they call Hurricane Eyes tried to kill me or Mrs. Kramer or both of us. Last night when you went with me to The Keel, I was looking for a man named Monroe. I found him dead."

"Who killed him?"

"Hurricane Eyes."

"Why?"

Zadok told Ged everything that had happened. "Now," he finished, "it ain't too unlikely that this Hurricane Eyes'll get me. If that happens, your job is to see to it that Mr. Beauford gets to New Orleens ahead of Swann. And if the old mannee should die, the whole future of the river depends on whether you let Swann get to New Orleens alive with those papers or not."

"Huh!" Ged poked at the ground with a stick.

"Now Swann has chartered the Carita to take him and his wife on down. They're shovin' off early tmorrow mornin'. Swann has got enough Spanish rifle hands goin' on that boat to whip the British navy. I'm goin' to take our men down to Dead Horse Bend aboard a galley. We'll lay to just below Big Sand Point and just as the Carita comes out of the bend I'm goin' to board her."

"Whilst our men are shootin' it out with the Spaniards?" Ged asked.

Zadok nodded.

"Acourse that sounds right lively, but what fer?"

Zadok looked off through the woods. Finally he said, "When you want to be dead sure a snake don't crawl off into the weeds and live to bite somebody else, you best cut off its head. I plain don't aim to let Swann live to get to New Orleens with the papers that'll make the settlers slaves of the Spanish, or start a war. I aim to get Virginia to get hold of his cane with all the papers and have it for me when I board the boat. If she cain't, then it'll go down with the boat."

Ged looked at Zadok closely. He said, "What about Virginia when the shootin' is over?"

"That's up to you. You are to stay ashore while we go out and set onto the Carita."

Ged gasped. "Who says that?"

"I say it. Get Virginia back to Natchez. See that she gets started back to her home. See that Mr. Beauford gets to New Orleens with his papers. If anything should happen to him, Agatha'll get his papers to you and you take 'em to Milton there in New Orleens."

"You're forgettin' one thing—" Ged said.

"No, I ain't. Marry Letti and take her to New Orleans with you. She'd be a mite disappointed if she didn't get to see that place."

ZADOK tapped at Agatha's door, and she opened it at once. "Come in," she said.

"You had breakfast?"

"No. Virginia is sitting with Mr. Beauford. I'll go tell her that I'll be back directly."

When Agatha came back, they went downstairs.

"How is Mr. Beauford?" Zadok asked.

"He rested well all night."

As they went into the supper room, MacTavish was just coming out. He stopped. "I'm sending down to your boat to remove the remainder of my belongings, patroon," he said. "I've arranged passage on another boat."

Zadok wondered for a moment if he had arranged to go down with Virginia and Swann.

"Now," said Agatha when their breakfast was before them, "I'm ready."

"For what?"

"I asked you once to give me part of your load to carry for you. You need me now. And I'm ready. There are important things going on—things connected with this trouble about the river. I've sensed that Mr. Beauford knows all about it. And you, Zadok—you've been carrying the responsibility of it around with you, more and more of it, ever since we landed here. Now give me my share."

Talking quietly, Zadok told her everything. Concisely he brought it up to his plan and his talk with Ged this morning. Agatha said nothing through all his telling. She just sat there, pale and beautiful.

"Virginia—she's going on that boat with Swann?"

"Yes." Zadok hesitated. "She's the only one can do what there is to do. I want you to talk to her for me and to tell her that. Tell her she'll know Dead Horse Bend by the high clay bank that looks like they're agoin' to run right into it. While the boat is makin' this bend, about middle day, I want her to get Swann's cane if she can, get into the bunkroom at the stern, drop the bolt, and lay flat on the floor. If she can't get his cane by the time the shootin' starts, she's to get into that bunkroom just the same. My men'll know to keep their fire away from that end. Tell her Ged'll come after her when it's over. If she's got the cane, it'll be for her and Ged to get the papers to Beauford or to New Orleens, whichever is needful. Ged'll see to it that she gets started back to her own people."

Agatha sat very quiet. She looked at him steadily. "You can depend on me, Zadok."

Later she stood at the window of her room. looking down on the street. The soft tapping came at her door. "Come in."

Virginia came in, and Agatha turned quickly and sat down before the fireplace. "Sit here."

Virginia did.

"Zadok and I had breakfast together," Agatha said. "There is much he asked me to tell you."

While Virginia sat looking into the dull glow of the fire, Agatha told her all that Zadok had said.

BEAUFORD was propped up in bed, and Agatha asked him if he was feeling better.

"Considerably better," he said. "I don't know how I can thank you and Virginia for your devotion."

She sat down in the chair beside the bed.

Beauford said, "I have lain here since yesterday noon, knowing that things were going wrong. Now, believe me, I am strong enough to be told what it is that is wrong."

She said, without hesitation, "I think you should know. Zadok has made definite plans."

Then she told him all Zadok had said.

When she had finished, Beauford said, "I do not know how the situation could be better handled than the way Zadok has planned."

Agatha sat looking at her hands in her lap. Beauford studied her. Finally he went on in his careful, wise manner. "I can think the way Zadok thinks, the way Virginia thinks, and—even the way you've been thinking, my dear. And this is best. The way this is ending is best, Agatha. And this that you are thinking, it is not best."

She looked at him steadily for a long moment. Then she stood up, turned, and without a word opened the door, went through it and closed it.

Agatha went to her room and stood looking out of the window down on the street. Swann came out, said something to the Negro driver of the inn carriage, then got into the carriage and it drove off.

She turned away from the window and went to a carved chest. She opened it and laid out neatly folded garments until she came to the heavy polished oak box in the bottom.

She took the box and sat before the fire for a long time, holding it on her lap.

John had given it to her that last night in their bedchamber. They were leaving next morning for the west. "Perhaps," he had said, "when you least expect to, you will have need for this. And if you never do—well, you can invent some delightful tales for your grandchildren, about how many hundred savages you killed with it."

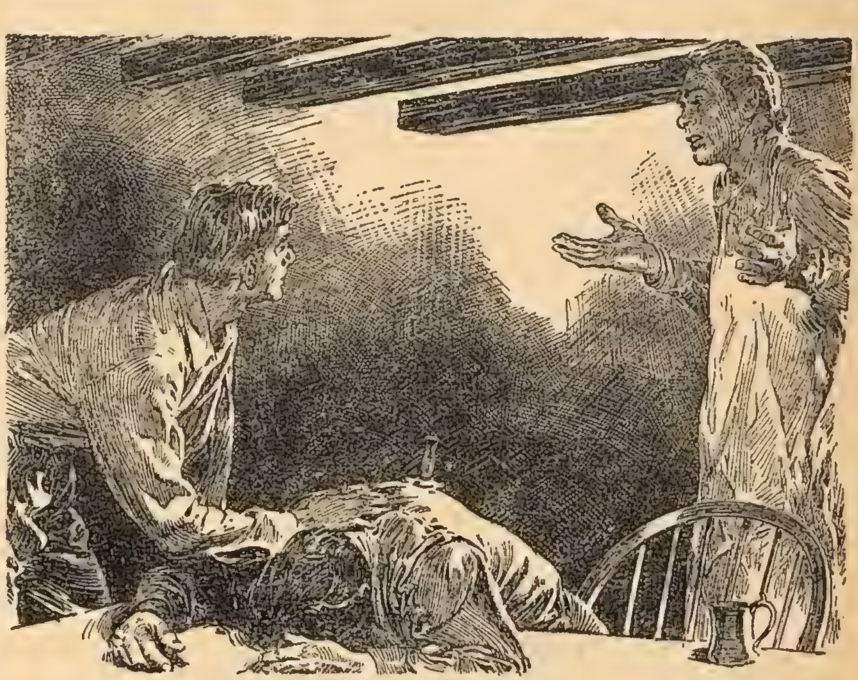
They had laughed together about that.

Now she opened the box and lifted the pistol out of its silk-lined nest. She could wait. Swann would be back before long.

WHEN Virginia came into Beauford's room she was smiling, but he noticed her pallor and the tightness of her mouth.

She said, "Calvin and I are to leave in the morning. When you are well enough to finish the trip be sure to let us know you are in New Orleans."

"My child," Beauford said tiredly, "you need not bother to coddle a sick old man any longer. I know everything. I even know what you and Zadok are planning. He has planned this thing well. And while one might think it is an undertaking that can promise Zadok only death—I can only say I have never known a man I would have more confidence in. I rather imagine he has a fair chance at coming through this without a wound."



"No you don't," Virginia said. "You know he won't. The moment Calvin sees what is happening, his one objective will be to kill Zadok."

"I shouldn't be afraid of that if I were you."

Virginia looked straight into Beauford's piercing eyes. "I'm not afraid of it," she said.

Beauford studied her. "What do you mean?"

"Calvin Swann will not be on the Carita tomorrow morning. I will not be on the Carita. I am going to kill my husband. Tonight."

Beauford showed no surprise. "When and how do you propose to do this?" he asked.

"After he is asleep. With one of those little blades of yours."

He said quietly, "This is a tragically strange situation, isn't it? One of the most beautiful women I have ever known sits before me, and her face is lovely even when it is set like cold white marble and its lips calmly tell me that tonight, while her husband sleeps, she will kill him, to save her lover."

Virginia came out of her chair swiftly.

"You can't do it—you can't ridicule me or shame me—I don't care if you do know I love him! I don't care if all the world knows it—I love him, and he loves me—and he's not going to die—I won't let him!"

"No, Virginia, you won't," Beauford said. "Over there—the blades—in the pocket of my waistcoat."

"WHY, good evening, Mr. Beauford," Swann said as he stepped out of the inn carriage, "I am glad to see you are improving so rapidly."

"Thank you kindly," Beauford said. He was standing in front of the inn, leaning rather heavily on a cane. "I felt the need of a breath of fresh air. Would you happen to be going a square or two?"

"I'll walk with you gladly," Swann said.

"By the way, have you been down to the esplanade of an evening to watch twilight gather on the river? They say the view is the pride of Natchez."

"Perhaps—the distance is too great for you?"

"I think not. I am very grateful to you, giving of your valuable time to a doddering old man."

They came onto the esplanade. "It is an excellent view," Beauford said. He sat down on a bench. "Yes, I like this place. It is ideal." He looked up. "You know, Mr. Swann, I have watched you a great deal on this trip."

Swann sat down beside him. "Yes?"

"You see, I have always loved Virginia . . . since I first saw her on her father's plantation. I want to tell you, Mr. Swann, how much I admire your finesse, your demanding the best in life—and getting it for yourself and your wife. You are a perfectionist."

Swann smiled and relaxed, his cane between his legs, his hands hanging carelessly on the handle of it. "What is there in life," he said genially, "but to live it at its best and fullest? And what does that mean but to help yourself to the best it can offer? Keep going up, I maintain. We can go down when we die, eh?"

Beauford smiled. "As I was saying—this thing of perfectionism. The truly great perfectionist—he carries it through until it is a demand in even the most trivial things. The fit of his boots, for instance—your cane there in your case. I've never seen a more excellent stick."

Swann held the cane out to Beauford. "I am quite fond of it, and usually reluctant to have it handled. But, since you appreciate it for what it is—"

"Indeed I do." Beauford took it carefully in his hands. "Yes, I am very fond of maple."

Swann tightened. Then he caught himself up with a friendly laugh. "Perhaps you'd better catch up a bit on your woods," he said carelessly. "It is teak, turned out of a choice piece imported from Central India."

Beauford looked at him, then back at the cane. He examined the silver tip. He was smiling.

"I happen to know wood as I know metals. The same as I know this tip is the highest grade silver, I know the stick itself is maple—the finest obtainable."

He looked up, squinted his bright eyes and said, "There—that one clinging to the very edge of the bluff! It is that very species your cane was turned from. Break off a small branch and fetch it."

Anger was flashing all through Swann. He got up and strode toward the small tree. *Fool. Doddering old fool!*

He was at the edge of the bluff, reaching for a straight little limb. With his hand out to it, understanding hit him. The old man *wasn't* a fool.

Even before he turned, he knew he had been tricked. When he wheeled, Beauford was on his feet, braced solidly on his thin legs, and the silver blade in his hand was catching the late light. His eyes were like bright coals, his face was blue and fierce, and he was smiling. His voice was very calm.

"Of course I know nothing about woods. Only this—that, like rotten men, rotten wood is worthless."

Swann began talking in a fast whisper. "Don't do it, Beauford—I'll pay to get out of this. Any price you name. I'll get out of the country—I'll—"

"What was it you said before—something about 'we can go down when we die?' You're going down—right over the bluff—down where the lowest class of humanity throws its slops."

"They'll get you, Beauford—"

Beauford's arm twitched in the softest breath of a motion. Swann clutched at his throat, but he couldn't find the deep buried blade. Then he was flailing his hands, making a wild gurgling, and his knees were going.

AGATHA sat watching the twilight outside her window, the big pistol in her hands.

Now there were footsteps, a man's footsteps on the hall carpet. Agatha held her breath, listening. It was Beauford's careful, weary walk. She heard him go into his room, and she wondered how he was feeling.

She couldn't go to him now. She sat listening.

The hall boy came down the hall, chanting softly, "De houah am eight—de houah am eight. . . ."

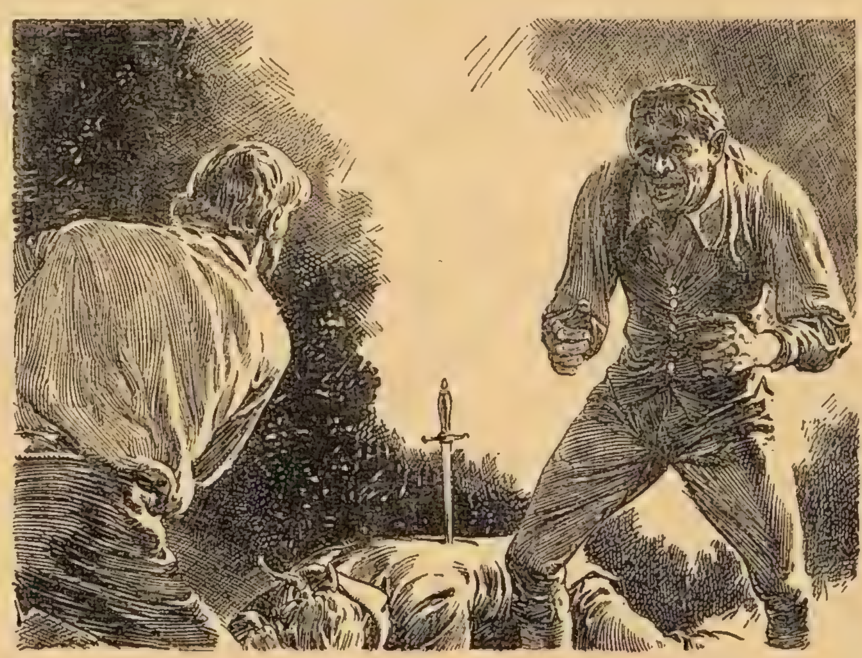
Virginia listened to the slurred singsong. She put down her needlework and went to her window and looked out into the gathering young darkness.

The hall boy was still saying, "De houah am eight—de houah am . . ."

"Take this," Beauford said softly to the hall boy.

The Negro looked at the currency, and his big eyes went enormous.

"Take it, boy. It is for you. Carry this note to the landing. Ask for a boat named the Seneca. Then ask for Zadok. Find Zadok. Give the note to him. No go—hustle—faster than you ever went anywhere in your life before."



"Yazzuh!"

The bare black feet ran noiselessly down the hall and on down the stairs. They ran fast—past the big, long feet in heavy, rough boots.

ZADOK began to run. At the first patch of light he stopped to glance at the note. It read: "Come at once. Important. Beauford."

At the inn there was light showing under Swann's door, and under Agatha's. Zadok thought that Virginia and Agatha might both be with Beauford, that the old man might be in very bad shape. There was light under Beauford's door, too.

He lifted his hand to knock. Then he dropped it, wheeled. Now he heard again a crackle of paper.

Gently he tried the latch. It went up noiselessly. He pushed the door half open and stayed in the hall, with it as a shield. Beauford was sprawled face down on the floor with a long, thin sword stuck all the way through him.

Zadok stood there silent. Then he shoved the door open with all his strength. It hit the fellow hard.

By the time he showed himself, Zadok was standing in the center of the room. It was Hurricane Eyes who stepped out from behind the door. His wild eyes were smouldering. His madman mouth hung partly open.

With one foot he pushed the door shut again.

"Drop the bolt too, you damn swamp-hog," Zadok said. "I ain't had ary a mite of a tussle for a couple of days, and I'll be spilin' of dry rot if I don't kill me a damned dirty Spaniard shortly."

The big loose mouth moved, and saliva showed on the thick, hanging lip. Hurricane Eyes dropped the bolt.

The slobbering monster jumped and swung at the same time. Zadok ducked and came up swinging. He threw his fist for the kidney. It banged hard flesh, drew a grunt, and Hurricane Eyes hesitated a split second from the hurt of it before he could turn. That was time enough for Zadok to set his weight, and when the big one did turn, Zadok got him on the jaw with all he could give. Hurricane Eyes went to his knees.

There was pounding on the door now, and voices out in the hall. The Spaniard plunged again, and Zadok got the big fist in a slanting blow across his jaw. Hurricane Eyes saw Beauford's body at his feet, reached down and caught it up with one great hand. He yanked Swann's sword out of it, and then literally threw the thin, worn-out old body into a corner of the room.

But he had been too slow. Zadok had grabbed the iron fire rod out of the stand by the fireplace. Hurricane Eyes was settling the hilt of the sword into his hand when Zadok brought the rod down onto the big skull with crashing fury. The Spaniard knelt slowly, went over onto his face, and lay still.

The door was shaking under the pounding from outside. Zadok paid no attention. He picked up Beauford in his arms, carried him to the bed and drew the covers up.

Then he let the innkeeper into the room. He explained what had happened. He nodded toward Hurricane Eyes and said, "Likely you can get him to the jail afore he wakes up if you get some men to help you."

The innkeeper left. The crowd was still in the hall, and he told them crossly to go on away. Virginia was there, and Zadok motioned her to come in.

Virginia looked at Hurricane Eyes sprawled on the floor, with blood running across his face.

"He killed Mr. Beauford," Zadok told her. He picked up the sword and said, "This is what he used."

She watched him put the sword back into the cane. "There's something very bad about this, Zadok," she said. "That is Calvin's cane—the one he kept the papers in."

Zadok stepped to the table. "The papers are here—the list—" He picked up another paper.

"What is that one, Zadok?"

"You sure you want to know?"

Her face went very white. "Yes," she said.

"Mr. Beauford wrote it. He must have just finished it when that un . . ." he nodded at Hurricane Eyes . . . "showed up." Now he began to read: " 'Zadok: Calvin Swann is dead. I have just killed him.' " He stopped reading. "Virginia . . . maybe . . ."

"Read it all."

" 'I am writing this in the event that I get what Maukey got. All the papers are here, and you know what to do with them. I am leaving this to you to finish because it seemed to be best that I be the one to deal with Swann . . .' "

Zadok lowered the paper. "That's all. He never finished it." Zadok looked over at the bed and said earnestly, "He paid that debt for his son in a kind of unregular way. And at the same time he bought a heap of good for a heap of folks."

"He was a wonderful man," Virginia said.

The innkeeper came with his men, and Zadok stepped out and helped disperse the curious throng that again filled the hall. He got one glimpse of Agatha's white face in her doorway, and then the door closed. He saw Letti and Ged going down the stairs together.

He took Virginia to her own door and told her he'd see her tomorrow.

"You'll need help with all there is to be done in these next days, Zadok. I'm going to help you."

"No. You'd best . . ."

"Zadok."

It was her speaking his name so softlike and with a kind of completeness that made him look straight into her eyes.

"Please count on me," she said simply.

SO he did. And there was right much a woman could help a man with at a time like that.

"Likely," he said to her two nights later, "you and Agatha have got your truck ready for goin'."

She said they had.

They were sitting on the tiny balcony at the end of the hall there where her rooms were. Tomorrow the Seneca would pole off for New Orleans.

"Reckon you're beginnin' to look forward to gettin' home to Virginia, and Agatha to Boston."

"Yes. Agatha talks some about Boston now."

Zadok said, with something in his voice that gave it the feel of great distances, "Yes . . . everybody's thinkin' of what's on downstream for him. . . ."

They listened to the night together for a long time. Finally he stood up. "I better get on down to the craft."

Feather quick, she was up and standing before him.

"What is it downstream for yourself that you're thinking of, Zadok?"

He stood looking gently down at her.

"What, Zadok? What are you thinking this moment?"

You'd know there would be a certain manner in which Zadok Grainger would take a young bird into his hands, a bird that wasn't ready for flight and had already got one hard fall from a high nest and needed looking after for a spell. There was a way he would hold the bird . . . gently but firmly, so it wouldn't make another mistake.

That was the way he held Virginia, and that was the way he pressed gentle lips against hers, so that she would know he would never let her take another hard fall.

He said, "My maw had four of us younguns, and with her cabin chores and helpin' Paw in the fields, there warn't much time to give her young. She was a moughty good woman, and she had so much goodness to give out to us, but she didn't have enough time. Seems like she almost knowed her time was short and like she knew she kind of had to leave it to God to finish for her. She'd tell me things, me bein' the first. I didn't rightly know what she meant, but to me it was that God was mostly somethin' that was a part of her . . . the part of her that she wanted me to keep wherever I went. So I've done that.

"Maybe she kind of knew I'd be here tonight, and you'd be here, and . . . well . . . seems like now that the part of her that has always been with me is you . . . and that you are that part of her. Well . . . I reckon nobody . . . hardly would know what it is I'm tryin' to say."

Virginia clung to his hands and fought back the sobbing happiness that was swelling through her.

"Nobody, hardly would know, Zadok Grainger, but I do. I know, and I'll never forget one word of it . . . never. And I know that you'll never say all those things to me again, for a man like you never says things like that but once in his lifetime. The woman who is worth the touch of your hand would never ask it or even want it said again. I know this. I know that every moment of every day for however many days we both may live, you will say it to me in a thousand ways . . ."

He took her into his arms again, but with a careful roughness this time, and when he spoke again that same roughness was a merriment in his voice, and he was planning their cabin in their valley. He said he figured by middle summer it would be done, and he would come to Virginia for her. She said, "I'll be waiting."

"Mought be I could get some horses to ride back."

"Don't . . . I want to walk."

"Why, it's too . . ."

"No. It isn't too far. I want to do it. I want to walk with you every foot of the way, over every mountain and through every forest. Please let us walk. And we'll count off the days, and as we count each one off, I'll put it away and keep it for us.

"And then some day, a long, long time from now . . . some evening, we'll walk down the valley together. We'll walk under a cloud when the moon is above it. And there will be a log where we'll sit together. I'll have all the days ready, and I'll take them out of my heart, and we'll look at them again . . . live them again . . ."

Zadok stopped her lovely talk with his mouth on hers, and he held her tight to him and kissed her, and doing that he knew that all the things the two of them had said were to be.

THE good news came up the river faster than the brown water went down. Man and horse carried it over wilderness trails. Happy men on their river craft bellowed it at all the landings. "We've bought Louisiana! Jefferson's bought Louisiana! It's ours . . . all ours! No more Spanish rule . . . no more French rule . . . it's ours!"

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

GERTRUDE ATHERTON'S My San Francisco is disappointing after a fine start in which she tells the story of Russian Baron Rezánov and Doña Concha Argüello y Moreaga. Had this love, one of the most romantic of all time, ended happily, the course of American history might have been changed and California might have been Russian rather than Spanish. As it was, Rezánov died and Doña Concha entered a convent.

Gertrude Atherton

Mrs. Atherton, however, is eighty-nine years old, and in her reminiscences of her native city she has elected to be extremely personal, so that much of what she writes has very little interest for the non-native, although San Franciscans, a very traditional group, will enjoy reading about their grandmothers and grandfathers. Gertrude Atherton's writing skill is still there, so that even when she is recounting trivia, or listing meaningless family connections she does it spontaneously and entertainingly.

The real objection one has to My San Francisco is that it was not written while Mrs. Atherton was in a less backward-looking mood—her very able pen and her knowledge of that colorful city should have combined to make an extraordinarily good book.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company, New York. Price $3.50.

DANISH writer **Karin Michaelis** has written her reminiscences in collaboration with Lenore Sorsby. **Little Troll** covers her childhood and fifty years of European literary life.

Karin Michaelis

Spotty and incomplete though it is, the first part of the book, that dealing with her childhood in Denmark, is the most fascinating. Later, in writing of her personal adult life, Miss Michaelis falls into the trap that almost invariably waits for women who try to write frankly of their loves—despite her sincerity, one feels she ought not to be saying these things. However, Little Troll is always interesting and often amusing reading. She knew Ibsen, d'Annunzio, Peter Nansen, Grieg and Rilke, and writes of them with understanding.

Creative Age Press, Inc., New York. Price $3.

THE CHILDREN'S INFERNO, written by **Lilika Nakos** and translated by Allan Ross Macdougall, contains sixteen deeply moving stories of the children of Greece during that country's recent years of war, famine, and tragedy. Miss Nakos, a prominent Greek writer, did volunteer work in an Athens children's hospital during the critical winter of 1941-42. In this book she tells with eloquence, humor, and profound understanding about many of her unfortunate young compatriots and the veritable hell in which they lived.

Gateway Books, Hollywood and Chicago. Price $3.

THE LOWELLS AND THEIR SEVEN WORLDS, by **Ferris Greenslet** is a biography of the noted family over three centuries. Despite its vast scope, Greenslet has managed to make each one of the Lowells a striking and definable character.

Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. Price $4.

Puzzle 403

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane

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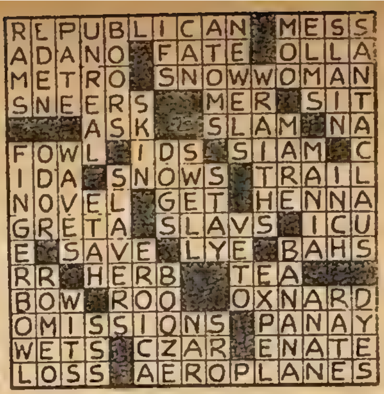

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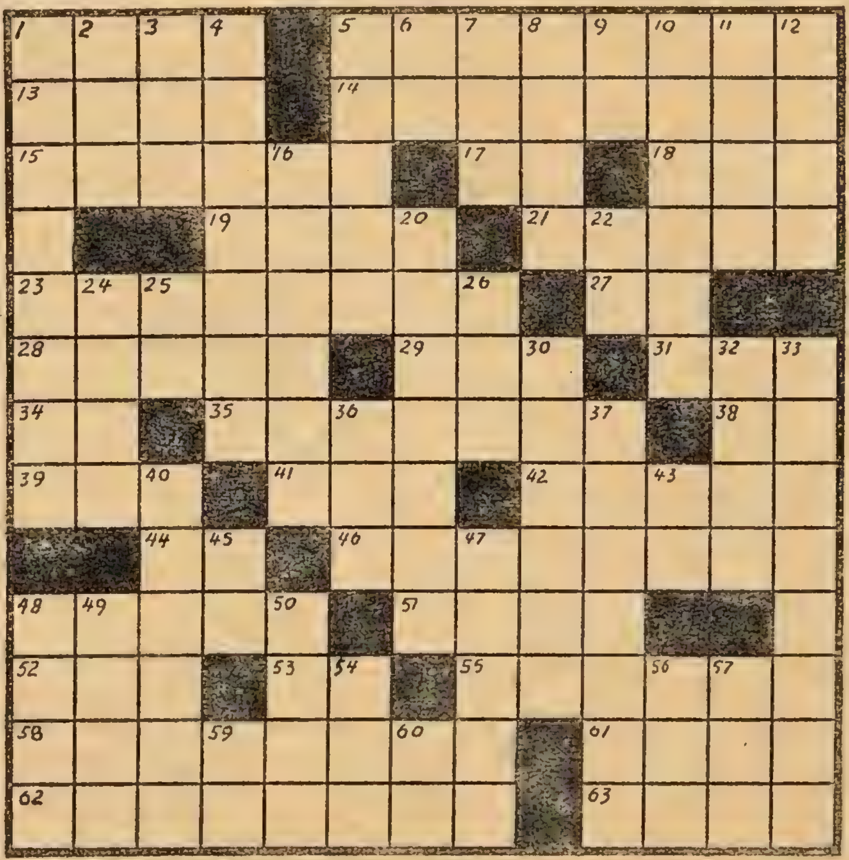
Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

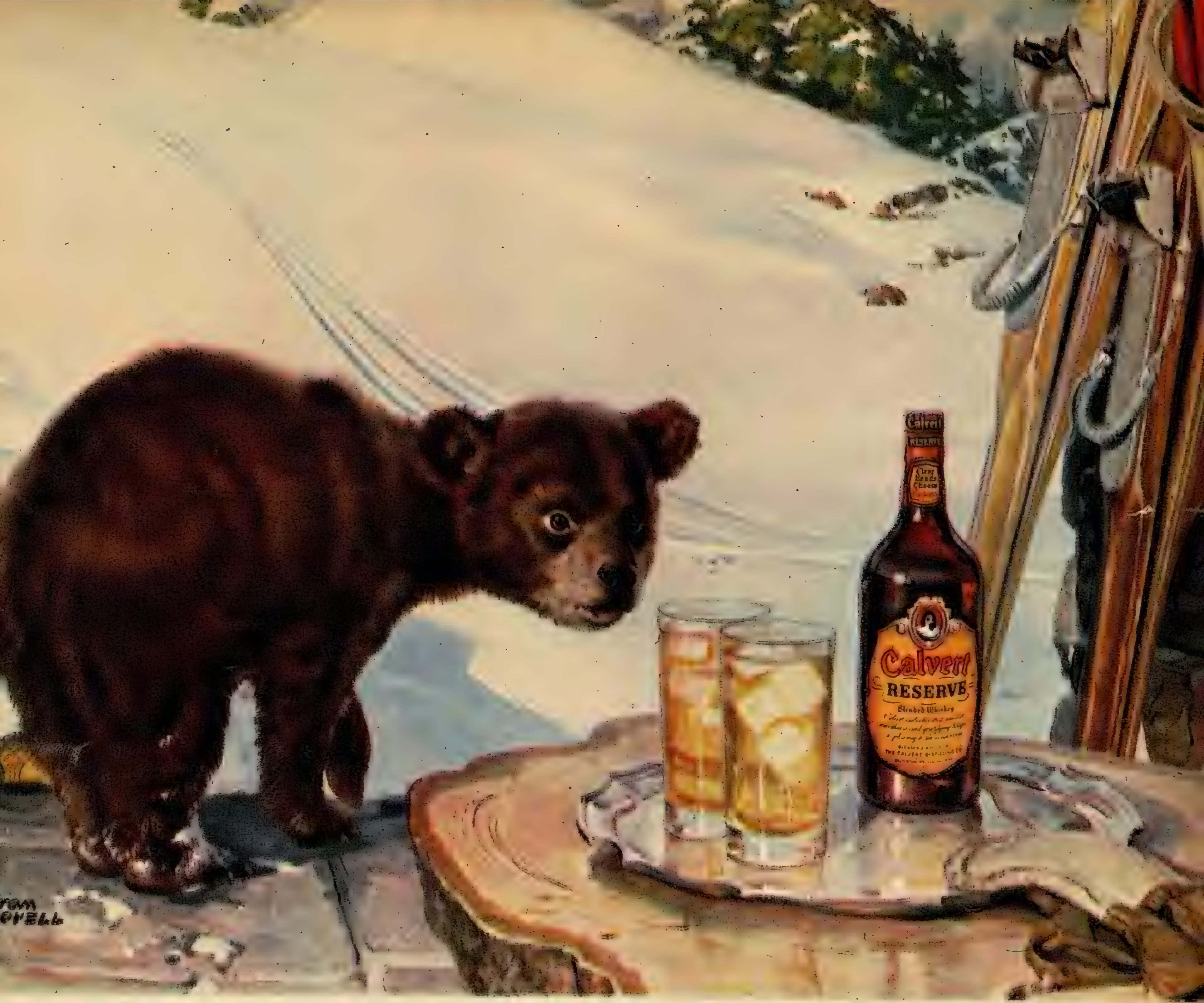
1 An assistant used to do what for the church organist in the old days?
5 What mammoth may have lived and probably worked for our North American ancestors?
13 Where was the Co-Prosperity Sphere narrowly averted?
14 What's poisonous to poison?
15 A church janitor
17 What's both an archaic pronoun and article?
18 Name America's most scientific-minded college (abbr.)
19 The deadly upas is a what?
21 Well-known cheese makers
23 *A planter* is fatherly (anag.)
27 Printshop widget
28 *A Nero* (anag.)
29 Sternal or asternal refers to a what?
31 What kind of world is said to be alternative to No World?
34 Old god of sunburn
35 The what did away with the old-fashioned crank?
38 What supplied motive power in B. C.?
39 Name an old-fashioned type of atomizer (abbr.)
41 What was Mr. Yale's first name?
42 What is it you must do lest you let down? (two words)
44 What's a sort of synonym for UP?
46 Sophocles wrote a hit play about what daughter of Oedipus?
48 In a cartoon, what bear was pictured shivering at home, saying, "I'm cold!"?
51 Look fixedly
52 Name the Great Railsplitter (abbr.)
53 What body is fighting a fierce battle at Lake Success, N. Y.? (abbr.)
55 Calcutta is the capital of what province?
58 Lear was king of what sort of verse?
61 The nineteenth-century dandy was said to carry what to keep the dogs off?
62 *Let's rest* was not their motto (anag.)
63 Complete: The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the ——

VERTICAL

1 Earl Browder went to jail for falsifying a what?
2 *Sue* the employer (anag.)
3 What late actor is still very much alive on the radio?
4 The tiny foot does what whimsically on the stair?
5 French originator of impressionistic painting
6 Article
7 Pork tepee
8 What make blazing impressions at Xmas?
9 One of New York's older residents (abbr.)
10 Ladies wore what mask and robe at balls in the old days?
11 Complete this song title: Miss —— Regrets
12 Gloucester grab bags would be whats?
16 What's a synonym for neat but gaudy?
20 What's an aural pendant?
22 Several I's are found in what two-letter word?
24 Article written in double talk, or old form of "Eh? What?"
25 Linesman (abbr.)
26 Glowing from a tankful of good spirits
30 Name the seaport capital of British Honduras
32 Name of a person, place, or thing
33 He who giveth the boot at the brain factory is known as an ——?
36 What's a side room in a Roman house?
37 A government run by a substitute for a junior king's called a what?
40 Sixty Hebrew minas equaled one what?
43 "Go what" was a bit of what Shakespearean slang?
45 Foundation of the American home
47 Pathological wasting away is called what?
48 Faces that look like mugs are often called what?
49 The English horn is also called the alto what? (Or wood wind that nobody blows good?)
50 Muddy who was long coach of the Chicago White Sox?
54 Remove nothing from a negative and get a compass point
56 What's Scram! in Scottish?
57 How does an M.D. write, "Take of each" on a prescription?
59 Good man (abbr.)
60 Super Jr. (abbr.)



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.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RESERVE
Clear Heads Choose
Calvert
RESERVE
Blended Whiskey

"Hmm—**more** smart people making tracks for Calvert!"

The sensible trend's to Calvert! Sensible . . . because it's the "whiskey of moderation" . . . blessed with friendly lightness . . . congenial taste . . . all-around whiskey agreeableness. We suggest you try it. Then you, too, will understand why . . .

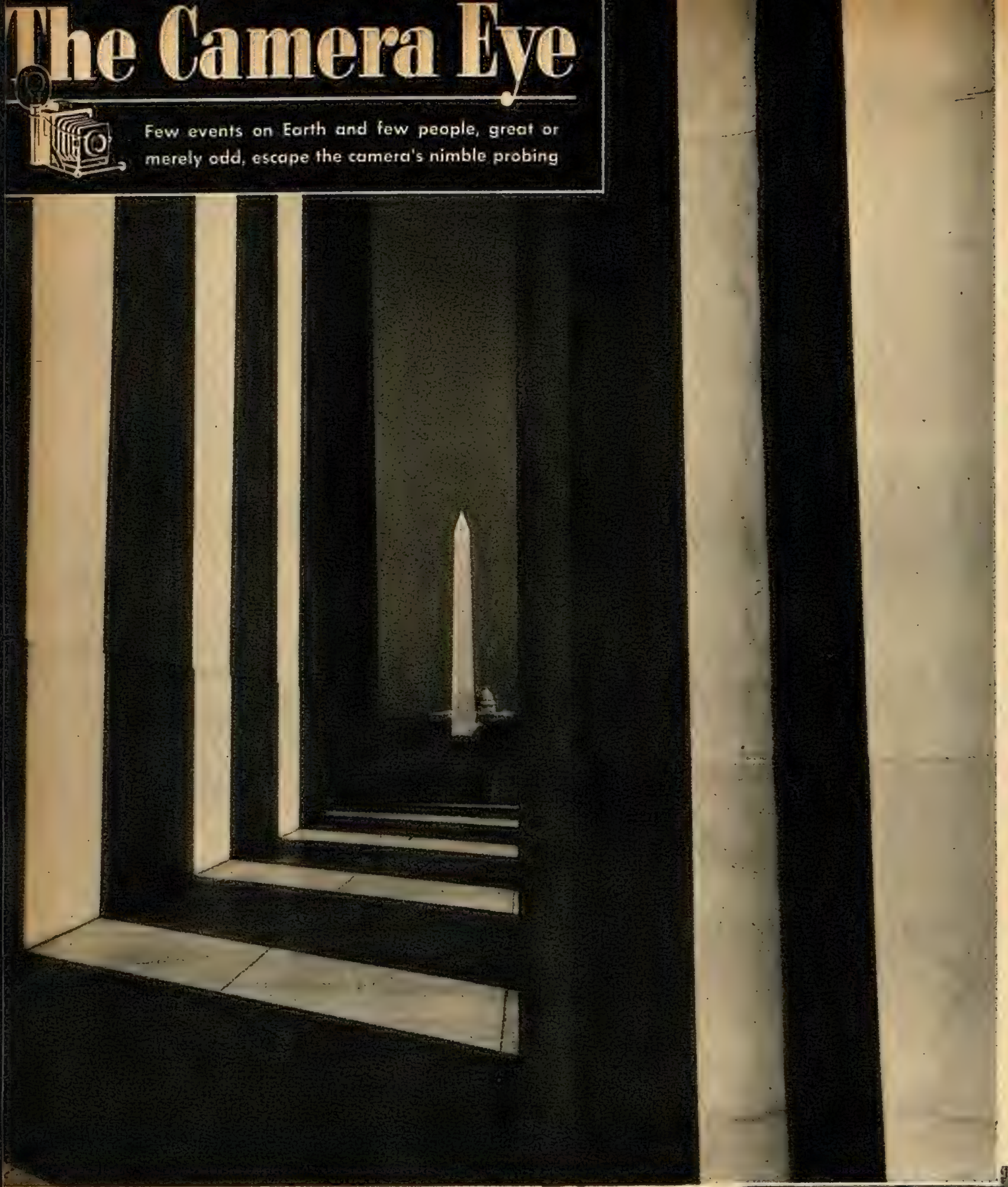
Clear Heads Choose Calvert

Calvert
BLENDED WHISKIES
Reserve OR *Special*

Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C. BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. "Reserve"—65% Grain Neutral Spirits..."Special"—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



UNUSUAL VIEW of Washington Monument silhouetted through Lincoln Memorial columns. In background is the Capitol, where the new Congress, which Republicans now control, is hard at work.

RAPHO-GUILLUMETTE-DEDIENES

SHE DOESN'T look it, but Washington bobby-soxer Kathleen Kane is happy because Van Johnson just autographed her book. And speaking of bobby soxers, The Profile at left belongs to The Voice. No kiddin', it's Frankie.

ACME PHOTO

SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS to whistle about, out this pretty miss ignores the pucker-lipped ailor as she ties a recalcitrant shoestring.

PM PHOTO

T TOOK bullets and tear gas to subdue Milo Dibble, a San Francisco navy vet who myseriously barricaded himself in a hotel room.

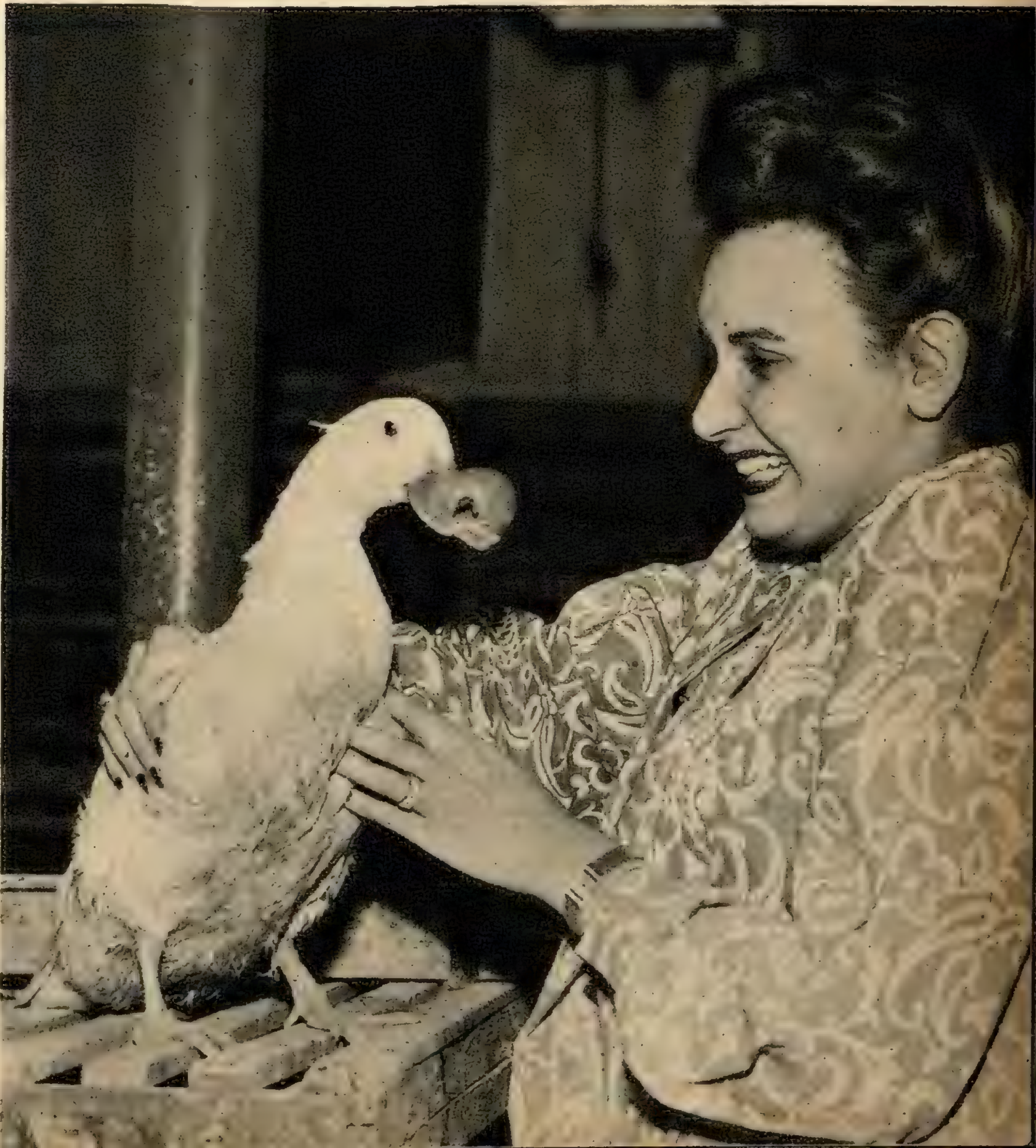
INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

TRUCK OPERATOR Millard Nile isn't doing a repair job. He slipped while his assistant was driving. Running gear stripped him of clothing and fractured his skull, jaw, and ribs.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

DEFORMED BILL gives this duck quite a schnozzle. Frances Barton seems amused by odd appearance of the strange bird that turned up in a poultry shipment received in Chicago.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO



THE TOWN WITHOUT SHORTAGES

Continued from Page 18

not leak into product-arid regions outside the test market. Test City must be small enough so that supplying it in unlimited quantities would not seriously affect allocations to the rest of the country.

There would be no advance advertising to pave the way. Consumers would have to step inside a store, point to a Silex coffee maker or iron, and say, "I want to buy one of those." Once sales began to dip, however, extensive local ballyhoo would be unleashed with spot radio announcements, newspaper ads, displays of various kinds.

"I think you've struck oil, Jack," said the boss. "There's just one big bug. Right now pumping our products into your Test City would be like throwing a side of meat to a pack of hungry lions. Certainly they'd be swallowed up. But what happens when we're competing for the consumer dollar with hundreds of other scarce items like refrigerators, washing machines, and vacuum cleaners?"

Moore countered quickly. "Naturally," he admitted, "the absence of other merchandise will inflate sales, but we can make the necessary deductions to offset that. Better yet, why not throw the plan open to other manufacturers in all fields; let them participate independently? Just flash the green light and I'll start the ball rolling."

THE light flashed. A conference was called and the plan was outlined to other company executives. Of course, Moore explained, he wanted every man in the room to punch holes in his scheme. So for the next month the Silex board of strategy, aided by crack economists and research men, hammered away at possible flaws.

Next step was picking the test-tube community. The area selected had to have small but well-diversified industry. It had to be relatively free of war plants, which skyrocketed normal payrolls. It had to dominate a buying and selling center typical of the rest of the country.

One section fairly leaped out of the map: Test City and its ten surrounding counties. Long considered an excellent tryout town for new ideas and products before springing them on a national scale, it had not overexpanded on production and business activity. Although situated snugly in rich farm country, its citizens lived mainly by producing heavy machinery. Population in Test City proper still hugged the 1930 census figure of 104,969; population of the whole area, including the ten counties, was slightly over 430,000. Reached by fourteen steam and one electric railroad, the area was also serviced by ten bus and thirty truck lines. Significantly, Test City had weathered the depression with little or no ill effect. Above all, its people—like the rest of America—were goods-hungry.

"That's our baby," said Moore, pointing. "Now let's find out what makes it tick." A comprehensive cardiograph was taken: population figures, retail sales in former years, types of occupations, estimated pent-up demand—a long array of vital statistics geared to sharpen the accuracy of the analysis.

Early last May, strategy framed, Test City merchants and dealers heard the proposal for the first time. They tried to "stump the experts" in what seemed like endless quiz sessions. Finally, captivated by the boldness of the program, local business men pledged their support.

At the conclusion of the meetings, however, one store owner buttonholed Moore.

"This thing is dynamite," he complained. "Why, I'll just have time to throw open the doors and run for my life! Do you realize how many orders I have piled up?"

"No," replied Moore wearily, "and neither do you. That's one of the reasons for this test—to find out how many of those orders are on the level." He riffled a fat list of Test City business concerns under the merchant's nose and said, "I've got a hunch that when your customers place orders with you, they go right across the street and place the same orders with your competitors. And also that some people placed orders just as a verbal way of 'keeping up with the Joneses.'"

On May 20, by truck and by rail, cargoes of peacetime America moved in to fill shelves that had been bare for five years.

What has happened in Test City since then?

Following an initial stampede which lasted about three weeks, buyers slowed down to a walk. Stores bulging with radios, vacuum cleaners, coffee makers, irons, and mixers had a curious effect on pocketbooks which only a short time before had snapped open at the drop of almost any new product. One housewife, browsing down the aisles of a large Test City department store, halted before a mound of Silexes. Examining an eight-cup model closely, she said to the sales clerk, "I've wanted one of these for a long time. My old percolator is worn to a frazzle. Are they really available now?" The sales clerk nodded enthusiastically.

MUTUE
2 PLACE
2 STRAIGHT
CORKA

"You *sure* this is for a nice old lady?"
LIBERTY

"Well, then," said the shopper, "I guess I'll look around for a while."

THE proprietor of a medium-sized appliance store, after cramming his windows with bright new coffee makers and irons, glued himself to the telephone, began calling up customers who had placed orders months back. An hour later he slammed the receiver down, bewilderment imprinted on his face.

"I can't understand," he told an assistant. "Remember how they haunted us every day for the blamed things, making us promise to phone the minute we got them in?

"So I phone," he said, shaking his head, "and what happens? I tell them we can make deliveries. They can have all they want. What do they say? 'Oh, I just bought one'; 'I guess I'll wait if they're really so plentiful'; or 'Oh, I've got so many other things to buy first.'

"I don't understand it," he muttered again.

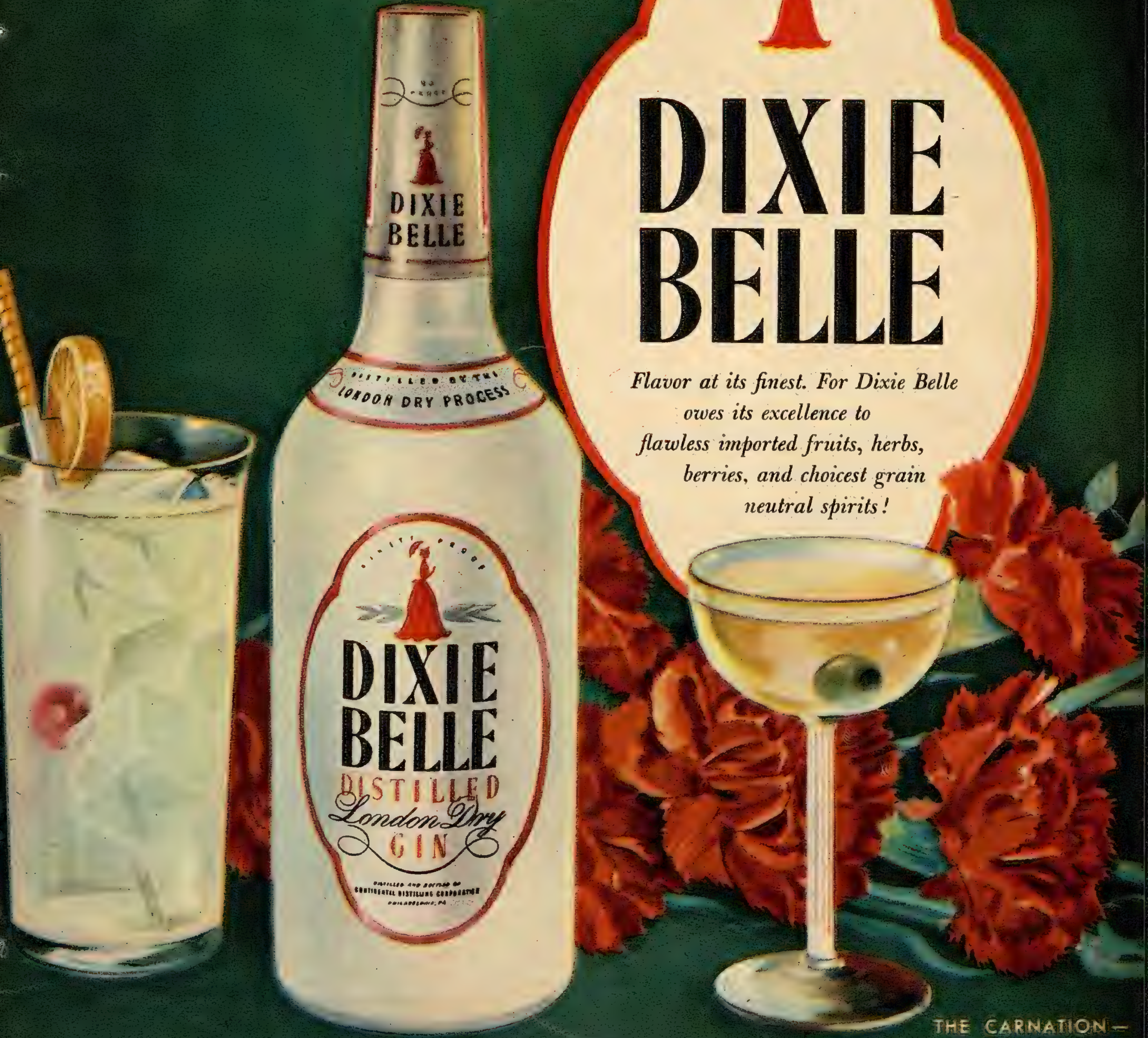
A dealer in an outlying county sums up this attitude with an analogy. In a way, he says, people here are like the bank depositor of the old story. He heard that there was a run on the Ironbound Trust, where his savings were, and dashed into the lobby. Fighting his way through the mob to the teller's window, he demanded his money. Without a word the cash was counted down before him. He looked at it for a long minute and then shoved it back. "What's the matter?" asked the teller. "Don't you want your money?" "No," the depositor answered. "If I can get it, I don't want it. But if I can't get it, brother, I've just gotta have it!"

Today Test City business men encounter this twist in human nature at every turn, not only with irons and coffee makers but also with washing machines, refrigerators, and water heaters. They are pretty well convinced that back orders on the books average out at one sale to three orders.

Supporting their opinion is the experience of a manufacturer of hot-water heaters who, following the Silex pattern, recently shipped sixty units to a Test City dealer who had a backlog of sixty orders. Only seven of those orders turned into sales. Reasons for the turndowns: many prospects, with orders in sev-

(*Continued on page 52*)

Makes any gin drink a better drink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Flavor at its finest. For Dixie Belle owes its excellence to flawless imported fruits, herbs, berries, and choicest grain neutral spirits!

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90 PROOF · DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

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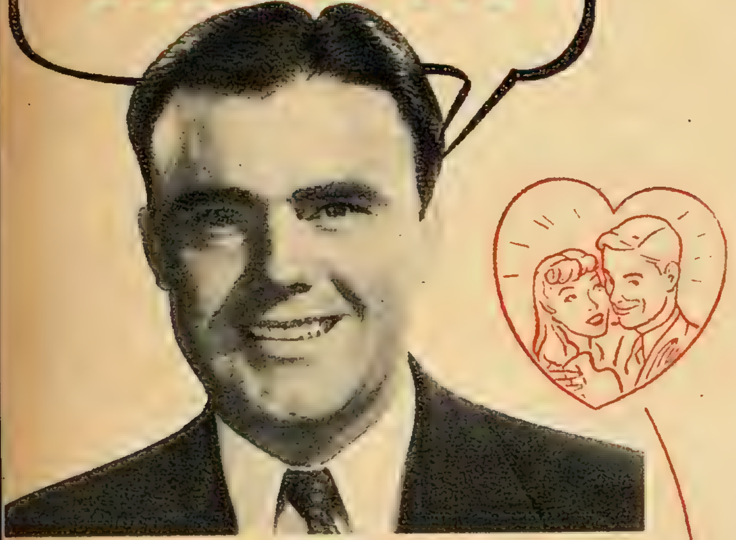
CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE

*F-N TEST?

*F-N, the famous Fingernail Test

1. "It's F-N, the test for men!" Scratch your head—if you find dryness or loose dandruff you need Wildroot Cream-Oil. Buy the large economy size.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL



2. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps it well groomed all day long without that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS LANOLIN!

SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING
WILDROOT
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NON-ALCOHOLIC
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GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF
WILDROOT CO., INC.

3. LANOLIN is an oil resembling the natural oil of the human skin! No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test preferred Wildroot Cream-Oil to other preparations formerly used. Get it today from your barber or drug counter.

IMPORTANT: *Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming and to relieve dryness. Also excellent for training children's hair!*

TUNE IN: *TWO NETWORK SHOWS!* "The Adventures of Sam Spade" Sunday evenings, CBS Network; "King Cole Trio Time" Saturday afternoons, NBC Network.

eral stores, had already received delivery, thus were no longer in the market; some "didn't really need" a heater to begin with; others just couldn't afford one right then.

The go-getting manager of another appliance store likewise has a dim view of the public's estimate of its product needs. Amassing a neat little clump of name-brand washing machines, he decided to run a test of his own. Quickly he phoned through his back orders; found them virtually worthless. Undaunted by this initial rebuff, he lined up his gleaming company of washers in the front of his store. The idea: to create an illusion of vast quantity. What happened? Again it was a case of the customer becoming an indifferent prospect when offered the merchandise.

So he tried another approach. All but one washer was stored in a warehouse. The lone machine was pushed into a dark corner. Locking the front door after the next customer walked in, Mr. Dealer led her over to the washing machine. "I've been saving it for you," he confided, "but you must promise not to tell anybody."

Twenty minutes later the housewife left his store, the proud owner of a new appliance.

"That secrecy stuff!" said the dealer, throwing up his hands in desperation. "It gets them every time."

SUCH gullibility on the part of consumers does not alarm American business men. It is, they realize, a hangover from wartime scarcities and will vanish with time. Far more disturbing to our manufacturers, wrestling with higher payrolls and increased costs of all materials, is the consumer demand for lower prices. "Prewar wage rates are gone, probably for good," said one maker of refrigerators. "And so, too, are prewar prices of our refrigerators. We'll never get back to the days of fifteen-cent-a-dozen eggs, with everything else in proportion."

But consumers and labor unions are insisting on lower prices.

Like Americans everywhere, many citizens of Test City have long since dissipated most of their lush wartime earnings. Luxury items such as jewelry, antiques, furs have eaten up many bank balances.

Deadliest blow to War Bond nest eggs and bank accounts in Test City, however, was a month-long strike at the beginning of this year. In the last week of the strike numerous distress calls went out for loans from the employees' credit union in a local factory. Nylon-long lines of strikers formed at the banks to cash in War Bonds.

With overtime cut to the bone, take-home pay of Test City workers has slipped approximately 25 per cent since the end of the war. Rising living costs have shrunk this still further. In answer to out-of-sight prices, many shoppers in the community have resorted to the most effective weapon at their disposal: they're not buying. These buyers' "strikes without pickets" are taking their toll in worry and swelling stocks in storekeepers' back rooms.

An executive of a powerful Test City union, representing about 15,000 workers, explains: "Our members' savings are shot; their pay is down. Yet living costs continue to climb. Many of us don't want to go out for another wage increase—we'd rather clamp the lid on prices. So we're just not buying what we don't have to have. That's our way of saying, 'Get prices down—or else.'"

YET the picture is by no means all black. Plenty of people in Test City still have hefty bankrolls. More of them are working than in any previous peacetime year. And nationally the U. S. balance sheet shows a record employment of approximately 58,000,000; record peacetime production despite strikes and materials snags; record incomes to individuals; and, although impulsive purchases have slackened noticeably, consumer spending still is at an all-time high. Output in Test City's chief factories is mounting.

Another favorable factor: Credit buying, steadily moving upward, will allow consumers without a nest egg to buy that new refrigerator or washing machine. Right now there's strong agitation to lower cash-down payments on installment transactions.

Too, it's easy to overlook the possibility that for every person who places an order there may be six more who need or want the product but who didn't put their names on a list. They have to be sold.

Take the case of the water-heater producer whose Test City "orders" evaporated when deliveries arrived. He was almost ready to throw in the towel, but first tried putting two men into the territory to sell them. He quickly disposed of the remaining heaters—and a lot more to boot.

"We're trying to add up both pluses and minuses," says Jack Moore, "and get an intelligent balance that we can use in national planning for sales and production. Our line of goods won't sell itself. Neither will products of other companies. We've all got to step up efficiency in our factories, and then go after sales hammer and tongs. Test City proves you must hustle for those orders."

That formula has given America the world's highest living standard. With the lessons learned in Test City and similar idea laboratories, American business men can hope to push forward to still higher standards for all of us.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Many a woman looks magnetic because everything she wears is charged.—*Dan Schreiber.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

THE CLOSED SHOP MUST GO!

Continued from Page 13

union within a specified time, or who quits or is expelled from the union. The union's control of job opportunities is less direct under such contracts, but just as strong, since the individual must be fired if the union expels him. In the maintenance-of-membership contracts, the employer agrees to fire any employee who is a member of the union at the time the contract becomes effective and who subsequently quits or is expelled from the union. The union's control of jobs under such a contract is only partial, and the individual worker has much more freedom; but the principal involved is identical with the more stringent closed- and union-shop contracts.

I HAVE prepared, for introduction as soon as the new Congress is organized, a bill which would outlaw all collective bargaining contracts which make membership in a union a condition of employment. I reached the decision to do so only after years of careful study of the problems involved, and with a full realization that the enactment into law of such a bill will require a drastic upheaval of the status quo in many industries where the closed shop is the rule. I realize also that such a law may precipitate severe industrial strife, because many unions and union leaders will not give up without a struggle the tremendous power and privilege which they enjoy under the closed shop.

There are many apostles of expediency who will insist that it is better to try to control and regulate this transgression of basic individual rights than to root it out of our society completely. But we have learned by now that peace at any price, whether industrial or international, is a bad bargain for freedom; as witness the results of appeasing Hitler at Munich and John L. Lewis in Washington.

The philosophy underlying the closed shop is as abhorrent to freedom and democracy as are Nazism and Communism. The philosophy is that the majority of the union membership which exercises control (and in unions, as in most organizations, it is very often a small minority which exercises the real control) has a right to determine rules of conduct and then compel all individuals to conform on pain of losing their jobs and means of livelihood. True, there is nothing in the Constitution about either the right to work or the right to strike, but both are essential to freedom. And it is equally true that any group which controls an individual's opportunity to earn a living can very easily liquidate his other freedoms if it so desires. Most labor leaders would not use their monopoly control of jobs to eliminate opposition; but the power and the danger are there, and they cannot be tolerated by a free people.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

RELAX

Here is a definite feminine trait
Clearly worth the knowing:
When a woman says, "It's time to go,"
It doesn't mean she's going.
—Philip Lazarus.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The overwhelming majority of union members are as passionately devoted to liberty as any of us. Why, then, have they tolerated, and why do many of them vigorously defend, this totalitarian device of the closed shop? There are several reasons. The most important grows out of the history of the labor movement in this country, from the ruthless fight which most American employers waged for many decades against unionism. In Europe, probably because the trade-unions developed out of the medieval guilds, employers accepted them without a struggle; unions there have never sought any form of closed or union shop, even though most industries were nearly 100 per cent organized.

But in America, employers refused to recognize or accept unions and fought them with every weapon at hand, from stool pigeons and strikebreakers to subservient public officials and ex parte injunctions. And always the most deadly weapon of all those in the employer's arsenal was the very simple one of firing every employee who had the temerity to join a union. A union struggling to organize found its membership melting like snow under an August sun once the employer became aware of what was happening and began firing the leaders. It was only in the industries where working conditions were so bad and the workers' grievances so intolerable that even this weapon could not prevail, that unions finally gained a foothold and recognition. Very naturally, one of the first concerns of union leaders was to see to it that this weapon of dismissal from the job could not be used again to destroy their organization. And so they demanded union security—the closed or union shop. It was the handiest device they could think of to make certain that the employer would not destroy their union and the gains it had won, by firing all its leaders.

IT WAS natural that the early union leaders should not see the dangers inherent in the closed shop's power to control the individual. Those early leaders were men and women fiercely devoted to freedom; they had to be, or they and the unions would never have survived. It remained for a later generation of power-hungry leaders to realize the possibilities which the closed shop offered for controlling and exploiting individual workers.

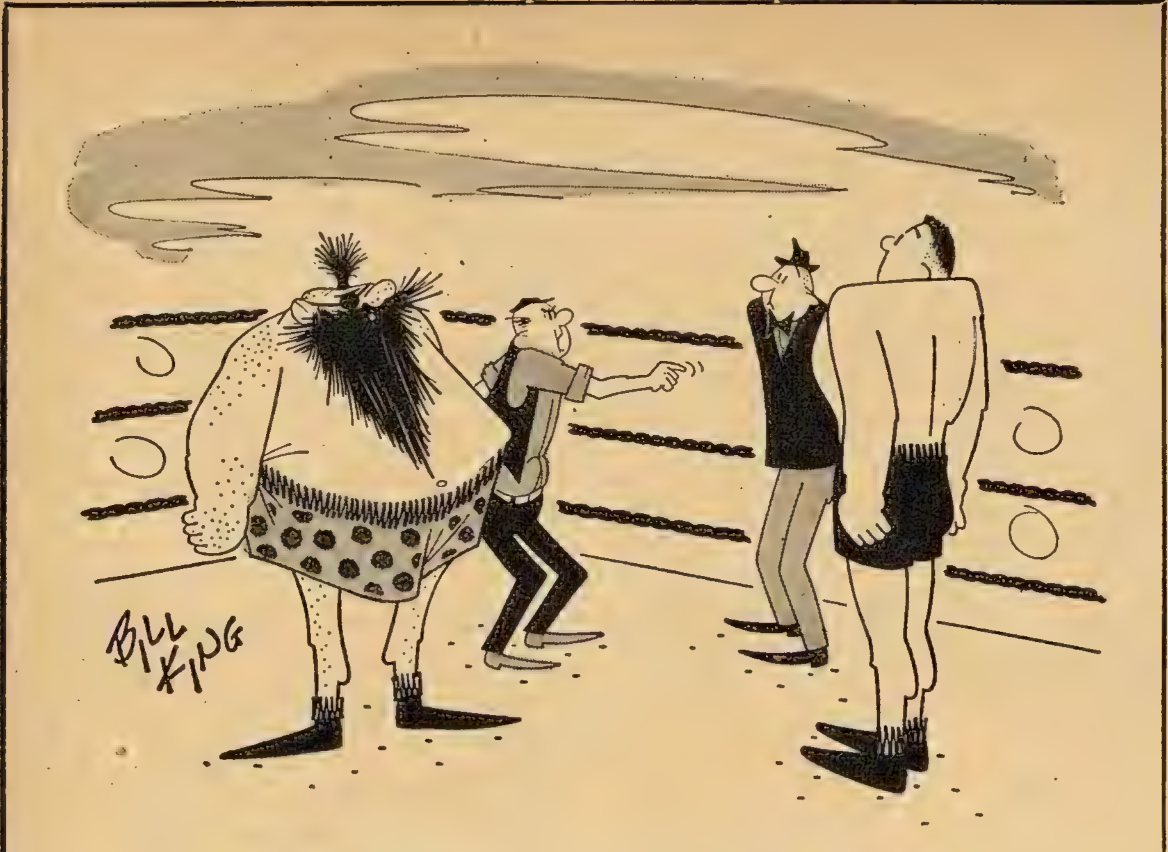
A great many union members alive today can remember when it was dangerous to one's job to join a union. A recurrence of that situation seems a real possibility to them, and the union or closed shop appears to be their only security against it.

Even if that possibility did exist, the closed shop would still be the wrong answer, because it merely exchanges one tyranny for another, and does not establish liberty. But the possibility of employers em-

Advertisement

"But if they don't have Wheaties, we'll just pretend we're dropping in for five minutes."

Drop in at your grocer's—*he has Wheaties!* Look for the well-known orange and blue package. And look into all the essential nourishment, delicious flavor in that "Breakfast of Champions." Set your course for a big bowl of milk, fruit, and Wheaties —tomorrow *and every* morning!



"Where d'ya dig up that jerk? He don't look like no wrestler!"

LIBERTY

barking on a union-busting drive via this method today, even though a minority of them may still be fools enough to desire it, is not even faintly remote. Congress and most of the industrial states have prohibited by law any employer from firing any employee for union activity or membership; and that is one law which will be strengthened if that should prove necessary to achieve its purpose.

IN 1932, Congress passed the Norris-LaGuardia Act, which outlawed the so-called "yellow-dog" contract. That is the employer version of the closed shop, a contract with an individual employee by which the latter agreed to non-membership in a union as a condition of his employment. In 1933 the National Recovery Act first wrote into law the employee's right to organize and bargain collectively through representatives of his own choosing, and prohibited employer interference. Later, in 1935, the same guaranty of employee rights was written into the Wagner Act, this time with stronger enforcement machinery. It is not only illegal, but it can prove very costly for an employer to attempt to fight a union by this method today. The security argument for the closed shop is not valid in the light of that fact.

Another reason for union support of the unliberal closed shop is as old as human nature. Freedom has its risks as well as its rewards for both employers and employees. Many unions with closed-shop contracts, particularly in the building trades, restrict their membership rigidly by controlling the entrance of apprentices. Their members can remember depressions when jobs were scarce, and they are afraid of having more skilled mechanics than there are jobs available. Then, too, it is nice to know that you can always provide a job opportunity for your son or nephew without forcing him to meet too much competition. Monopolies are always comfortable and a good thing for those who control them, even though the public suffers and in the end the monopoly defeats itself. I am afraid that we just can't accept that argument for the closed shop, not unless we're ready to go back to the kind of rigid guild caste system which prevailed in the Middle Ages.

I expect many employers will support the closed shop on much the same basis. Some of them will be afraid of the new problems they will face when the status quo is upset. Others have found it much easier and more convenient to deal with one union boss who has absolute control over all their employees through a closed shop, on the same principle that labor relations are much simpler when one is dealing with slaves than when employees are free men and women. I doubt if that argument will stand up under public inspection.

There is one other reason for union support of the closed shop which makes considerable sense. It is the "free rider" argument. "Why should we pay all the cost of union efforts to gain and administer improved working conditions, and let a lot of workers who won't join the union ride free?" ask union members.

Well, I don't think they should. I can see no possible objection to including in a collective-bargaining contract a clause providing that every employee covered by the contract contribute his pro rata share to the cost of negotiating and administering the contract; and the simplest method probably would be by the check-off. The sum in most cases would be nominal, because the bulk of union dues goes to finance organization and educational work. And it is eminently fair that all employees covered by a contract pay their share of the cost of administering it, just as all employees pay social security contributions.

Union leaders have also advanced as an argument for the closed shop the theory that if a majority of the employees want it, under the principle of majority rule they should be entitled to it, and the minority should conform regardless. What they forget is that under our system the principle of majority rule applies only in the very limited field in which the Constitution gives the government power to act. Congress cannot pass a law abridging the right of free speech, or any of the other individual rights basic to freedom guaranteed in the Constitution. It takes far more than a simple majority to amend the Constitution. In the closed shop we are dealing with the right to work, a right so basic to all freedom that the framers of our Constitution did not even think of writing it into that document. Any time we accept the theory that a simple majority has power to disregard a basic right of any individual or minority, we have gone a long way toward totalitarianism.

I KNOW of many closed-shop unions—notably the printing trades—which are thoroughly democratic and do not abuse their power. But in the past ten years hundreds of individual cases of the most vicious abuse have come to my attention, both in letters and in personal contacts. Men and women have been expelled from a union and lost their jobs because they worked too hard and produced too much, even in war plants during the war. A boy who wanted to be a coppersmith spent his savings and months of his time at vocational school learning the trade, only to find that he could not get into the union which has a monopoly on jobs in that trade. A wireless telegrapher with a family to support was expelled from a union and lost his job merely because he spoke up in meeting against Communist leadership. And for every individual case of that kind, I know there are hundreds I never hear of, and many thousands of other workers who accept the tyranny of union leaders simply because they dare not risk losing their jobs.

I know newspapermen who continue paying heavy dues to a union which they despise, because they know that if they drop out they may be blacklisted and might find it tough to get another job should they ever want to change. It is a cynical comment on human nature to find unions using exactly the same blacklist weapon which they protested against so bitterly when used by employers. Apparently very few human beings, whether union leaders or employers, can withstand the corruption of having too much power over other human beings.

For many years, knowing what an upheaval it would cause in some segments of American industry if the closed shop were outlawed completely, I explored the possibilities of protecting individual and minority right by control and regulation. Many proposals have been made, such as the filing of annual financial reports by unions; federally supervised elections of officers by secret ballot; federally supervised strike votes by secret ballots; a requirement that closed-shop unions must admit any qualified worker to membership; limiting the closed shop to cases where an overwhelming majority of the employees affected voted for it in secret ballot; providing for an appeal to some federal tribunal before a union member could be expelled and lose his job. Some of these proposals were incorporated in the Ball-Burton-Hatch bill which we introduced in 1945.

HOWEVER, the more I studied the problem, the more it became clear to me that such detailed regulation was heading in the wrong direction. Inevitably it would mean a big federal bureaucracy interfering in the internal affairs of unions, and likely to abuse the regulatory powers granted. It is that kind of government we are trying to get away from. And regulation tends to deal merely with symptoms instead of with the basic cause of the problem —the unliberal nature of any device which gives an outside agency control over the individual's right and opportunity to work.

If the closed shop is outlawed, I am confident that the necessity of winning members instead of coercing them will cure these abuses and develop a sounder and more liberal union leadership in a short time.

In the railway industry, where the closed shop has been prohibited since the Railway Labor Act was passed in 1926, employees are almost 100 per cent union, and the unions are among the best run we have. I believe strong unions are essential to a free economy. I think they have a service to sell which can, and will, win them ever increasing membership on a voluntary basis.

I have faith in the value of the American labor movement to its members. More faith in it than those among its leaders who believe that the only way they can maintain their membership is through the compulsion of the unliberal closed shop.

THE END

* * *

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN, 1946

On a tree by a river a little tomtit
Sings, "Willow, tit-willow, tit-willow,"
While beside him, in silence, two other birds sit,
By order of James C. Petrillo.

—*R. T. Sanderson.*

* * *

Are you in the know?

How can you leave at your dating deadline?

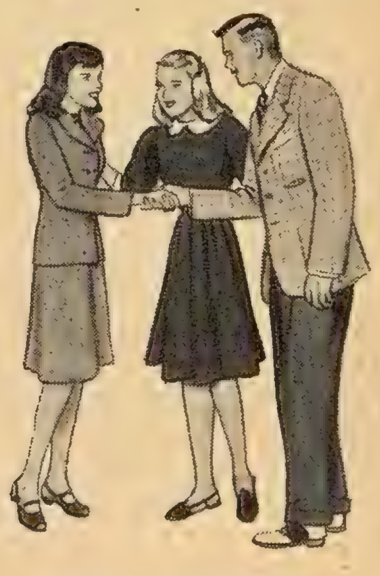
☐ *Tell the crowd Dad insists*
☐ *Say you need your beauty sleep*
☐ *Mention an early A. M. appointment*

Party-ing is such sweet sorrow when you're the gal who must break it up. You're also the gal who must face the family . . . so don't hesitate. Mention an early morning appointment. It's the smooth way to exit at your curfew time. At "difficult" times, curfew for outline fears calls for Kotex. That's because Kotex has *flat, pressed ends* that don't show . . . that prevent revealing outlines. Yes, with Kotex you're poised at any party . . . a smoothie from the word go!

Do you think a thank-you note should be—

☐ *A formal acknowledgment*
☐ *Brief but "personalized"*
☐ *An essay on gratitude*

When sending thanks by mail, you needn't be stiff, or wordy or witty. Make your thank-you brief, but warm with that personal touch that's *you*. Why let "duty notes" nag you? Writing them can be so simple. Likewise, why be needled by problem-day worries—when Kotex can give you peace of mind? The exclusive *safety center* of Kotex means *extra protection* against accidents. And you'll say "thanks" for that *deodorant* in each Kotex napkin!



After making an introduction, then what?

☐ *Follow through*
☐ *Let them take it from there*
☐ *Start talking for talk's sake*

Spare your friends the pause that distresses —after they've said "How do you do?". Follow through! Drop a word about Jim's pet hobby or Jane's mad passion for the Samba. It gives them the pitch for conversation; puts them at ease. To be at ease on "trying" days, let Kotex introduce you to real comfort, dreamy softness that is strictly this side of heaven! For Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. You get lasting comfort . . . more poise per hour!

Kotex
SANITARY NAPKINS
Containing a Deodorant
Kotex
Kotex

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost

He doesn't look

like much of a lover...

but you'd be surprised!

Paramount presents

"Ladies' Man"

Starring

Eddie BRACKEN · Cass DALEY
Virginia WELLES · Spike JONES
and His City Slickers
with JOHNNY COY · VIRGINIA FIELD
Produced by Daniel Dare
Directed by William D. Russell

See and hear Spike play "Cocktails for Two" and "Holiday For Strings"

Pick of THE PICTURES

BY VIRGINIA SPIES

The Best Years of Our Lives

Thoughts of home frighten three tough vets—March, Andrews, and newcomer Russell.

Director Wyler takes time out from coaching Dana Andrews as soda jerk.

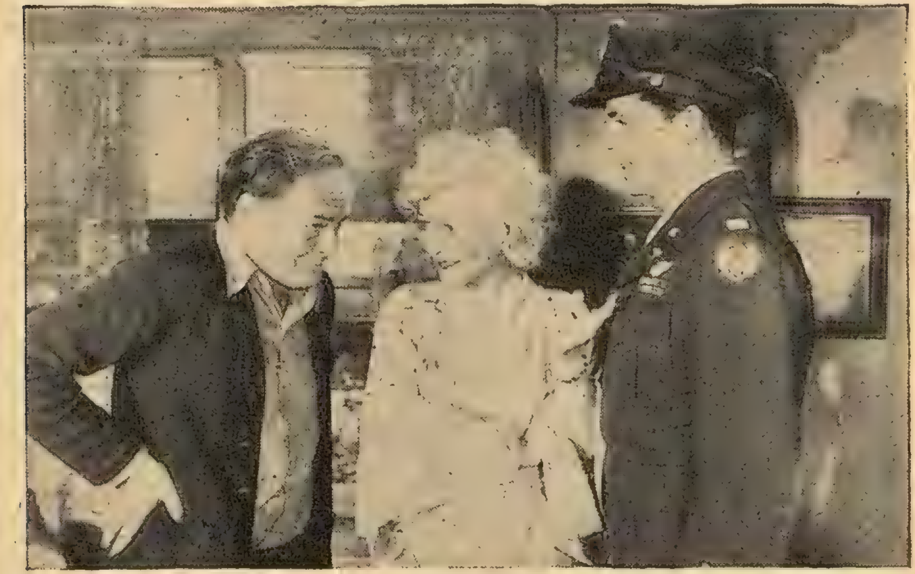
HERE'S a superb movie which all America can claim as its own. For The Best Years of Our Lives, Samuel Goldwyn's greatest production, deals brilliantly and boldly with the much-talked-of but little understood problems of returning veterans. Credit for a vivid, compassionate document goes to this high-powered team: director William Wyler, writer Robert Sherwood, actors Fredric March, Dana Andrews, Myrna Loy, Teresa Wright, and Harold Russell, a handless war hero virtually playing himself. Their combined talents have given Hollywood new stature and dignity.

OTHER PICTURES WORTH SEEING

THE YEARLING (M-G-M). This inspiring tale of Florida farmers stars Gregory Peck, Jane Wyman, and Claude Jarman, a remarkable eleven-year-old boy.
THE PERFECT MARRIAGE (Paramount). Loretta Young and David Niven are paired in a delightfully frothy satire on marital problems.
LADY IN THE LAKE (M-G-M). Raymond Chandler's gripping whodunit is deftly directed by Robert Montgomery, who also plays the leading role.
THE RAZOR'S EDGE (20th Century-Fox). Tyrone Power searches for his soul while Gene Tierney sulks in this elaborate version of Maugham's novel.
MAGNIFICENT DOLL (Universal). Love and politics in early America, with Ginger Rogers, David Niven, and Burgess Meredith taking part.
SONG OF THE SOUTH (Disney). A merry re-creation of the Uncle Remus stories with cute kids, catchy tunes, and ingenious additions to Disney's menagerie.
HUMORESQUE (Warner Bros.). A polished and provocative movie which features fine acting by Joan Crawford, John Garfield, and Oscar Levant.

Harold Russell comes home with hooks for hands, and feels at first that his girl and family can't readjust to the change.

March, a bank official, has an easier time. Wife Myrna Loy and daughter Teresa Wright joke away his last war jitters.



Andrews, a right guy from the wrong side of the tracks, hears from the folks that his flashy bride has been doing the town.

The film's tension is broken by wonderful low-comedy relief when March takes his family and friends on a marathon drunk.

Unable to find his wife, Andrews goes home with March after the brawl. Teresa hears his nightmare, based on war experiences.

Not so understanding is wife Virginia Mayo, who can't understand why Andrews can't do better than his old soda-jerk job.

Teresa tells her puzzled parents that she's deeply in love with Andrews and is planning to break up his foolish war marriage.

Tavern-keeper Hoagy Carmichael gives Russell courage to reclaim his girl, and the other vets also solve their problems.

F.D.R.'S BIGGEST FIGHT

Continued from Page 19

him around in the huge bed. He thought about the problem.

"See here, I think I've hit on a device," he told them one day.

By his order two strong screw eyes were secured in the ceiling above the bed. An iron pipe was run between them and a gymnasium ring put over the pipe. Another ring was hung from this by a broad belt of webbed canvas. Thus Roosevelt could sling the top ring along the pipe, and grasping the other, raise himself by his strong arms and pivot from one side of the bed to the other.

By early spring he was well enough to come downstairs and roughhouse with the younger boys on the floor; or to receive callers on the couch in his library, which was stacked with books from the floor almost to the ceiling, where his ships' models sailed around the top of the shelves.

Because of his illness Roosevelt had resigned some of his public-service committees; others, like the chairmanship of the Boy Scouts of Greater New York, he kept. He offered his resignation to the Fidelity and Deposit Company—*You'll be no good to us if you get sick*—but they refused it, having confidence that he would come back to serve them.

THE most difficult and important thing was to keep up his political contacts. Louis was indefatigable, writing thousands of letters, seeing hundreds of people, keeping up Franklin's own enthusiasm and prodding him to write to people, see people, make political gestures. It was good as far as it went, but Louis knew that it wasn't enough.

"Look, Eleanor," he said, "we've got to keep the Roosevelt name actually in the running. People forget so fast."

"How can we?"

"You've got to go into politics."

"Me, Louis?" Eleanor gasped. "No! You know how I hate making speeches and things like that."

"You want Franklin to have a career to come back to, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, Louis. I'll do what you say, but I'll hate it. Tell me how to begin."

Louis suggested that Eleanor join the Women's Division of the Democratic State Committee, where she formed many new and valuable friendships, eventually becoming Chairman of Finance. She also became prominently identified with the League of Women Voters and the Women's Trade Union League. Louis coached her in public speaking and, like a cruel master, used his power of mimicry to show her how inane her habit of nervous laughter between phrases sounded. He also helped her with a small mimeographed paper that she edited for the committee.

LIBRARIAN
VIC HERMAN

"I want something I'm too young to read."
LIBERTY

Quite on her own, Eleanor learned to drive a car. She also learned to swim in order to be able to teach the younger boys and in some measure to take their father's place.

In addition to all these activities Eleanor was having trouble with Anna, who had developed a morbidly sensitive attitude due to her father's illness and her mother's preoccupation with other things. The house was so crowded with nurses and children that Anna had been relegated to a small room on the fourth floor. She resented this and the fact that Louis, who had come to live with them, had a fine big front room.

Finally, there was an unending struggle with Mrs. Roosevelt, Sr., who never gave up her attempt to gather her son into the cloister of Hyde Park. She argued incessantly, now with Draper, now with Louis, but mostly with Eleanor. At times she worked on Franklin himself, unsettling his hard-bought optimism.

Just once the whole terrible strain became too much for Eleanor. She was reading aloud to the younger boys one afternoon when she suddenly burst into hysterical sobs. Try as she would, she could not stop. Frankie and Johnny looked on in despairing bewilderment. Elliott dashed into the room, took one look, and fled. Louis offered awkward comfort.

There was a happy denouement to Eleanor's only fit of hysterics, for it made Anna realize the strain under which her mother was carrying on; and in trying to help out she became a close friend and companion to Eleanor.

Mrs. Roosevelt, Sr., was right in thinking that Franklin was carrying a terrific load. Even through the worst of that awful winter he insisted on keeping up his business relations and his work for the Boy Scouts.

In addition, he never stopped working to recover the use of his legs. The long days seemed to be made up of one treatment after another, exercises, hot baths, medication, the laborious process of being dressed, and constant efforts to learn new techniques for moving about.

First Franklin learned to manage a wheel chair. Then, in the early spring, Dr. Draper fitted him with braces. These were made of steel tubing strapped to his legs and thighs. There were joints at the knees which permitted them to bend when he sat down. When he was helped to his feet, someone had to slip catches which locked the braces absolutely rigid. Thus he was able to walk on crutches, swinging his legs forward from the waist. By a sort of screwing motion he was even able to ascend a slight incline such as a ramp; but, because his legs were held as unbendingly as the branches of a draftsman's compass, it was physically impossible for him to mount a step more than three inches high.

FRANKLIN gradually regained his full health. His enormous vitality, bottled up by his inability to get around, overflowed into mental activity, while the physical power of his constitution showed itself in the tremendous development of his chest and arms—his chest expansion became greater than that of Jack Dempsey.

Perhaps the most remarkable change was in the appearance of his head. Franklin's features had been classically modeled, delicate; suffering strengthened them with lines of character. The enforced hours of contemplation were reflected in his face by a kind of inner tranquillity; and though his eyes still laughed at the world, the laughter was warmly human. His physical and mental growth altered his aspect from rather sensitive beauty to massive magnificence.

But despite the power of his will and the tremendous effort he put into the exercises prescribed by Dr. Lovett, his legs remained almost completely useless. There was some slight improvement. Once he said, "You people don't realize what it is just to be able to wiggle your foot."

When Franklin had become expert on his crutches and explored the possibilities and limitations of this form of locomotion, he decided that it was time to appear in the world. Louis Howe, with his eyes always on the chance to realize his vicarious ambition, offered a piece of sound advice.

"Never allow yourself to be carried in public, Franklin," he said. "If there are steps to be got up, just don't go." Roosevelt instantly recognized the wisdom of this dictum.

Despite the difficult technique of getting about, nobody who knew him well thought of Roosevelt as an invalid. His gaiety, his drive, and the swift play of his mind were partly responsible for this; but the real reason was a psychological *tour de force*. His friends didn't think of him like that for the reason that it never occurred to him to regard himself as an invalid. He felt fine, and gloried in the abundance of his strength and the surge of his vitality.

Fortunately the offices of the Fidelity and Deposit Company were in the Equitable Building, which had one low step that Franklin could negotiate. In the fall of 1922, after spending the summer at Hyde Park, he began going to his office regularly. Once there, he stayed put behind his desk until it was time to go home.

At this point he became aware of some slight compensatory advantage in his infirmity.

Anybody who wanted to talk with him had to come to see him. There was none of the waste of time or the distraction of mind involved in going all over town calling on people; and he had the further psychological advantage of seeing them on his home grounds. At the same time he realized that it was up to him to make them want to see him enough to seek him out. He had to *be* a better mousetrap.

BY the summer of 1924 Roosevelt felt ready and able to resume an active role in politics.

The morning of June 26, 1924, happened to be the one cool day of the Democratic National Convention. The sliding roof of the old Madison Square Garden was shoved back so that fresh air and sunshine revived the spirits of the delegates.

The Garden was jammed. On the floor the delegates were packed in orderly rows around the standards of their states. Behind a white picket fence, the press worked their typewriters furiously. In the flag-draped boxes and galleries people were wedged like the subway crowd at rush hour.

The nerves of the whole great assemblage were stretched taut by the mounting tension of religious bigotry and hate.

Roosevelt, in his wheel chair beside the New York delegation in the center of the hall, was more nervous than he had ever been before. This day would mark his return to public life; it would be the first time he addressed a great crowd since his illness. He could not help wondering if he *could* pull it off.

The invocation was read and the roll call of the states began with Alabama. The others followed in order until—

"Colorado!"

Governor Sweet rose to make a seconding speech for McAdoo, who had been nominated the day before. Instantly the undercurrent of hatred broke out in the open. Boos and catcalls from the pro-Smith galleries merged into a chant of "Oil! Oil! Oil!"

Chairman Tom Walsh of Montana, very natty in white flannel trousers and a blue jacket with a rose in his buttonhole, finally achieved some order.

Governor Sweet then made his speech and a half-hearted parade of states followed, while cheers, catcalls, and fire sirens made a hideous din. After the outburst the roll call continued.

"Connecticut!"

No one wanted to speak from Connecticut.

"Delaware!"

"Delaware yields to New York."

This was the moment, and a roaring sound rose through the open roof. Under cover of the storm Jimmy Roosevelt helped his father to his crutches and bent to slip the catches on his braces. Then they walked slowly together up the center aisle.

FRANKLIN gained the platform by a ramp at the back and came forward to the speaker's place. As the crowd recognized him, a great new wave of cheering swept the hall; even the McAdoo delegates were on their feet to welcome him back.

Franklin handed his crutches to Jimmy and steadied himself with both hands on the lectern. Staring at him were the big shiny eyes of the microphones which, for the first time, would carry his voice over the air. He was not nervous any more; the genuine affection of those cheering people warmed his heart, and he told them so:

"To meet again so many friends whom I have not seen since the last Democratic national gathering, gives me a thrill of pleasure."

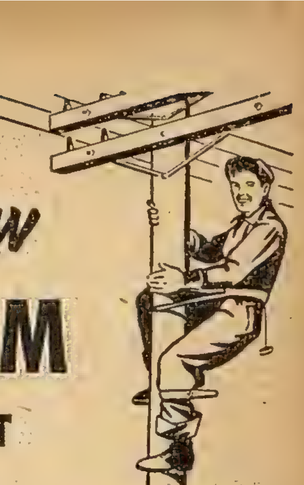
The people knew that was true by the vibrant delight in his voice, which carried easily to the farthest cranny of the top balcony.

Then Roosevelt began to talk about the man who he believed could unite Democracy and lead it forward . . . "known throughout the nation as one of the real leaders of whom millions of Americans, regardless of party, are proud. . . .

"Profound love goes out to him from every class and every section of the community. . . ."

The speech was like the crisp air that poured down through the open roof to refresh the spirit as well as the bodies of men. There was no word of hate, no thought of bitterness. It was utterly sincere. The people knew it, and even those who were most bitterly against what he stood for, were for him. They were touched by the earnestness of his eyes, so vividly blue in the dark tan of his face; they thrilled to the voice that carried his inspiring words so well; they could not help smiling when he smiled.

Franklin knew that he had won his audience. They paid him the rare tribute of silence, except when some voice barked approval from the galleries. He was carried away by exaltation. His legs were numb in their



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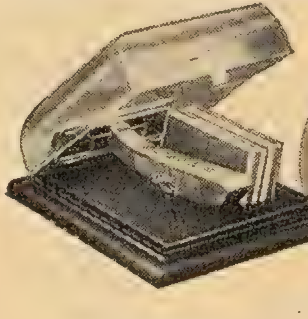

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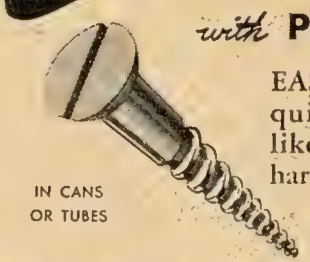

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braces, his hands were cramped from sustaining his weight on the lectern, but he did not notice. The strength and the power was in him and his voice rang exuberantly through the hall:

"His foes are a badge of honor. . . .

"He is the most dangerous adversary the Republican Party ever had to fear. . . . When our national ticket went down to defeat by 1,100,000 votes, he lost by 74,000. He got 1,000,000 votes more than I did and I take my hat off to him!"

The crowd yelled with delight at that sporting gesture.

"Our candidate has the quality of militant leadership. . . . He is the Happy Warrior of the political battlefield.

"This man . . . beloved by all, trusted by all, respected by all; this man who all admit can bring us overwhelming victory this year; this man of destiny whom our state proudly dedicates to the nation, our own Alfred E.——"

The last name was lost, for the tremendous pressure of emotion that Roosevelt had built up in his audience burst out in a cosmic crash of sound. Looking out over the great crowd, Franklin saw it break into wild confusion like water lashed by sudden storm. In the maelstrom of tossing arms and faces, he could recognize some of his friends—Jim Farley raising the standard of New York high above all heads; state senator Jimmy Walker standing on a chair yelling. The whole hall was a bedlam and, as the fire siren joined in, the old walls seemed about to crumble.

He'd done it! Franklin knew that if anything could nominate Al Smith, that speech would. Suddenly fatigue hit him. Jimmy at his elbow half lifted him one short step back to a chair, and he fell into it. He was dripping with perspiration; even his hair was soaking wet and great crystals of sweat stood on his forehead.

He was utterly spent but completely happy. He'd done it, all right.

The parade of states was forming behind New York, and through the turmoil Franklin felt rather than heard the beat of the bands playing The Sidewalks of New York.

BUT oratory and logic were not enough—and there was little logic around that convention. It remained deadlocked for 102 ballots; then swung, in a desperate delirium, to the compromise candidate, John W. Davis.

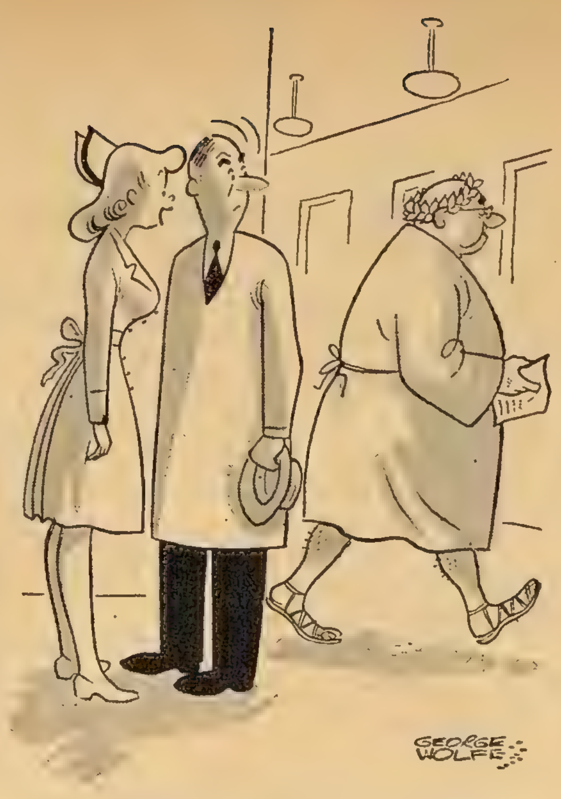
From that moment the election was lost.

Part Three of this series will appear in the next issue of Liberty.

* * *

More success is attained by being awake in the daytime than by sitting up nights!—*Mary March.*

* * *



"Dr. Hull handles all the Caesarian operations!"

LIBERTY

HAUNTED HONEYMOON

Continued from Page 15

went into the bedroom and began rapping the walls.

"Dud, quit that," Hedy called from the bathroom. "It's after ten o'clock." There was a heavy thump. "Dud, what are you doing?"

"Did you drop something?" he asked.

"Of course not."

Dud moved delicately through the hall to the kitchen. The thump had come from the milk bottle falling off the sink. Lapping at the milk on the floor was the biggest dog in the world. Its back reached almost as high as the sink. Its feet were as big as a man's hands. It had a tongue the size of a mop, and as it looked up at Dud, its mouth open, he thought, Oh, grandma, what big teeth you've got!

"Hedy!" he called in a small voice.

"Yes, darling."

"Don't come out right now."

She emerged immediately, as Dud, if he'd been married longer, would have expected. She had on a house coat.

"Oh," she said, seeing the dog. "Dud, why'd you let him in?"

"I didn't let him. He was just here."

"It must be Cooper's dog."

"Cooper ought to train him better." Dud opened the back door. "O. K., dog. Scram! Get out of here!"

The dog yawned and lumbered into the bedroom. Dud bolted the door and followed it, Hedy behind him. The dog climbed onto the bed and lay down.

"I don't think I like dog ghosts," Hedy admitted.

"Well, I'm going to have the police in to get rid of him!"

"Darling, the police can't help us. That's Cooper's dog."

"That's right," a voice said

"Darling," Hedy whispered, "was that the dog or was it Cooper?"

"I hope," Dud said, "it was Cooper." At this point a mere ghost was much preferable to a talking dog. Dud had the feeling that he was outside the world of other men, that in this apartment natural laws were suspended. He shook the feeling off. A shrill whistle came from the kitchen. The dog got off the bed and lumbered into the kitchen.

"Dud, he's in there. In the kitchen."

"Nonsense," Dud said. "That whistle was from outside."

"It sounded to me like it came from the kitchen."

"Well, you know how sound travels at night."

"Then if it came from outside, there wouldn't be anybody in the kitchen now, would there, darling? Nobody but the dog."

"Of course not."

"Then you wouldn't mind stepping in just to make sure, would you, darling?"

DUD took his Luger from the mantel of the marble fireplace. He pulled open the action to throw a shell in the chamber. The action stuck open; the gun was empty. "Hedy, did you unload this gun?"

"I certainly wouldn't touch the thing."

"But I had a full clip of cartridges."

"Darling, a gun is no good against ghosts anyhow."

Dud went into the kitchen, Hedy tagging behind.

The kitchen was empty.

"Well, good riddance," Dud said, relieved.

"Darling, did you get out another bottle of milk?"

"No. What bottle of milk?"

"That one right there," she said, pointing to a bottle on the sink. A glassful had been poured from it, and the empty glass stood there.

"The dog didn't pour himself a glass of milk," Dud said, "I hope."

"We're too late!" Hedy wailed. "Cooper was here and now he's gone! We missed him!"

At that instant the dog ambled in from the bedroom, from which Hedy and Dud had just come when they had followed the dog into the kitchen. It was a bit involved for Dud, and he reached out gingerly to pat the brute on the back. The dog ignored him, and lapped a bit of overlooked milk from the linoleum.

"Anyhow, it's real," Dud said, as if that meant something. "The solidest dog I ever saw for floating into thin air."

"Mick!" a voice called from the bedroom. "Mick!"

"Cooper!" Hedy cried, and followed eagerly as the dog ambled into the bedroom.

A soldier in field uniform was sitting on the edge of the bed taking off his combat boots. The dog climbed onto the bed and the soldier said, "Lie down, Mick." The soldier's

(*Continued on page 62*)

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(*Continued from page 60*)

pants and jacket were caked with dried mud and his steel helmet had a bullet hole on each side.

"Er—Mr. Cooper?" Hedy asked.

"Ethel!" The soldier sprang up eagerly. Then he sighed and sat down. "No, you're not Ethel. You're the pair which moved in today. I told you not to move this bed. I want everything left just like Ethel had it."

"Well, it's certainly the worst arrangement of furniture I ever saw in my born life," Hedy said emphatically.

"I'll tell you, lady. I was moving this furniture around sometimes twice a day before Ethel finally got it fixed. And it stays fixed."

"We'd better come to an understanding, Mr. Cooper. Mr. Billings said you'd visit us, and you're welcome enough to drop in and see if Ethel is back yet. We want you to feel at home. But I'm going to have the furniture the way I want it."

COOPER pulled off his boots and wiggled his toes. "This is a rough life," he sighed. "On the go day after day, looking for Ethel. My feet are killing me. Know where I was at today? I was in New York. And then the long trip back."

"Why didn't you stay there?"

"I just got restless. I really didn't think she'd be there. Right here's where she's going to be." And then Cooper climbed into bed.

"What do you think you're doing?" Dud asked.

"I'm going to bed."

"You're going to bed! And where do we sleep?"

"Beats me, pal. And how about turning out the lights? I need my rest." Cooper pulled the covers up over his helmet. The enormous dog lay on guard.

"Well, after all, darling," Hedy said, "Mr. Billings told us."

"Mr. Billings didn't tell us that he and his damned pooch had to sleep in the bed!" Dud cried. After all, ghost or no ghost, this was his wedding night. And if it wasn't for that big horse of a dog—Dud looked about bleakly.

The large chair might be slept in. Otherwise there was the floor. "I'm going to see Mr. Billings about this!"

"Now, darling," Hedy soothed. "Mr. Billings told us not to come crying to him. . . . Mr. Cooper, are you asleep?"

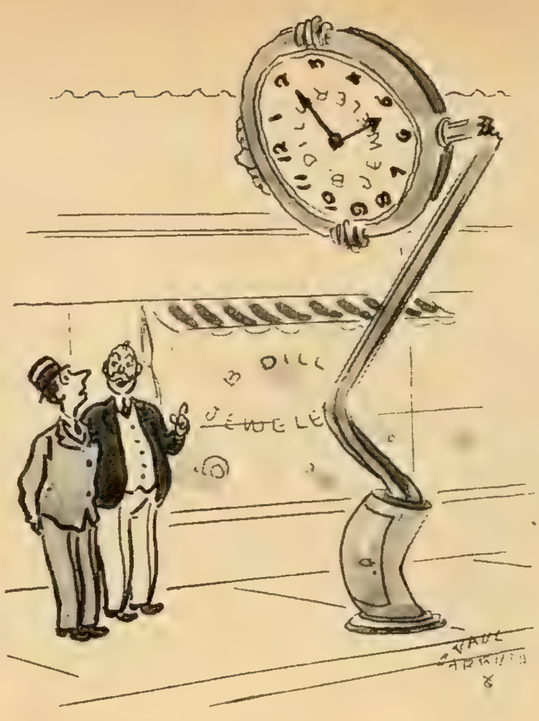
"How can I sleep with you two yapping?" Cooper said petulantly.

"I know you're tired, but you see I'm just thrilled to pieces," Hedy said. "You're the first real live ghost I ever talked with. Do you mind if I just sort of talk a little bit?"

"Talk, talk, talk," Cooper growled. "There's a woman for you. What d'you want to talk about?"

"Well, I was overseas, too. Dud and I both. We were in England most of the time. I was a Wac. Maybe we saw you over there."

"Don't remember you," the voice growled from the bed.



"It goes fine ever since the truck hit it."

"Well, how did you like England?"

"It was O.K."

"Did you have a bunny?"

"Bunny? What is this, lady?"

"Didn't you have an English girl?"

"Look, lady, I'm just here waiting for Ethel. Never mind about the English girls."

"I understand, Mr. Cooper," Hedy said. She tried a new subject: "Mr. Billings said you were killed at Normandy."

"That's right. D Day."

"What outfit were you with?"

"Me? First Division. Turn out the light and please close your yap, lady. I'm sleepy. Big day tomorrow."

"Isn't that a coincidence!" Hedy cried. "I knew some of the boys of the First when they were holding maneuvers at Big Wood, before the invasion. Maybe I saw you there."

"I don't remember you, lady."

"Remember how the boys used to go up on Erskine Hill with their girls to look at the moon? Have you ever gone back, Mr. Cooper, just for old times' sake?"

"Yeah; but it was a disappointment. Everybody gone now."

"Pretty bleak now, I expect. Just row after row of empty Nissen huts at Big Wood, I expect."

"That's right, lady. And now, how about the lights?"

Dud sighed. He had spent considerable time dreaming of marriage. Never had his wildest dreams remotely approached this. Hedy slipped into her coat. "I'll only be a minute."

"Where are you going?" Dud asked.

"You sit right there and entertain Mr. Cooper, darling. I think it's so marvelous to have a real ghost in the apartment. I'm just going to pop around the corner for a bottle. Don't go away, Mr. Cooper. I want to have a real talk with you." And out she went.

Cooper sat up in bed and regarded Dud dubiously. "Say, that wife of yours is a character."

"I'm afraid," Dud admitted bleakly, "she is."

"She seems almost glad to have me around. Going out for a bottle. First time *that* happened. Folks generally don't like me."

"I certainly can't understand *that*," Dud said acidly. "Personally, I'd toss you out on your ear if it wasn't for that dog of yours."

"Well, look at my side of things," Cooper said.

At that instant there was a heavy pounding on the door and a deep voice yelled, "Open up! This is the police!"

Cooper and his dog disappeared. Not, however, into thin air. Cooper leaped out of bed and dived into the big marble fireplace. The back of the fireplace swung open and he scampered through with the big dog at his heels.

Dud opened the door. Hedy was there with a small man in a black overcoat who was grinning as if he had just played a priceless prank.

"Thank you, Mr. Fitch," Hedy said.

"Don't mention it, lady. Is that all?"

"That's all. Good-by, Mr. Fitch. Good night."

"Good night," Mr. Fitch said, and he went away.

HEDY looked about. "What happened to Mr. Cooper?"

"He's a phony. Him and his dog both. There's a passage behind that fireplace. I told you you could expect anything in these old houses. It was all a gag."

"A dirty trick!" Hedy declared. "I *did* want to meet a real live ghost. And then I saw he was a phony."

"What?" Dud asked. "You mean you knew it all along?"

"Of course, darling. That's why I went out and asked Mr. Fitch to knock on the door and say he was the police. I just wanted to make sure of it."

"H'mm," Dud said. "And who is Mr. Fitch?"

"Oh, he was just passing by on the street. A very nice fellow. You see, I got to thinking about the bullets."

"Bullets? What bullets?"

"In your Luger. You see, if Mr. Cooper was a ghost, why would he make sure the gun was empty? Bullets can't hurt a ghost."

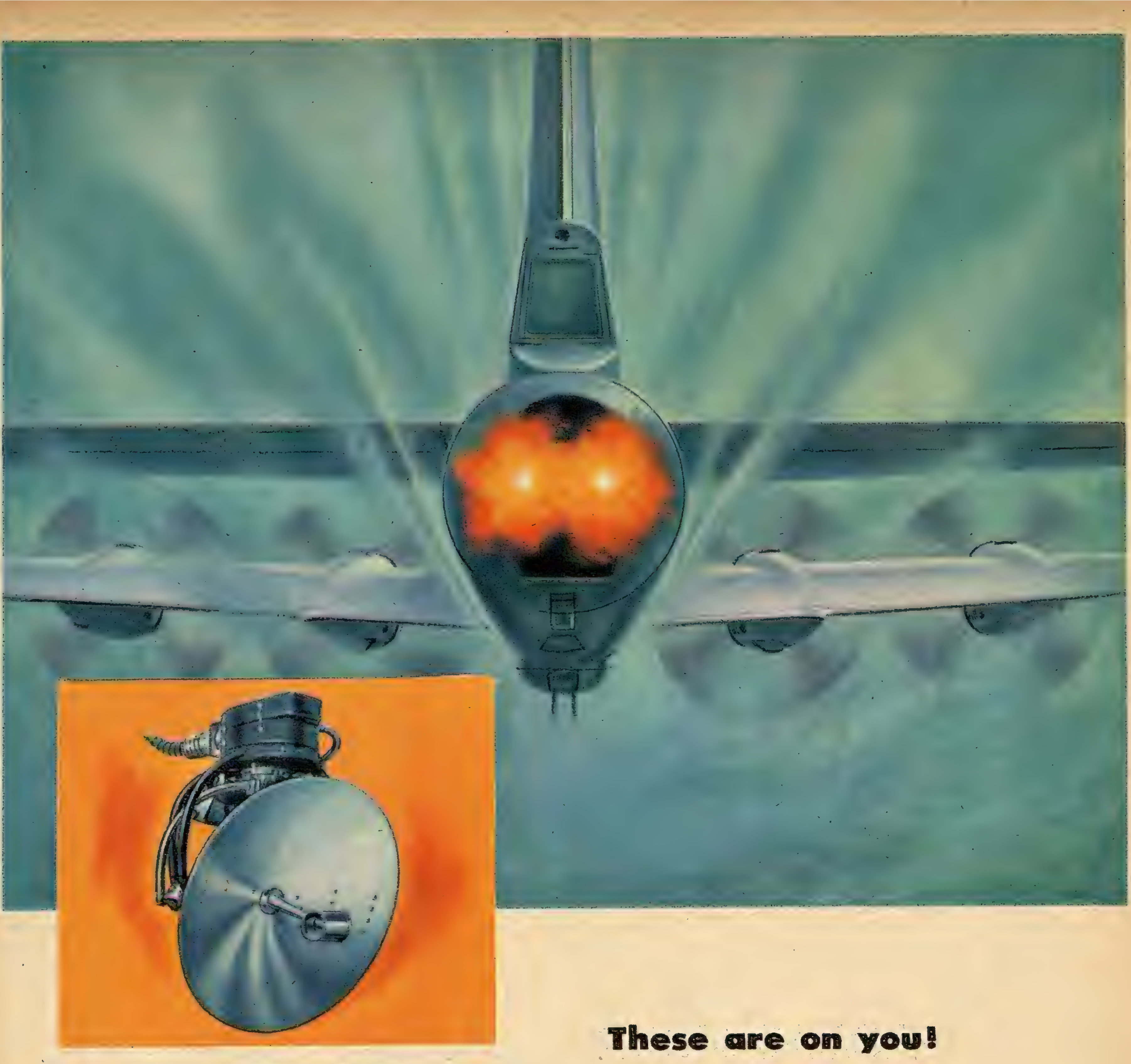
"That," Dud admitted, "makes a mental giant out of me."

"But I didn't start thinking about *that* until I found out Cooper never was in England with the First Division."

"Oh?"

"Now, don't be cross with me, darling. Of course I realize you must have known all along. You would have thrown him out, except for the dog. But I wanted to talk with a real ghost and all, and then—well, he didn't even know what a bunny was. And no division ever maneu-

(*Continued on page 64*)



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(*Continued from page 62*)

vered at Big Wood, because it's a very small park in London, and Erskine Hill isn't a hill but a street near by, and—well, he was just a phony, that's all."

At this point the lumpy figure of the landlord, Mr. Billings, crawled through the fireplace. "Just a little joke, friends!" he said and laughed heartily. "Always kidding, that's me."

"I certainly can't see the joke," Hedy said.

"I think it's a scream," Dud said. "And with a turnover of three or four tenants a week at a hundred dollars in advance each, I'll bet you've been dying laughing."

"Now, friends," Mr. Billings said, hurt. "You got the wrong idea. Money don't mean a thing to me. I'll tell you what I'll do, friend. I'll cut your rent in half. Fifty dollars a month. I'll give you a receipt for two months for what you paid."

"I can see your heart's in the right place, Mr. Billings," Dud admitted. He accepted the receipt, which the landlord made out with a slightly shaky hand. "And now, if I were you I'd get a carpenter up here in the morning to nail up that passage through the fireplace and the one in the kitchen, wherever it is there. And I'd try to control my sense of humor from now on. I don't imagine that the people you've fleeced would want to go about telling how they were scared out by a ghost. But if this thing ever reached the newspapers they might not see the joke. They might even insist that you go to prison, Mr. Billings."

"Friends, you wouldn't want to go do a thing like that," Mr. Billings said pleadingly. "Where can you get an apartment like this for fifty a month? Where can you *get* an apartment, friend?"

"That," Dud admitted, "is just it. Except that it would end up with some detective moving in, I'd call the police right now. Good night, Mr. Billings." Mr. Billings left.

LATER, just as Dud was dozing off, Hedy said, "Dud."

"Huh?"

"Dud, maybe we should have called the police after all."

"And disillusion all those people who cherish the belief that they've seen and talked to a spirit? Who wouldn't pay a hundred dollars for the experience? Cheap at the price."

"Maybe you're right. I never was so disappointed in my born life."

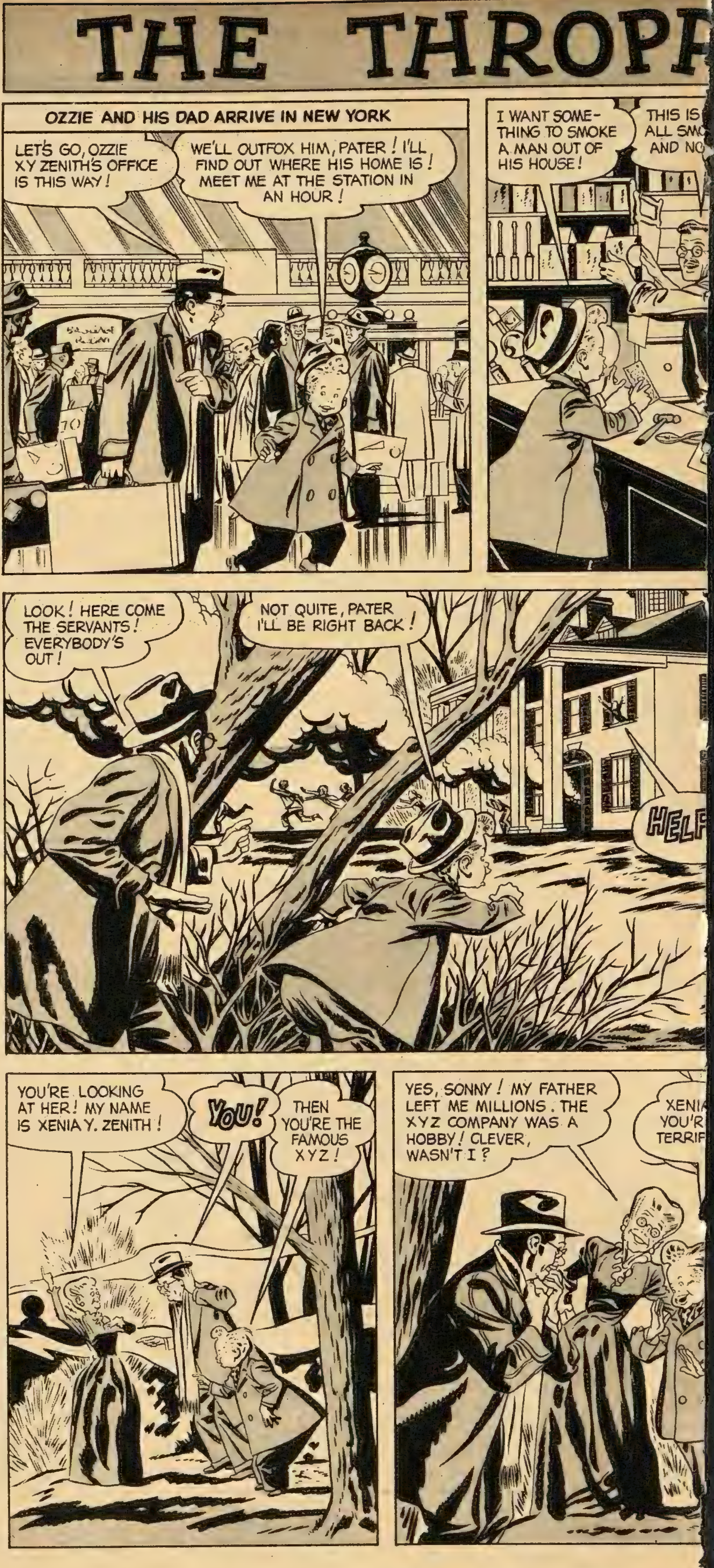
He was just dozing off again when she said, "Dud."

"Huh?" He hadn't learned, yet, to pretend deep slumber.

"Darling, isn't it wonderful to be married? I never dreamed it could be so exciting. We haven't been married a day yet, and look what's happened already!"

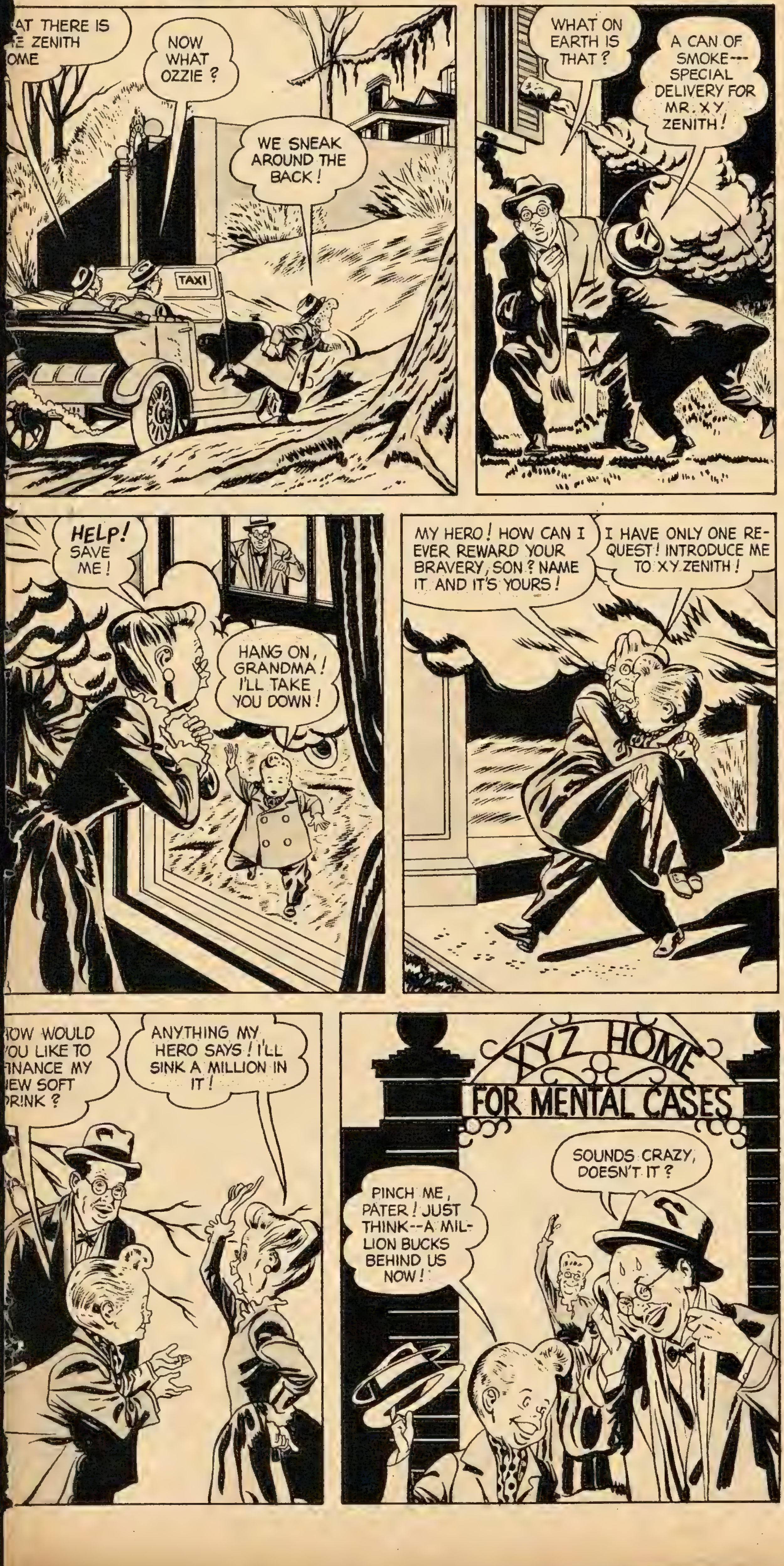
"Honey, I hope you're not going to be disappointed. But I doubt," he said firmly, "that the average will hold up."

THE END


THE THROPP
OZZIE AND HIS DAD ARRIVE IN NEW YORK
LET'S GO, OZZIE XY ZENITH'S OFFICE IS THIS WAY!
WE'LL OUTFOX HIM, PATER! I'LL FIND OUT WHERE HIS HOME IS! MEET ME AT THE STATION IN AN HOUR!
I WANT SOME-THING TO SMOKE A MAN OUT OF HIS HOUSE!
THIS IS ALL SM AND NO
LOOK! HERE COME THE SERVANTS! EVERYBODY'S OUT!
NOT QUITE, PATER I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
HELF
YOU'RE LOOKING AT HER! MY NAME IS XENIA Y. ZENITH!
YOU!
THEN YOU'RE THE FAMOUS XYZ!
YES, SONNY! MY FATHER LEFT ME MILLIONS. THE XYZ COMPANY WAS A HOBBY! CLEVER, WASN'T I?
XENIA YOU'R TERRIF

FAMILY

Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**


AT THERE IS
E ZENITH
OME
NOW WHAT OZZIE ?
WE SNEAK AROUND THE BACK !
TAXI
WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT ?
A CAN OF SMOKE--- SPECIAL DELIVERY FOR MR. XY ZENITH !
HELP! SAVE ME !
HANG ON, GRANDMA ! I'LL TAKE YOU DOWN !
MY HERO ! HOW CAN I EVER REWARD YOUR BRAVERY, SON ? NAME IT AND IT'S YOURS !
I HAVE ONLY ONE REQUEST ! INTRODUCE ME TO XY ZENITH !
IOW WOULD
OU LIKE TO
INANCE MY
IEW SOFT
RINK ?
ANYTHING MY HERO SAYS ! I'LL SINK A MILLION IN IT !
XYZ HOME
FOR MENTAL CASES
SOUNDS CRAZY, DOESN'T IT ?
PINCH ME, PATER ! JUST THINK--A MILLION BUCKS BEHIND US NOW !

TICKET TO TECATE

Continued from Page 27

ed out to him an odor of stale cigarette smoke and wine.

He heard the murmur of their voices, indistinct against the fan's rachety whir, and Nat said with abrupt emphasis, "That's final, Monk. No more credit."

Monk got to his feet heavily. "Well, if that's the way you feel," he said.

"The way I feel's got nothing to do with it," Nat told him. "I run this bar on a strictly cash basis."

Diaz backed away as Monk shoved through the door, his gray face sullen and drawn. When he noticed Diaz he paused and his eyebrows lifted. "You still hanging around?"

Diaz sensed that the situation might present an opportunity. "For a ride to Tecate," he blurted, "I will pay—ten dollars!"

Monk snorted.

"I will pay now, in advance," Diaz declared. From the pocket of his jeans he drew a thick sheaf of currency held together by a rubber band.

MONK'S eyes widened. He stood scratching one ear. "Where'd you get that roll?"

"It is for my marriage," Diaz explained. It was a great deal of money, in his opinion. More than he could ever earn in Tecate, but in Imperial Valley he had been able to save this amount within three months. Surely he could afford one extravagance. "I was paid off yesterday," he said. "I walked in from the ranch last night."

"Yeah? Well, if I was you I wouldn't flash that stuff around. It might give some people the wrong idea, if you know what I mean."

Remembering the motorcycle policeman, Diaz thought that he did know. "They are Jeffersons," he said. "As soon as I reach the border I will exchange them for pesos."

Monk squinted absently along the flat shining ribbon of highway and rubbed the back of his hand across his mouth. When he glanced back at Diaz the wry half-grin had returned to his face. "Sure," he said. "Sure. It's a deal."

"Gracias," Diaz let out his breath. "Will we be there by evening?" he added uncertainly. "Before the border closes?"

"Why not?" Monk said. "Hop in. I'll be right out."

He waited until Diaz had stuffed the money back in his pocket and he re-entered the tavern. Diaz crawled into the coupé with a pleasant tingle of anticipation. It was possible now that he would be home before dark, quicker even than by bus. And as he fanned his moist dark face with his hat, his impatience grew.

Monk reappeared several minutes later carrying a sports coat over his arm. He laid it on the seat between them, kicked the starter, and the coupé eased forward onto the highway. They rode in silence for some time, eating up the bleak sun-baked miles of mesquite and sage. Diaz leaned back against the cushions.

"You know this country pretty well, do you?" Monk asked him finally.

"It is my first time here," Diaz said.

The fat man grunted. "Your girl expecting you in Tecate?"

"No," Diaz said, "she does not know that I come."

HE inclined his head toward the window to hide a smile, picturing to himself her surprise. Three months had been a very long time; three months of grinding backbreaking labor in the fields. Unconsciously his finger stole to the bulge in his pocket. It would be more than enough to pay for the feast, to buy presents, and to provide the other necessities of the ceremony.

The distant purpling of the mountains swam into sight on the horizon and the coupé entered a long imperceptible climb. Monk was driving more slowly, and his eyes darted from one side of the road to the other. Diaz looked at him curiously. Sweat glistened on the fat man's upper lip and his pupils were dilated with an odd glassiness.

"Something is wrong?"

Monk's eyes wavered to the rear-view mirror, and without answering he twisted the wheel. The car tilted down a short steep pitch that forked to the left onto a narrow unmarked dirt road. The brush was thicker here, with clumps of spiny ocotillo and overhanging greasewood that screened the highway within a few yards. A mile or so farther on, the road branched and Monk swerved off in a dim set of wheel tracks.

"This is the right way?" Diaz asked.

Monk was stooped forward, intent on his steering. "Short cut," he said.

The coupé jolted over a series of washboards and Diaz braced himself. Gradually a reluctant uneasiness began to take shape in him. It was nothing that he could isolate or define at once, but the doubt persisted. He regretted now his impulse of showing the fat man all his money. Perhaps he had talked too much.

"We will be in time?"

The engine started to labor and Monk shifted into second gear. He made a grimace. "Keep your shirt on. I'll get you there."

The tracks threaded across the ridge and down into a barren sandy arroyo. They had left the highway several miles behind, without passing a shack or signpost. Diaz pressed over against his door, his fingers laced tensely in his lap. As the coupé crept forward through its own heat shimmer he was conscious of the relentless crunch of the tires, the plop of gravel against the fenders and the sultry pounding of his own heart.

Monk's right hand had dropped from the rim of the steering wheel to the coat on the seat. Diaz stared straight ahead, holding in against the mounting certainty, until he recognized, beyond any question, what he should have known from the beginning. No one had seen them drive away together from the tavern; no one would inquire after a crop hopper, a foreigner. The design seemed obvious and simple now.

He fought down a wild desire to leap from the car and run. The tracks had petered out altogether. The arroyo pinched in between scarred rocky banks that imprisoned the heat, and the expanse of desert floor was cut from view behind them. Monk jerked the coupé to a standstill and switched off the ignition. In the thick hushed silence he sat unmoving for an instant, his expressionless eyes fixed on Diaz' face.

"Get out," he said.

His hand drew an automatic from under the folded coat. "Get out! And hand it over!"

Diaz stepped down into the soft ankle-deep sand and raised his arms. Monk squeezed to the ground beside him. "The money," Diaz said. "It is for my *novia.*"

"Don't stall." Monk took a single step forward, the gun glinting in his hand. "Don't stall and you won't get hurt."

Diaz moistened his lips with his tongue. "But you do not understand. The money does not belong to me. It is promised."

Monk grinned. He patted both Diaz' pockets and slapped a hand over his shirt. He yanked off his hat and ripped out the sweatband. Slowly his mouth tightened again. "O.K., *cholo,*" he said. "I'll find it. I got plenty of time."

He tossed Diaz' suitcase out beside the running board and dumped the clothes, rummaged through them swiftly. Next he clawed loose the lining. When he straightened, his eyes were narrowed and he was breathing hard. "You had that roll when you got in! Where is it?"

A nerve twitched in Diaz' throat. With an effort he looked away from the automatic. He felt the tortured heat of the sand through the soles of his shoes, and the spurt of his racing pulse. He shook his head slackly, from side to side, unable to control or check the movement.

"What did you do with it."

As through a mist he saw Monk reach behind him and pull from the floor of the car an iron jack handle and shamble toward him, dragging his feet and panting. He flung his arms before his face in a futile involuntary gesture. The handle smashed down on his shoulder with sickening impact. Monk swung again as Diaz reeled backward, his brain spinning crazily. His head exploded in a brilliant flash of pain and he sank into darkness.

WHEN his eyelids fluttered open he was sprawled on one side with his face in the dirt. He lay perfectly still while his mind groped through a shadow fog toward an explanation of where he was and how he had come there. The air was hot and close, but with a difference that he did not immediately detect; it was night. He had been lying unconscious for hours.

As he struggled to his feet a wave of nausea swept over him, and the salt taste of blood soured in his mouth. In the thin sheen of the starlight he could distinguish the contents of his suitcase and the wheel ruts where Monk had backed the coupé around. His hands went to his pockets. The money—the money for the wedding—was gone.

Because for so long he had clung to one purpose, he could not readily grasp the numbing implication of his loss. He stumbled back along the arroyo, following the tracks. He must hurry, he thought, to catch the midnight bus. He would be late. And then the realization struck him: a ticket cost money. He could not even buy a ticket home.

Afterward it seemed to Diaz that he had been moving through an endless vacuum, an unreal void of silhouetted cactus and mournful night sounds. The ruts under his feet had become a road and the road became a highway, and he was tottering drunkenly along a painted white line that led down the center of it. The headlights of a truck flashed around a curve and trapped him in an onrushing cone. Brakes squealed to a stop, an outraged voice swore, but at Diaz' plea rumbled a grudging assent, and Diaz found himself riding once more, the way he had come, toward Desert Center.

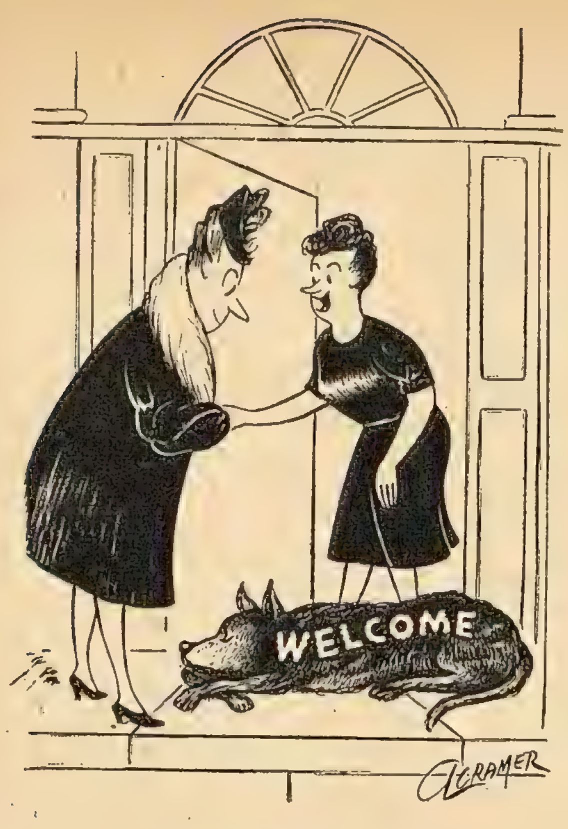
On the main street he stepped down from the cab stiffly. The town sweltered around him in a stirring of dry wind, and a single bulb still burned in the garage where Ed, the ticket agent, waited up for the bus. Keeping to the shadows, Diaz limped on by the darkened store fronts toward the intersection, goaded by a kind of stubborn desperation.

A BAR of yellow light slanted through the tavern door and a juke box was blaring in full crescendo. Half a dozen cars were parked in front, Monk's battered coupé among them, as he had guessed it would be.

He crouched by a corner of the building until he was sure that none were occupied, that Monk himself was engaged at the bar. Circling to the coupé's far side, he lowered the door handle cautiously, slipped inside and closed the door behind him. The jack handle lay innocent and cleaned now among the other tools on the floor. His hand trembled as he thrust down behind the seat and ran his fingers along the upholstery and the coiled springs underneath.

He was searching mechanically, feeling back and forth, when a face peered through the open window. "What you doing in there?" a familiar voice said.

Diaz looked without comprehen-



“He’s always lying there, so when we clipped him . . . ”

sion at the highway patrolman. He was beyond the point of fear, or even of self-concern, and he mumbled, “I hunt for my money, señor.”

Charlie raked his flashlight along the dashboard to the chain of keys dangling from the ignition lock and turned a suspicious frown on Diaz. “Money? What money?”

“I hid it behind the seat,” Diaz explained. “But he must have found it.”

“Come on! Get out of that car.” Charlie’s voice was a slurred growl. “I warned you once today.”

Diaz climbed out resignedly. He had not expected the patrolman to believe him, and it did not really matter, he supposed. The money had disappeared. Whatever happened next could be no worse.

Charlie eyed him speculatively—the gash in the scalp, the dried blood smear on his cheek—and he said, “You’ve been in a fight.”

Dully Diaz repeated, “A fight, yes. That is it.” It would be useless, he knew, to describe the robbery. He had no proof, no witness, nothing. Who would listen to him, a picker of cantaloupe? Accusing the fat man would only lead to further trouble, for Salvador Vincente Diaz.

But the patrolman seized him by the collar and propelled him through the doorway. Diaz stumbled into the tavern, his face screwed up against the blinding glare of light, and halted in the center of the room at a warning nudge from Charlie. There was for him then only a jumble of boisterous laughter, the clink of ice and glass, the harsh monotonous wail of the music. He fixed his eyes on the floor.

“Who owns that ’36 coupé out front?” Charlie demanded.

The pattern of sounds and faces hardened into etching sharpness. Shirt-sleeved ranchers turned on their bar stools and a couple stared out from a booth. Behind the bar Nat set down a bottle. Monk, sitting at the far end of the row, tossed off his drink and turned his thick sagging shoulders. His eyes encountered Diaz briefly and flicked away. “Sounds like mine,” he said. “What’s up, Charlie?”

“I caught this man prowling in your car,” Charlie said.

MONK pushed aside his glass and stood up, his expression vastly bored. “Tryin’ to steal it, likely.”

“That’s what I figured. But he has some cockeyed story about hiding money under the seat. Know anything about that?”

“Me?” Monk twisted his mouth in a wry grin. “Never saw the guy before. But if he finds any dough in my car I’d sure like a cut.”

The group around the bar laughed. Diaz swayed unsteadily on his feet, shaken by the focused bitterness and frustration in him. They had beaten him and robbed him and mocked him, until he had wanted nothing more than to run away, but now, in his fury, that was not enough. Suddenly the compulsion to strike back somehow raged loose and burst.

“He lies!” he shouted. “He lies! He drove me in his car this afternoon. He—”

“Take it easy!” Charlie’s grip tightened on his arm. He looked across at Monk. “You have any idea what he’s raving about, Monk?”

Monk’s grin broadened. “This afternoon? Ask Nat there. He’ll tell you where I was.”

“That’s right, Charlie,” Nat said easily. “Monk’s been parked right on that same stool since I opened up, this noon. He’s my best paying customer.”

“I know.” Charlie nodded. “Sorry to bother you, boys. I’ll take him along, then.”

“Wait!” Diaz cried. “Wait!” The crowd was stilled, watching him with a curious, half-amused tolerance. He rubbed his sleeve across his face, trying to think calmly of the money for his *novia,* to fix the one elusive detail. “Señor,” he said to the patrolman, “would you be so kind as to perform for me one service? Would you request the señor to change a ten-dollar bill?”

“Change a ten? You won’t need any change where you’re going.”

“I have no money,” Diaz said. “It is for you.”

“For me?” Charlie shot him a puzzled look. He released Diaz’ arm and stroked his chin thoughtfully. “I’ll bite,” he said. “Do you have a pair of fives, Monk?”

Monk’s eyes were watchful. He exchanged a quick guarded look with Nat, and Nat said, “I’ll break it for you. Always keep lots of cash in my register.”

“No,” Diaz said. “The other señor.”

A tremor crossed Monk’s face and his right hand crept to the pocket of his sports coat. “What is this—a gag?”

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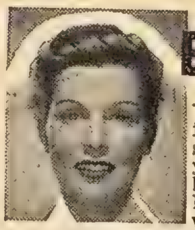
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Diaz swallowed with a dry throat. He knew then that he was right, that Monk was carrying the money, because he had had no chance to spend or get rid of it all. "Not five-dollar bills," he said. "Jeffersons, please, señor."

Charlie gave a startled grunt. He dropped one hand to his belt, drumming his fingertips on the .38 holster. He looked grimly from Diaz to the barkeep and his eyes stopped on Monk. "What's that in your pocket?"

"Nothing, Charlie," Monk said shrilly. "Just my wallet." He withdrew his hand slowly with a bulging leather wallet. "You don't believe this greaseball? He can't prove a thing."

Charlie picked a bill at random from the wallet and flipped it on the bar. "I don't have to believe him, Monk," he said. "Him or your alibiing friend Nat. Money talks. And your money is screaming out loud!"

AT exactly three minutes past midnight Charlie ushered Diaz aboard the westbound bus. After pre-empting a seat for him, he stowed his suitcase in an overhead rack and shook hands. Diaz settled back in a pleasant daze of gratitude and incredulity, still confused by the complete somersault of events during the past hour. "I have not paid you for the ticket," was all he could think of to say.

"Hang on to your money; you'll be needing it." Charlie smiled. "And the ticket—that, you might say, is a present from the law-abiding taxpayers of this community. A wedding present."

He stood on the sidewalk in front of the garage with Ed while the bus gathered speed and roared out of town. The red and green rear lights winked on the highway, and the fading *blip* of the exhaust carried back to him on the night air. He chuckled.

"Ed, I'll bet you a short beer that you can't name the President on a two-dollar bill."

"A two?" Ed frowned. "Why, I ain't seen one in quite a spell, Charlie. They're kinda scarce, I guess."

"Sure they're scarce," Charlie said. "That's why, during the war, the Mexican government agreed not to accept any U. S. currency but two-dollar bills along the border—part of a scheme to trap enemy agents and counterfeiters. So a lot of these Mexican kids grew up with the notion that the only good greenback is a two spot; they won't take any pay on this side of the line unless it's all twos."

He paused. "So what's a barfly like Monk Saunders doing with a hundred and thirty-five two-dollar bills in his wallet?"

"It's a cinch he didn't earn 'em picking cantaloupe," Ed said. "But I'm gettin' thirsty—who's that President?"

"A good Democrat like you should know," Charlie said. "Tom Jefferson."

THE END

ON THE BEAM

Continued from Page 10

flying is recommended.

One sees and hears a lot about the built-in comforts for passengers on airplanes, yet the aircraft designers haven't really devoted much attention to the matter. On the long sixty-hour flight on a U. S. air line from Cairo to the United States, there was no water for washing hands or shaving as the plane neared the North American continent, and even if there had been, the stopper in the washbasin wouldn't stay put. There wasn't even a coat hook in the washroom. It was the nearest thing to a railroad day coach one could find. The air lines still have much to learn about comforts in flight—and the ground facilities in Europe are still far from being good.

In Africa, one is likely to travel by prewar air standards, for the distances are long, the airplanes of prewar design, and communications and air navigation facilities are all but lacking.

YET British Overseas Airways Corp. must be given the highest sort of credit for the best passenger service provided passengers anywhere. From Cairo to Cape Town is 5,260 miles, more than twice the distance across the United States. In preference to a faster service by a through airplane, I chose the slower local service. By Lockheed Lodestar one travels two days to Nairobi, in Kenya Colony, with a one-night stopover at Khartoum. Then I traveled for two days in a six-passenger Avro Anson of Central Airways, a distinctly pre-war service which is more of an adventure than a modern air trip. Then another half-day flight in a South African Airways Lockheed Lodestar (ten passengers) to Johannesburg, followed by an excellent half-day flight the remaining 860 miles in a Douglas DC-4 Skymaster. By the time I reached Cape Town I knew I had been traveling a long distance.

From Cape Town, by South African Airways, one of the better air lines of the world despite the high fares, I flew to Durban in a Lodestar in half a day. At this point one boards a Short flying boat of British Overseas Airways for the four solid days of flying back to Cairo—4,715 miles. Every night the passengers disembark for a night's sleep at a hotel.

I was fortunate in making one of the last flying-boat trips in Africa, for BOAC is replacing the old boats with landplanes. Although the boats are slow, they are comfortable. Old-timers mourn their passing. Even after four days I arrived in Cairo with no feeling of having traveled 4,715 miles. However else one may judge BOAC as an air line, it is tops in maintenance and it is tops in passenger service. It holds that service to its passengers is worth more than speed, and apparently it intends to cling to this policy for some time. Its method of operating is costly from an economic point of view—but passengers can have no complaint.

Flying the length of Africa can be dull. Instead of "darkest Africa," one traverses vast areas of arid land, some of it desert and other areas bush country. Yet the airplane can also introduce its passengers to fascinating experiences—to the kind of Africa that one reads about.

An hour after taking off from Port Bell, near Kampala in Uganda, in Central Africa, our flying-boat captain took our plane down to a low altitude at Murchison Falls, and for twenty minutes we flew low over the river which leads into Lake Albert. Here was a sight worth the entire trip through Africa—a river literally teeming with hippopotami and crocodiles.

On the shores were thousands of elephants big and small. There were rhinoceroses, buffaloes, elands, and gazelles of various types. As I sat comfortably in my seat, I saw big game in its natural habitat. To reach that area by surface in any way, one would have to spend much time and money. The airplane can, at times, provide a real-life movie extravaganza with the spectator seated in movie-theater comfort.

With the flying boat going into at least a temporary discard in Africa, the average passenger will rarely be treated to scenes of big game such as I witnessed recently, unless he charters his own airplane from one of the services available at Nairobi, Mbeya, and Entebbe. Landplanes sometimes fly low to make it possible for passengers to see big game, but this depends on weather and other circumstances, and the landplane routes don't reach into the best areas.

We have maintained that the airplane is a tremendous and beneficial force for shrinking the world and bringing about greater understanding among the peoples of the world. But the benefits of the airplane won't come as rapidly as many of us would like. The time will come when vacationists can visit any part of the world in the course of two weeks, and do it comfortably and cheaply. Unfortunately there are few air lines outside the United States (the Scandinavians are among the few) who share the U. S. concept of transportation for the masses at low fares. The tendency in Europe is still toward high fares and few frequencies. But it is inevitable that long-distance air transportation will some day be available to open up the wonders of the world for all to see and to afford to see. The beginning has been made.

THE END

* * *

Sign in a laundry window: "We do not tear your laundry with machinery. We do it carefully by hand."—*Dan Schreiber.*

* * *

Woman-Talk

BY

MARGARET FISHBACK

SIGNS OF THE TIMES: In the lobby of the Henry Hudson Hotel at 353 West 57th Street, New York, stands a table on which reposes a shrouded typewriter adorned with this sign: "Public typewriter, 10 cents for 30 minutes." How's that for setting a writer a grim deadline? And on East 34th Street there's a sparkling new frosted-foods store on whose door is painted the assurance: "We deliver *cheerfully.*" Then, apparently feeling that didn't sound sufficiently eager, the proprietor has placed a large card in the window which states ecstatically: "We ENJOY delivering." It sure looks as though the customer is about to regain the old social status of being always right.

LINES PENNED WITH A PENCIL

The advertisements contend I oughter
Love a pen that writes under water.
But I'm no mermaid, and such ads bore me.
What *I* want is a pen that writes *for* me.

ALL FOR SHOW: The venerable handkerchief gag, "One for show, and one for blow," leaped inevitably to mind at a unique fashion show given recently by Bloch Frères, Inc., at a luncheon in the Crystal Room of the Ritz-Carlton. Close-ups of the colorful prints, pure silk laces, and point de Beauvais embroideries were shown via Kodachrome slides on a screen, while the handkerchiefs themselves appeared on both men and women mannequins. First came a lovely young lady in a diaphanous white nightgown made of twelve men's handkerchiefs, hand-woven of sheer linen and cotton. A bride set off her white satin wedding gown with a headdress composed of three pure-silk lace squares. These were only a few of the hundreds of precious prewar handkerchiefs scheduled to arrive shortly in some 130 stores throughout the United States. Twenty-five cases of them, hastily packed in the threatened Paris of 1940, and intended for safekeeping in the United States, missed the last boat from Bordeaux. Members and employees of Bloch Frères then divided the shipment into small lots and hid them from the invaders. Some were secreted in the north of France, some in the south, some in the Vosges Mountains. Only one case was lost.

POKERS AND PINCHERS: More than 8,000,000 pounds of vegetables and fruits have to be thrown away by grocers every year because the ruthlessly thrifty housewife pokes and pinches them instead of using her eyes to judge their freshness and texture.

MEET THE GIRLS: British fashions and fabrics, especially made for the American market by fifteen leading designers and manufacturers, were displayed to the press recently by six of Britain's star mannequins. They will tour the United States and Canada under the direction of Miss Lucie Clayton, principal of a large British mannequin school and agency. It is Miss Clayton's ambition to interest Americans in formal afternoon and evening outfits, as well as the sports and tailored tweeds that are already in steady demand. From the current U. S. angle on fashions, all the daytime clothes were too short. But the evening gowns were beautiful, dramatic and sophisticated, involving exquisite taffetas, velvets, prints, and paillettes. The sports and tailored costumes had the authentic air we have come to expect from the British. The more formal outfits lacked that sure touch. As for the girls themselves, they were extremely pretty and, compared to our willowy, self-possessed, theatrical beauties, they seemed pleasantly natural and amateurish, with considerably more bosom. Vital statistics: height, 5 feet 7 to 5 feet 9½; weight, from 130 to 138 pounds; bust measurements, three came to 35 inches or more, the roomiest measuring 38 inches. Having seen how engaging rounded contours can be, we average Americans may cease to be on the defensive about a moderately unruly hip or waistline.

SING TO ME, BABY

Continued from Page 17

eyes were of the same gingery color, and she had an eager look.

She was watching Nick from the front row of the goons that come to gawk and not to dance, like littler girls watch somebody's new doll buggy. She had a roll of stickers in her hot little hand like the ones Mom used to stick on jars of fruit—"Peaches, '39."

Only she didn't look the type that cans fruit.

At intermission she waved her stickers and said, "Oh, Mr. Weber!" in a sweet throaty voice, but Nick was talking hot licks to the shivering bass, and the two of them walked past her and on out back like she wasn't there. I could tell from the way she bit her lip, the butler had probably driven her to school in a little white fur coat and hat.

"How about scup scoffee?" Al already had his overcoat collar turned up, and he was dragging out his handkerchief.

AS we started out the front way I saw Miss Goldilocks give us a calculating glance.

The coffee place had closed its collapsible glass front to hold in the steam from the coffee and hamburgers, and that brought the room temperature up close to thawing. So help me, the cashier had an oil lamp—that's right, a plain old kerosene lantern from down on the farm—under her chair. I planned to offer her five bucks for it on the way out, but as it turned out, I forgot.

I grabbed a table while Al lined up for coffee.

We rubbed our hands over the steaming cups when he brought them. "It might be worse—we might have to sing with our fingers," I said.

"You're even beautiful with a red nose," he retaliated gratefully.

"Thank *you.*" I saw Goldilocks peer through the glass front and then open the door. I looked into my cup of coffee like I was about to give a teacup reading. "I see a beautiful woman coming to our table. She's going to ask a favor of you. You're going to do it."

Al looked at me oddly. "Sure you're not chilled to the brain, little one?"

Just then Goldilocks reached our table. "I heard you two sing with Nick Weber's band," she said breathlessly. "You're both wonderful."

Al glanced at me suspiciously, but he dragged over a chair for her.

She accepted gracefully and smiled at Al. "I wonder if you'd do me a favor?"

Al glared at me. "What is it?"

"I've been trying to get Nick's autograph—and I can't even get him to look at me."

"That must be a new sensation for you," I purred. "Is that what the stickers are for? You want his autograph for pickle jars?"

She forced a pleasant laugh. "How silly! No, I have all of Nick's records, and I'd like to paste his autograph on each one. Do you think that's too much to ask?"

She looked at Al, but I answered her: "Oh my, no! No indeedy."

Al was still scowling at me. "Don't mind Ebea. She's in love with Nick and it makes her choppy. I'll get him to sign them for you."

Goldilocks looked at me appraisingly. Then she bent her head toward Al, making her hair shower forward in a delicious way before she said, "But really, that's just half the favor."

I took the rest of my coffee in a couple of glurps and stood up. "If you'll excuse me. It seems close in here. I think I'll go outside where it's cooler. My breath looks so much prettier that way."

She murmured that she didn't mean to intrude, and Al looked unhappy, but I stalked out and stood watching the little train that puffed around the lake. I wondered if Nick would care if I got pneumonia.

Pretty soon there were footsteps and an arm around my shoulders, but it was Al. "I wish," he said wistfully, "I thought you got up and left because you were jealous of me."

I didn't say anything. He sighed. "O.K. Anyway, here's the deal. Haven"—so we call her Haven, eh—"has been singing with the local bands, and she wants Nick's advice about getting on with a name band. But, better than that, she's got a cabin up in the hills some place with two big fireplaces going full blast and a couple grand pianos and a lot of folding chairs, and she thought maybe we'd like to come up tonight and play in with some of the local boys. Nick might find something."

"Sure. A new lady canary." I laughed right merrily.

"They'd drive us up after the show tonight."

"Let's go ask Nick."

"By the way, Ebea, what was all this fortune-teller business back in the coffee joint?"

"Oh, you mean the beautiful woman and the favor. I saw her try to catch Nick and miss the cue. I played a hunch she followed us."

"But how'd you know she would ask me?"

"Elementary, Watson. No beautiful girl asks a woman for a favor if there's a man handy." Al grinned.

"O.K. So I won't ask how you knew I was going to do it for her."

Al is nice. Sometimes I wish I weren't in love with Nick. But I am—every which way. Because of him, I mother the band. But toward Nick I don't just feel motherly.

Nick wanted to go when Al mentioned pianos and plenty of room so you could play all hours and nobody bang on the ceiling. The boys wanted to go with considerable enthusiasm when Al mentioned fireplaces.

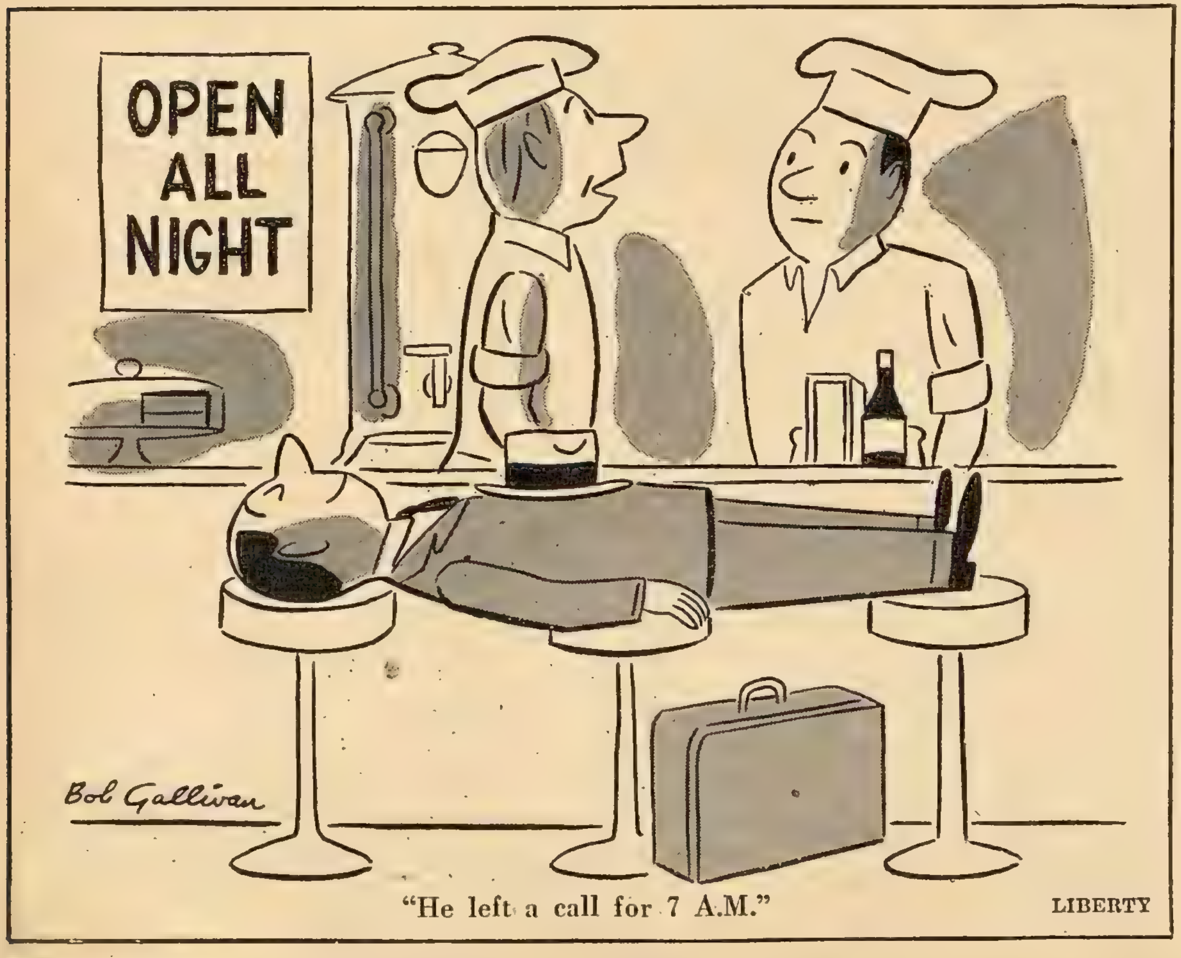
NICK and Al and I rode up in Haven's car. Nick and I in the back seat, if you please, for all of Haven's maneuvering. Nick would make a wonderful husband in one way. He's just plain blind, deaf, and dumb to passes. Maybe as an orchestra leader he gets used to them.

Al was second choice, so with some neat footwork Haven got him in beside her. We drove up Lookout Mountain and looked back over the plains and the lights of Denver shimmering below. I could also see black abysses along the road from my side of the car. I shivered.

"What's the matter, Ebea?"

"I'm scared, Nick. The top of the Empire State stands still and it has a railing around it."

Nick took hold of my hand. "Sing to me, Ebea."



"He left a call for 7 A.M."

LIBERTY

I laid my head back on his arm, closed my eyes, and started singing softly some of Nick's favorites for the naked voice—songs that have a melody that stands without a lot of bass and brass—Stardust, Oh What It Seemed to Be, To Each His Own. Pretty soon I forgot everything else except that it was warm and dark and Nick was holding my hand.

Then all of a sudden lights and noise, and the familiar sound of instrument cases being dragged from the rear end of the car, and we were at the cabin. Neat little thing it was of rough-hewn log and stone, wide pine floors, Navaho rugs and handmade furniture, and only fifteen or twenty rooms. And fireplaces. Big enough for men to stand in, both of them, and big logs roaring. If it hadn't been for the bar, the boys would have plunged in right away, but they paused to warm the inner man a little first.

Nick looked at the beamed ceiling and the stairway and the walls, pinged the pianos a couple of times and listened, and then began pulling the pianos into position and taking off his tie so he could unbutton his collar. His eyes were shining. "Boy, what a layout!"

Haven came over. "Glad you like it. You'll have to thank a mule that discovered the gold for grandpappy—so the story goes."

NICK sat down and began chording with his left hand and doing a one-hand job on his horn with the other. The pianos were good. I wasn't surprised. That mellow look came over Nick's face.

Haven sat beside him on the bench. "Here, let me." She took the chording from his left hand and began filling in for him.

"You play piano?" Nick looked at her for the first time.

"I sing."

Nick looked at her some more. "She's beautiful, isn't she, Ebea?"

"Very," I said, because she certainly was.

Haven glanced at me when Nick said that, but I didn't mind. Nick is one of those rare men who can see beauty without thinking it has to mean something to him personally. I could tell she hesitated to antagonize me until she found out how much of an "in" I had.

"Try some boogie in E flat."

Her boogie bass wasn't slick enough for Nick, so he called Joie over to the piano, and the session was on. The bass from Denver dropped over, and the tantalizing ribbons of the melody and rhythm roped the rest of the boys in one by one. Nick never gave them a minute's worry. He called out the keys, set the rhythm, pointed to a couple boys to take it off, and they were away—Royal Garden Blues, Jazz Me Blues, There'll Be Some Changes Made . . .

Some of the Denver boys were all right. Some of them dropped out and just listened, being strictly flyspeck musicians, the kind that has to play with spots in front of their eyes. They had the usual screamadeema, who made faces, blew high, and got the melody out on a limb, and then couldn't bring it back. About the second time he took over, he found five or six other fellows finishing his solo neck and neck with him, and so he got the point.

Now and then Nick threw me a solo with the tip of his finger. One of the tenor saxes from Denver suggested My Man, and then, just as Nick threw me the solo, this same sax man said, "Why don't you sing it, Haven?"

She got so red I knew Haven had arranged for that one. She glanced at me, but when I shrugged, she stood by the piano and sang.

The cold chills went down my back when she started. Her voice was as smooth and honey-sweet as Johnny Hodges' alto sax, and she could suggest a rhythm as ragged and dirty as ever came out of a jungle. When she finished that one number, I knew she was an artist, and I could see what she could do for the band.

And what she could do to me.

I watched Nick, but he'd forgotten me. He was all musician. "How about Rum-Boogie, Haven?"

"I've sung with all your records so many times, I think I can guess about the way you want it."

Haven wasn't thinking of me either. Her face was transported. This was her chance and she was making good. She knew that.

THE desolation inside me was like some of the Wyoming plains our train had passed through. I thought to myself a gal could throw herself into one of those fantastic fireplaces and burn up, and nobody'd ever smell smoke. I thought to myself there was enough liquor at the bar so by-m-by I wouldn't even care. But I knew if I got up, Nick might notice and, kindhearted as he is when he does notice anything, the session would be ruined for him.

That made me sore. Sure. Be careful with Nick's evening. How about little Ebea's life? Who's worrying about that? Not even Al. He was going over our duet arrangement of Santa Lucia that Nick had worked into a neat dance number—with Haven.

I sat so still I ached, and nobody remembered me. And then I almost forgot myself. The music they were turning out was something, with Nick's trumpet punching out the lead, a rock-solid beat from the rhythm section, and out in front Haven's voice, honey-sweet and warm. I don't mean it was polished enough for an audience. Sometimes she got lost. Sometimes she hung on with a lah-de-dah tum-tum. And then sometimes it almost hurt, she was so good.

It was after five before somebody remembered to get hungry.

Haven came over and said if I wanted to get some sleep, her bed-

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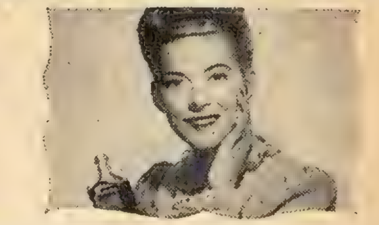

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"Hi ya, tall in the saddle!" LIBERTY

room was the one at the top of the stairs to the right. I wanted to ask her if she had an old rusty razor blade in the house she wouldn't mind my using on my wrists, but instead I said, "Why should I be tired? If you have eggs in the kitchen, I'll scramble some for the gang."

She looked at me very directly. "If you want to. I hope you haven't minded my singing tonight."

"Don't give it a minute's worry." She couldn't anyway. When you have the music inside you she had, being rich or even kindhearted wouldn't stop you if you had a chance to use your voice with a real band. I didn't hate her. I was just desolate and scared stiff.

Oh, M.C.A. would find a spot for me. It wasn't that. It was just that life without Nick looked as deadly dull as the beat of a metronome, and I couldn't see enjoying any part of it.

THE kitchen had a big electric range and an icebox that was like a magazine ad inside—tomatoes, bacon, pots of this and jars of that. Mechanically I fried the bacon and started scrambling eggs. The swinging door opened and Al came out.

"Smells good."

"That's because the lilies haven't come yet."

"Lilies?"

"For my funeral."

"Don't be like that, Ebea. Sure, she's got a voice. So have you."

"Why should I try to kid myself?"

Haven was singing again, the haunting melody of Solitude. I didn't care if Al did see the tears in my eyes. She got clear through and there wasn't a clinker in it.

"All that and hormones too. That one's on wax, Al."

"Marry me, Ebea."

I shook my head. "You can slice the tomatoes, Al. When I have a kitchen, I'll keep cleansing tissue in it just like this," I said, pulling out a square, "in case somebody comes out for a good cry. You just think it's me, Al, because I've been the handiest pretty girl around since you began wearing that lapel decoration."

Al picked up a tray of stuff and started in with it. "You make me sick," he said.

Nick called to me when I went in. "Come sit by me, Ebea. Where've you been?"

Consolation prize, I thought bitterly. Good little girls who can't sing get to sit by papa.

"Did you hear her, Ebea? Isn't she wonderful?"

"She is that, Nick. You'd better hire her. What have I got to lose?" I said airily, hoping to make Nick wonder so he'd say, "Look, Ebea. You didn't really think I'd hire her in your place, did you?"

All he said was, "Swell. I've already spoken to her about it."

The tomato went down like thin slices of red rubber ball. The scrambled eggs tasted like sponges. The coffee burnt my throat and brought tears to my eyes.

Nick sat with me on the way to the hotel, and we held hands, but he didn't ask me to sing. I looked as far as I could down each abyss, rocky and deep in the clear morning sun, trying to scare myself to death.

"Rehearsal at five," Nick said when we got to the hotel. "I'll stake you all to dinner afterward. I want Haven to do Solitude and maybe a novelty number tonight." He started talking to Haven, and Al and I went on in.

Al looked as woebegone as a cornet player who clinkered the last note at a recording session just as you thought you had the thing on wax at last.

"Look, darling. You don't have to ask me to marry you at eight in the morning just to cheer me."

"Don't be so bitter, Ebea. Maybe it'll turn out all right."

"Sure. Maybe Haven will break a leg."

"It isn't like you to talk like that."

Sure, I knew that. I didn't want anything to happen to Haven. I just wanted one particular nice thing to happen to me. I wanted the Lord to say, "Don't worry, Ebea. You'll always be with Nick."

WE started up in the elevator. "She is beautiful, isn't she, Ebea?"

"Very." This was a playback on the recording I'd made before. I could see the faraway look in his eyes, and I knew what was coming. Poor Al. Attractive as they come, and just as unlucky at picking women. First me, already gone on Nick; and pretty soon Haven. And Haven was all ambition, and he'd be wasting his time again. Oh, well. Some day he'd find somebody who'd make it mutual.

I stood on tiptoe and kissed him when we got to our floor. "Get some sleep, Al. You're going to need it."

He looked at me anxiously. "You do the same."

Once in my room I went through the motions. Shower, nightgown, eye pads to keep out the light—thoughts. Now and then I drowsed, I guess, but at one o'clock I gave it up and got dressed—with care, like every woman in the world, I suppose, who is in love or wants to be. I managed to get in a shampoo and a manicure too. That always sets me up. "Such glossy black hair. Such exquisite hands. Madame has a lovely complexion."

When I came out of the shop, I wondered, like Nick, what a normal person would do at a time like this. Probably buy a new hat. But I never wore hats. I walked over to Sixteenth Street, passed the record shop with my throat hurting, and hunted for another store that sold records. When I found one, I got every one of Nick's recordings they had and found a booth.

First I played the ones he made before I joined the band. That wasn't so bad. But when I played the first recording I'd made with them, it was terrific. Like they say it is when you drown. I remembered the night Nick hired me—his singer ran out on him in my home town, and when he announced it, the home folks clapped me on to sing a couple numbers. I remembered our first rehearsal the next day, when Nick pulled his hair and shouted at me: "A quarter rest there. Anything! You're singing it like the thousand and one singers that are piped over the air. It won't do!" And I fell in love with him. I played it again and again, feeling worse each time. Then I broke it so nobody could ever play that record again, and paid the girl for it.

When I played the second one we'd made, I remembered a lot more.

When it was on wax, Nick took me to dinner and told me I was the most beautiful girl he'd ever seen, and a lot about himself and his ideas for the band, and he reminded me that he couldn't give up looking for the right voice for his outfit. That night was the first night he kissed me. I broke that record too.

The third record we made the day before we played a swank engagement dance in Connecticut. Driving home the next day, we saw a For Sale sign in front of a beautiful old farmhouse, so we stopped and went through it, kidding about which could be our room and which one made a good nursery, and where we'd keep the pianos for the jam sessions. Only I wasn't kidding. I stopped that one in the middle and broke it. Each time I handed the girl the pieces and paid for another record, she looked anxious, like she hoped the man in the white coat would hurry up and come after me, only she didn't dare antagonize me.

As I started to play the next one, a kid about high-school age took a record into the adjoining booth, and he must have come from a long line of deaf-mutes, because every record I put on came out Spike Jones with a hearty Chloooeee! The engineers that made soundproof booths never realized there'd be boys like Junior. It made me so mad, wanting Hearts and Flowers and getting Chloe, I started to cry. But that struck even me as ridiculous, so I quit. I returned the rest of the records and got a cordial good-by from the relieved salesgirl.

ONE glance at my wrist watch told me I'd miss rehearsal. Fine! Let them see how they made out without me for once, that's all. Just let them take a good look.

I walked back to the hotel in a fine state of indignation. By the time I got back, I believed I'd missed rehearsal on purpose. I'd eat dinner and get out just in time to start—no, just a little bit late. They'd be frantic. Especially Nick. I hoped.

I pictured Nick pacing the bandstand, worrying. It was so vivid, that when a man in the hotel lobby jumped up and yelled, "Ebea, where the heck have you been?" it took me a minute to realize it was Nick.

"Oh, hello, Nick."

"I've been looking for you all afternoon."

"I'm sorry I missed rehearsal." In fact, I was quite cool.

"Rehearsal?" He looked blank. "I was looking for you so you could go have a blood test made."

"Blood test?" It seemed that two could look as blank as one. From somewhere I remembered food handlers had to have blood tests, and I wondered if he'd wangled me a job waiting tables. Dumb? Sure. I was scared to hope.

Nick was exasperated. "We'll have to wait until tomorrow now. You can't even get the license without a blood test."

"Nick!" The chill thawed so fast it left me weak and I had to grab for his arm. "You mean a wedding license! You—you'd better take me some place quick if you don't want me to sog up the lobby!"

Nick steered me into a darksome corner of the cocktail lounge and watched me sniffle unsympathetically. "What in the world is the matter with you?" He sounded for all the world like a husband. It made me hear music as pure and clear as Nick's trumpet can make.

"I thought I'd not be with you very much more."

"Didn't you think I'd take my wife along on the road?"

"I didn't know I was going to be your wife. You—never asked me."

"I thought you knew. That time we looked at the farm"—I kept shaking my head—"the songs I like to have you sing to me, 'To each his own, to me my own, one and only you'—and the way I like to have you with me."

"But I can't sing. Not really."

Nick grinned. "You've still got your hormones. And I don't mind your voice so much if I'm holding your hand. For crying out loud! Quit sniffing so I can kiss you!"

Wonderful music seemed to burst out all around me, with Nick's trumpet playing out far and above everything else in the world.

Then I remembered something. "The band! Haven's out with them waiting to rehearse!"

Nick waved to a waiter and settled back. "If I've got Haven sized up right, she's got the boys going over her numbers with her—but frantically." He took hold of my hand. "We'll go out in time for dinner. Sing to me, Ebea."

I leaned back against his arm and sang the songs he likes to hear softly, just for him. When we went out, the sun was low over the mountains and the air was so clear it looked as if you could reach out and touch the peaks if you only walked a couple blocks nearer. Denver is a wonderful place to open a season in.

Nick squeezed my arm tight against him as we waited for a taxi. Ebea, I reminded myself, it won't be often Nick'll stand the band up for you. And my answer was: But even only once—gee!

THE END

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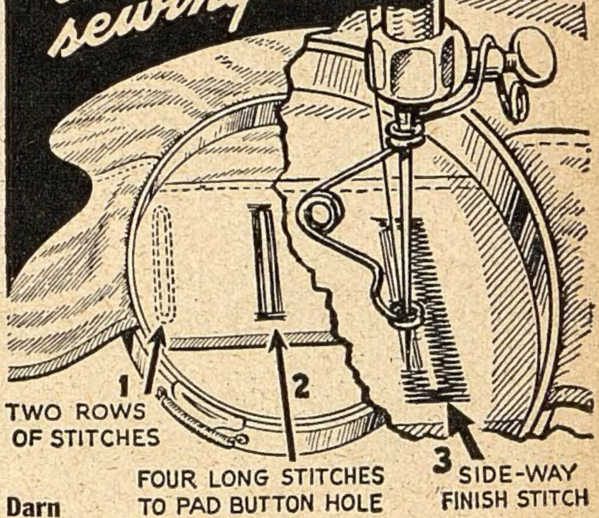

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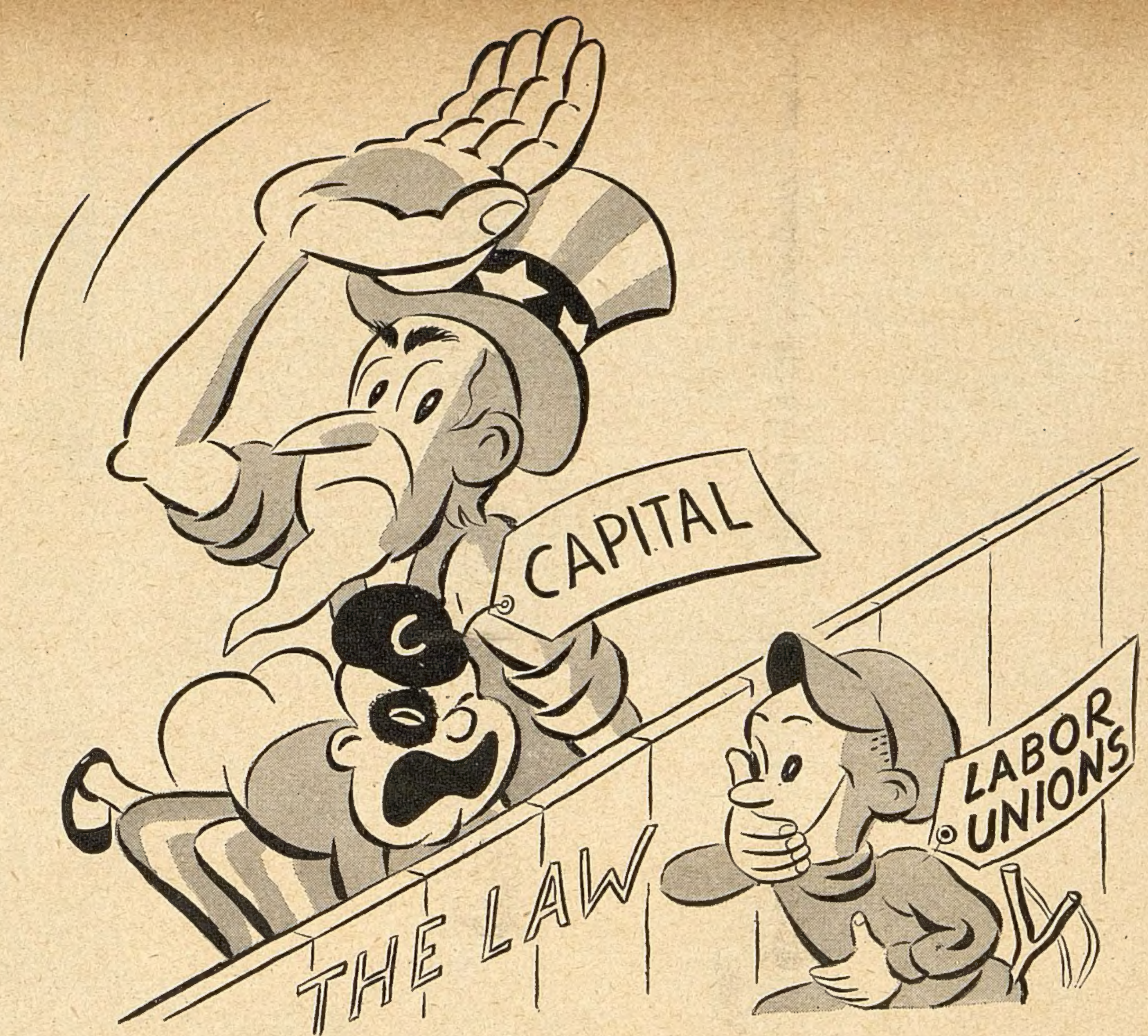


The kid who can't be touched.

THE LEGAL STATUS OF UNIONS

LABOR unions, for the most part, are nebulous organizations—neither individuals, partnerships, nor corporations. Though the Wagner Act gives them legal standing, it is difficult to classify them legally. This fact lies at the core of much of our labor-management chaos. A business man can contract for materials or supplies and if the contract is not performed he has legal redress. But when he contracts with union members for their services, he has little or no recourse if the agreement is flouted. Thus he cannot plan confidently or proceed boldly. His operations rest on an unsure base and he knows it. Whatever else Congress does about new labor regulations, it ought to recognize the basic necessity of placing unions in a legal category where they can be held responsible for the execution of contracts.

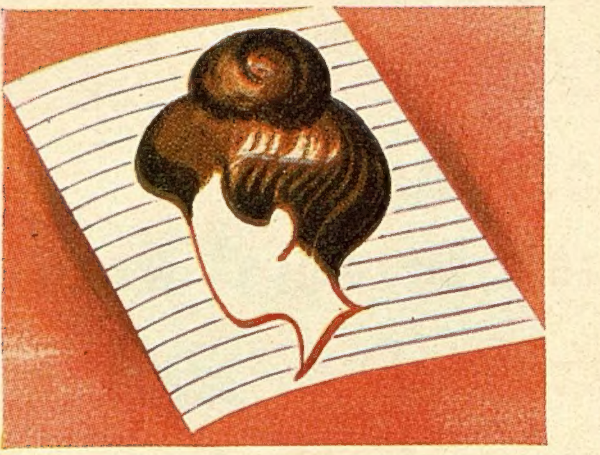
Under the Wagner Act the responsibility is all one-sided. If the employer violates his side of the agreement, he can be haled before a federal board which has authority to enforce his compliance. If the union goes back on its agreement, the employer is virtually helpless. So elusive is the union set-up that responsibility is easy to dodge. The so-called wildcat strike is commonplace, and no matter how much an employer is damaged thereby or how much he loses through other failures of a union to carry out its signed undertaking, he hasn't much chance of collecting. Even finding someone to sue is difficult.

The first step to good labor-management relations is to ensure responsibility and dependability on both sides. Labor unions can be and should be required to have a definite and precise legal identity. Violations of contract should subject them to court action for whatever losses are caused by such default. They should be shorn of special privileges before the law and placed on the same legal plane with the rest of us. The reckless, egotistical labor boss, deprived of legal immunity, will be thrown out by his own members when they find it costs them money to have him display his temperament. The wildcat strike will disappear because it will be expensive. Unreasonable, unrealistic, and exorbitant demands will be tempered by the maturity which always comes with responsibility. The individual union member will be better able to protect himself against being kicked around and against the misuse of his dues.

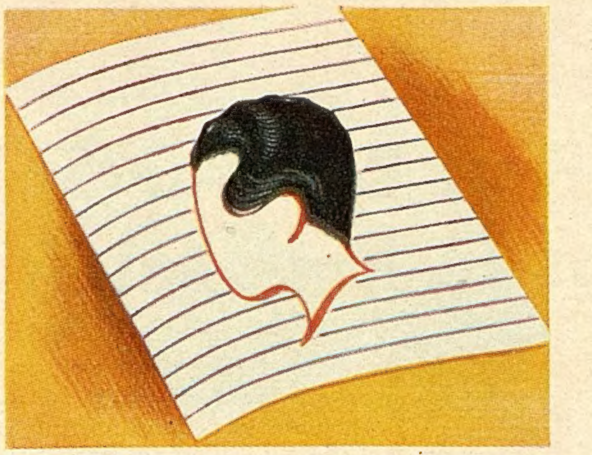
Congress should require unions to incorporate. As responsible legal entities, unions can help build an America in which ever-increasing production will provide an ever-rising standard of living for all.

Paul Hunter

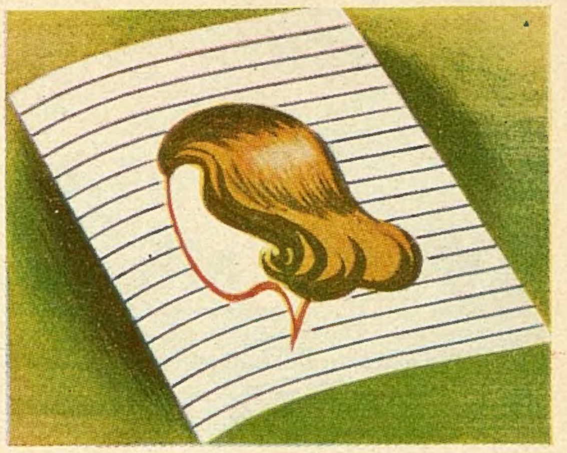
Man's-eye view of hairdo's



1900 **To bob** or not to bob—that is the question. Women's hairdo's (ways of doing up hair, to mere males) have set a dizzy pace since the piled-up style of 1900, when Corby's had been a famous Canadian name for 42 years.



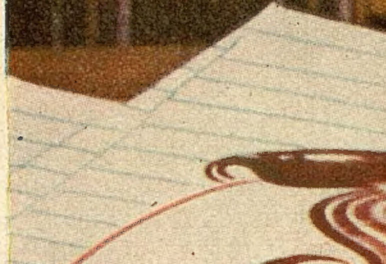
1925 **The "flapper" days** brought in the short mannish bob—a complete reversal of previous styles. Blonde, brunette and red tresses disappeared like magic, as the streamlined hairdo matched straight-up-and-down dress lines in Corby's 67th year of Canadian renown.



1937 **And now** more feminine again, the style of the moment was a "dipsy-do" version of the middle-length hair cut 79 years after the name Corby's came to Canada. This looked like a happy medium, but a hairdo is seldom either happy or medium.

N. Corby
SAY CORBY'S
CORBY'S
Reserve
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED
PEORIA · ILLINOIS

1947 **Pile it up,** roll it under, cut it short. It looks like any new hair idea that comes along will have its fling this year. But if you're weary of trying any new *whiskey name* that comes along, *ask for Corby's next time.* Here's an 89 year-old Canadian name for a light, sociable whiskey—a whiskey you'll likely want to make your "regular."


Look for me on every Corby's bottle

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U.S.A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender*

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.

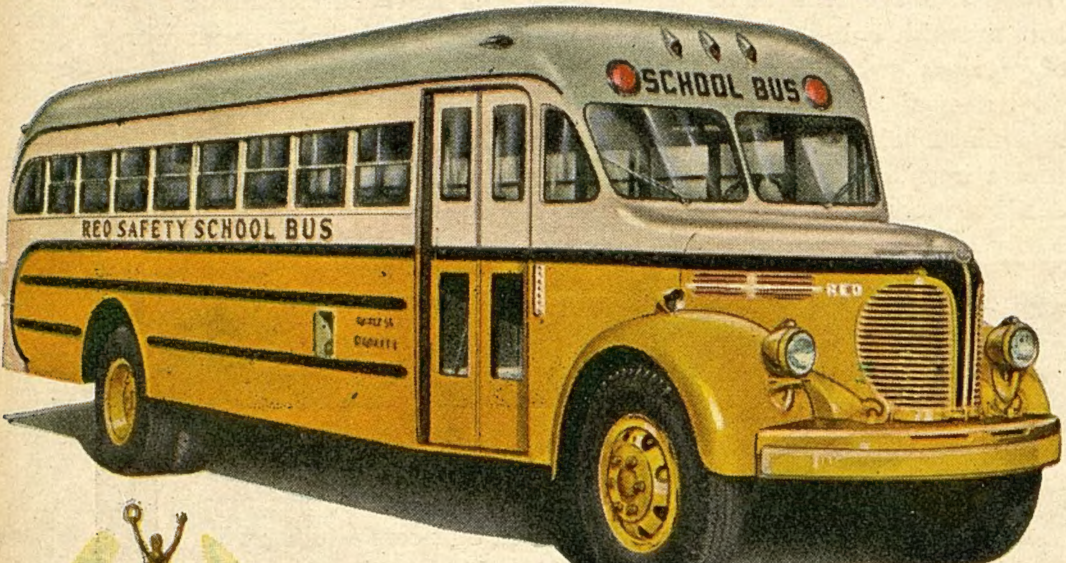
REO FIRSTS FOR 1946

Wins First Postwar Safety Award
Wins Both Firsts in National Truck Drivers' Roadeo

FIRST to produce school bus with chassis and body engineered as a single balanced unit. Equals or exceeds nation's highest safety standards.

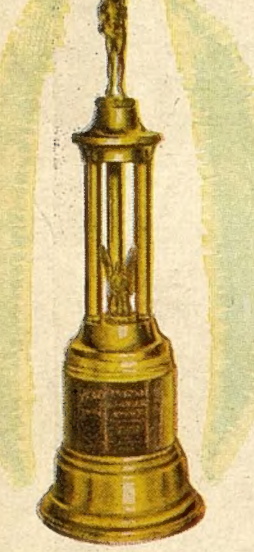
FIRST in the tractor-trailer event of the American Trucking Associations' Roadeo at Chicago, Oct. 8, 1946. Champion—Charles Zimmerman.

FIRST in the straight truck event. sweeping both ATA contests winning nation's top ho Champion here—Alex Ada



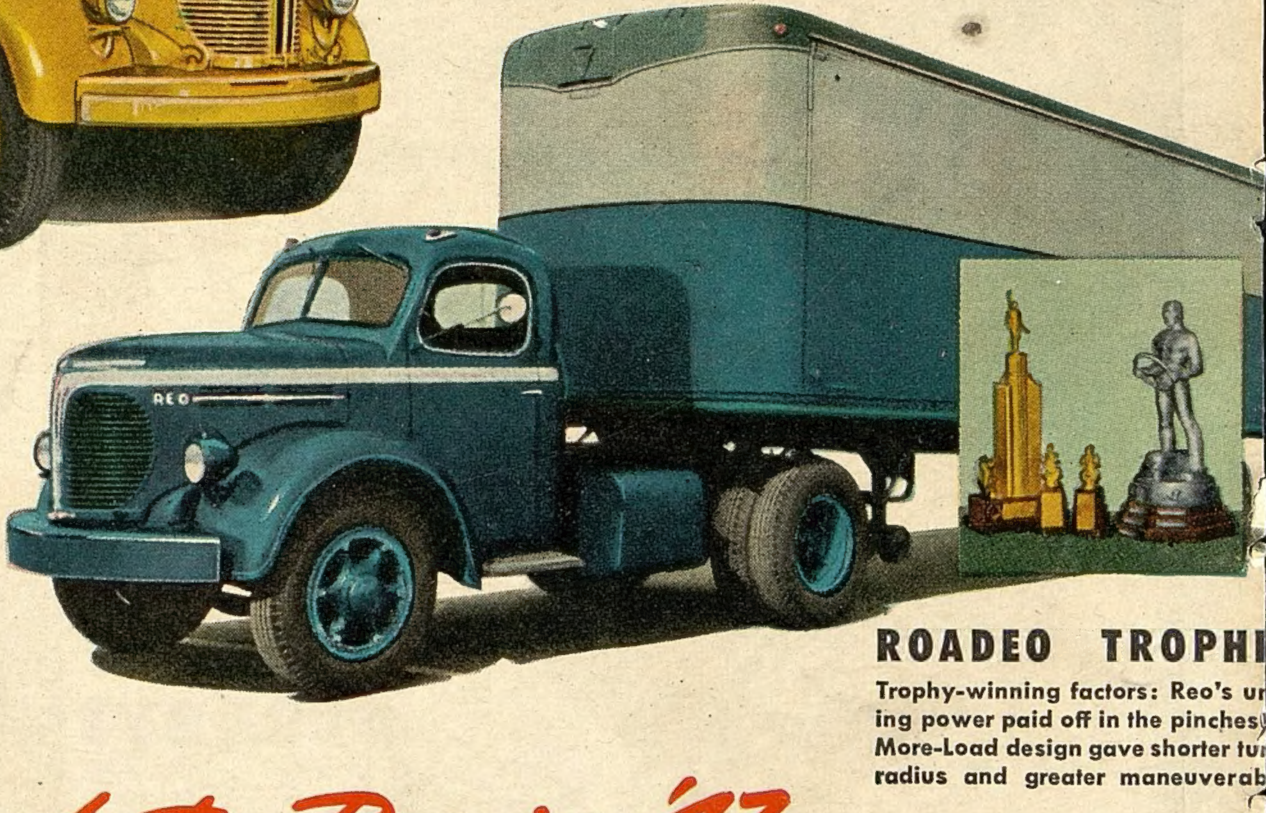
◀ **CHARLES ZIMMERMAN** of Cushman Motor Delivery Company, Chicago, and 1st in tractor-trailer class has 13-year accident-free record of more than 1,000,000 miles of travel.

ALEX ADAMSKI ▶ of George F. Alger Company, Detroit, and 1st in straight truck class, has driven more than 200,000 miles in Chicago's crowded streets without accident.



SAFETY TROPHY

Reo Safety School Bus was 1946 winner of Safety Engineering Magazine's annual award for outstanding safety in motor vehicle design—the first since 1941. Presentation to Reo was made at annual session of Institute of Traffic Engineers and Greater New York Safety Council.



ROADEO TROPHI

Trophy-winning factors: Reo's ur ing power paid off in the pinches More-Load design gave shorter tu radius and greater maneuverab

FIRSTS WITH REO

Over the years, Reo pioneered these important and lasting features in the truck field:

- DRY DISC CLUTCH
- ELECTRIC LIGHTS
- ELECTRIC STARTER
- "INSIDE" GEAR SHIFT
- PNEUMATIC TIRES
- HYDRAULIC BRAKES

Look to Reo in '47

The impressive record of Reo during 42 years was highlighted by the awards of distinction in 1946. The Reo engineering skill and craftsmanship which made possible these outstanding achievements will provide new and added features of design, construction and performance in 1947. They, too, will set new, high standards in the field of commercial transportation.

REO MOTORS, INC., LANSING 20, MICHIGAN

STANDARDIZE O

REO

1904 • AMERICA'S TOUGHEST TRUCK • 1

REO GAVE AMERICA THE SPEED WAGON, THE FLYING CLOUD, "MORE-LOAD" TRUCK DESIGN AND SAFETY SCHOOL BUS. WATCH FOR IMPORTANT, NEW BASIC CONTRIBUTIONS.